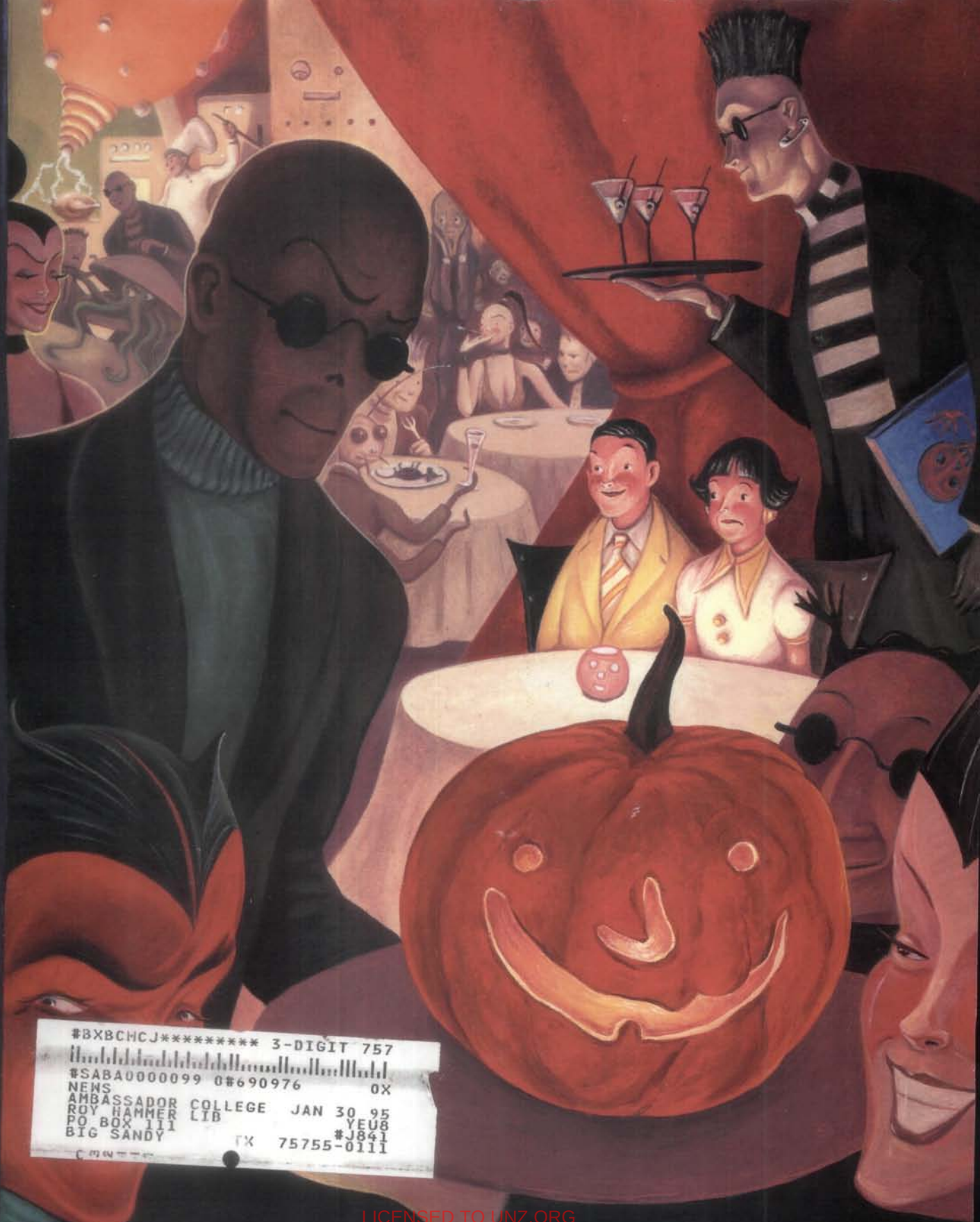


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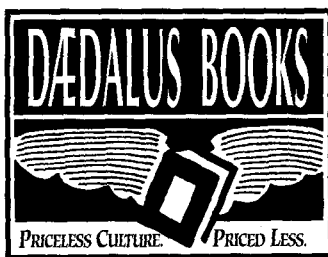
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THE NEW YORKER

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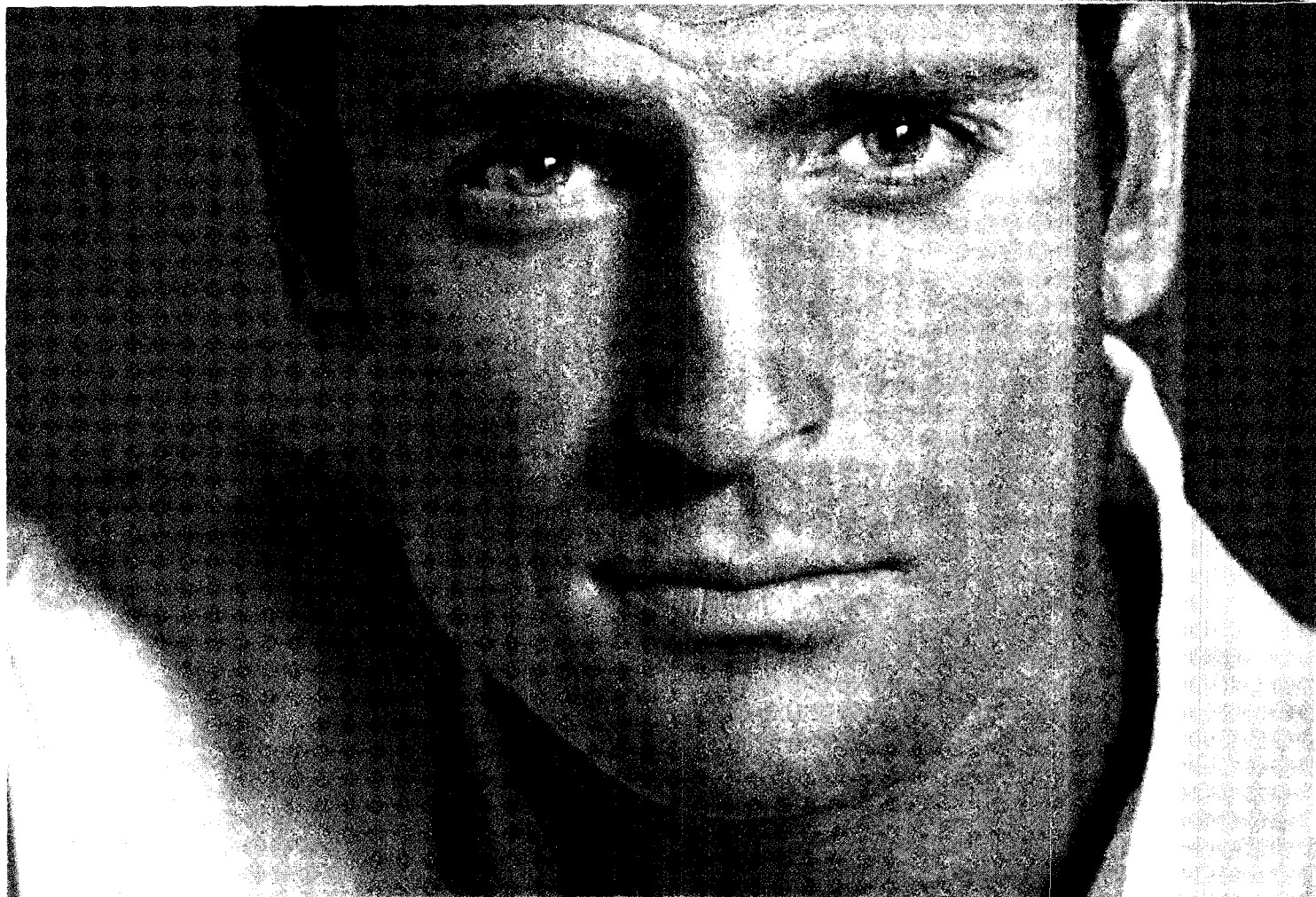
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NO EXIT

Can this be the end of Cuomo?

MARIO CUOMO is a famous debater. He has often intimidated opponents by the leashing of his aggression, his calm suggesting the storm that he is holding back. Last week, he participated in a debate with political rivals in the upstate town of Rotterdam. He strode onto the stage as the three-term governor of New York; the inheritor of the Albany chair of Al Smith, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Herbert Lehman; the immigrants' son who a decade ago became the Democratic Party's most eloquent tribune. In 1984, with President Reagan on the eve of winning forty-nine states, it fell to Governor Cuomo, as the Democratic Convention's keynote speaker, to articulate the credo. More than the Party's workmanlike Presidential candidate, he elevated the Party's principles above the defeat. Reagan, the unassailable conservative visionary, won the election on patriotic slogans and bunting, but Cuomo planted the Democratic banner on high ground.

In Rotterdam, the giant was reduced to sparring with elves: the gubernatorial candidates of the Socialist Workers Party, the Right to Life Party, and the Indepen-

dence Fusion Party. The Republican nominee, George Pataki, failed to appear. Both his absence and Cuomo's presence were testimony to the small-bore tactics on which the campaign might ultimately turn. By showing up, Cuomo hoped to increase the profile of the Independence Fusion candidate, a Rochester millionaire named B. Thomas Golisano, who is eager to spend perhaps ten million dollars of his fortune in a patently futile quest. Golisano's message, crafted by Gordon Black, a Republican pollster who was involved with the Perot campaign, virtually matches Pataki's in its blanket denunciation of positive government. Cuomo's reasoning has been that Golisano, if he could gain enough of a marginal vote, might be a decisive factor. So the Governor danced around the ring with him in a stogy rope-a-dope.

Such mechanical maneuvers may yet enable Cuomo to avoid being crushed by the lowering political atmosphere: a public cynical about the ability of government to do anything and yet fearful of change—any change, that is, except a change of officeholders, for it is on incumbents that all blame is cast. To a degree,

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THE RUSSIAN CENTURY

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HISTORY BY BRIAN MOYNAHAN
FOREWORD BY YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO

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RANDOM HOUSE

A Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and the History Book Club

Cuomo is the victim of impersonal forces. Like Senator Edward M. Kennedy, of Massachusetts, and Speaker of the House Thomas S. Foley, of Washington State, he is a political fixture who has become a lightning rod of discontent. Cuomo is also faced with the Clinton Factor: not Bill Clinton but George Clinton, the first governor of New York, who held the office for twenty-one years—longer than anyone since. Cuomo bears a heavy burden for having served in office so long; sooner or later, he must suffer from the inevitable cycles of politics. But Cuomo's predicament goes beyond the generic. He is not just another incumbent stranded in an anti-incumbent year.

Mario Cuomo is a cornered tiger who has cornered himself. He cannot be more or less than governor. He has closed off all means of ascent and descent. He is the man of destiny who has spurned his destiny. By doing so, he has condemned himself to being governor or nothing, has doomed himself, politically, to Albany or death. His legend and his reality no longer comport with each other. His future is no longer his to command. He seems caught in a curious drama in which he plays the roles of both the questing hero and the merciless god who strikes the hero down.

Cuomo's political rise was more than a classic tale of rags to riches, though his appeal has always had that at its root: a Queens grocer's son, a minor-league baseball player, and a stellar scholar re-

jected by every white-shoe law firm in Manhattan because of his ethnic taint, he seemed to have been exiled to the Queens courthouse. Then he vaulted out of obscurity as a unique advocate of aggrieved neighborhood groups, a peacemaker between white ethnics and blacks. When, after a searing defeat for mayor against Ed Koch in 1977 and then the purgatory of serving as lieutenant governor, he won the governorship, in 1982, it was a transforming political event—the emergence of a Democratic power who was an authentic middle-class ethnic, able to lure back Reagan Democrats, and who was also a genuine intellectual. After his keynote address, Cuomo, by general acclaim, assumed an unofficial but real station among Democrats as the vicar of vision.

All eyes turned to him in 1988, but, after long agonizing, he demurred. The Presidential nomination went instead to a lesser version of Cuomo—Michael Dukakis, who failed to rise to the occasion. Then the 1992 campaign approached, and Cuomo's agonizing continued until literally the last minute: on the closing date for the New Hampshire primary, an airplane stood ready to fly him to Concord, where a greeting party was awaiting him. But the Governor, refusing to leave his study, declined again. With these acts of self-abnegation, the intellectual was revealed as a Hamlet-like brooder, the national leader as a parochial ditherer.

Yet there remained an office befitting

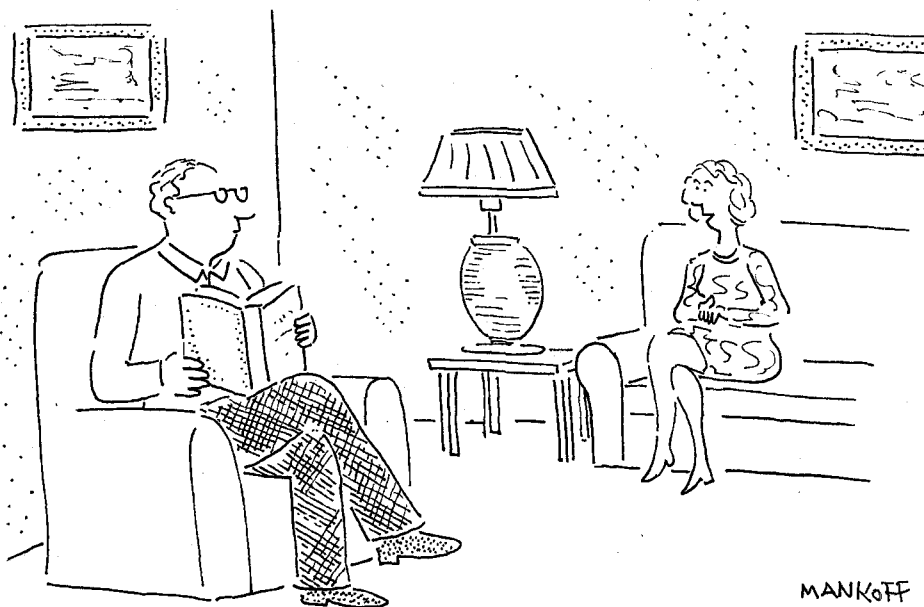
his temperament and stature, the office closest in American life to the Papacy, and one requiring no long, undignified campaign: Justice of the Supreme Court. When, last year, President Clinton attempted to sound Cuomo out on being considered for the Court, the Governor refused the enticement. At every turn, he has struck down his ambition. He has not so much fallen to earth as never left it.

Now his failure to assume greater mantles has transformed his promise as the representative of the brilliant tradition of government in New York into a disappointment. His shortcomings as governor are measured against expectations he cannot—indeed, has refused to—meet. What might be a satisfactory record for another figure must diminish Cuomo. (In California, by contrast, Governor Pete Wilson is accorded great credit for being marginally competent.)

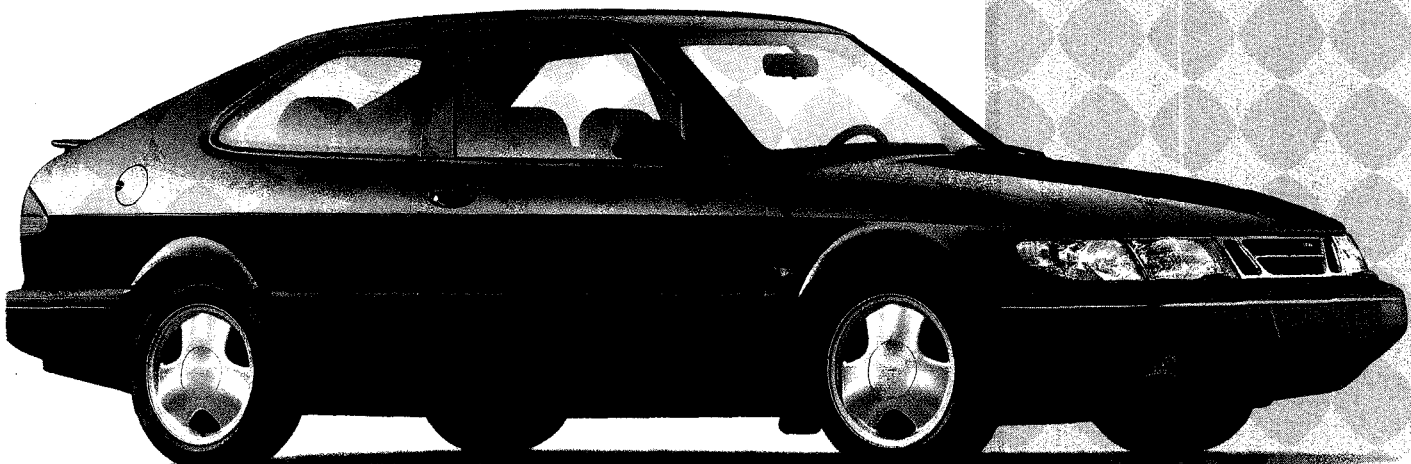
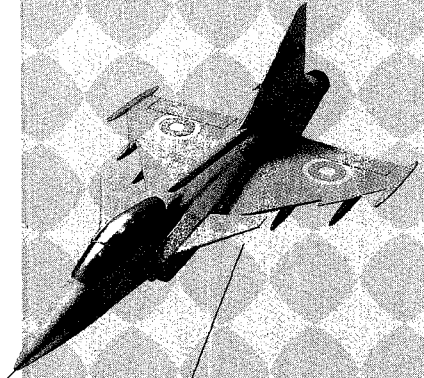
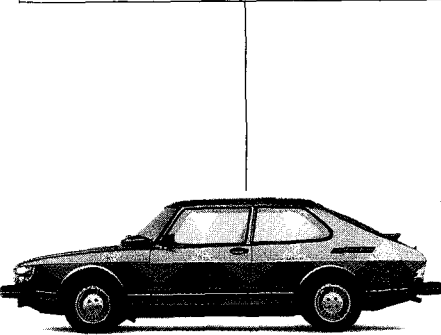
Because Cuomo did not aspire further, he appears to be a former self. It is a measure of his plight that an instrument as unworthy as George Pataki may be the means of his overthrow. Pataki is a laconic hack of low cunning, who offers blithe pledges of cutting taxes without spelling out how, and whose campaign is controlled and staffed by Senator Alfonse D'Amato. The political demise of New York's modern Medici, Mario Cuomo, would trigger a war among the pretender princes, giving us the the backstabbing politics of the Renaissance minus the art and philosophy. In victory, Pataki and D'Amato would attempt to destroy their mortal enemy: the remnant of the moderate New York Republican Party of Dewey, Javits, and Rockefeller—Mayor Rudolph Giuliani. Inevitably, the budget of New York City would be slashed and its social fabric shredded.

Cuomo may yet win, on a combination of singular factors, or by filling in the blank picture of Pataki with the unpleasant reality and prospect. But so far the story lacks heroic or tragic proportions. Cuomo the god, brooding upon campaign tactics, making small gestures here and there, has not permitted Cuomo the mortal to rise above the tumult and speak at length about the reckless threats to the common civic culture in a season of anomie. The prose of government has turned poisonous. If there is no poetry, what's left? If Cuomo cannot speak, who can?

—SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL



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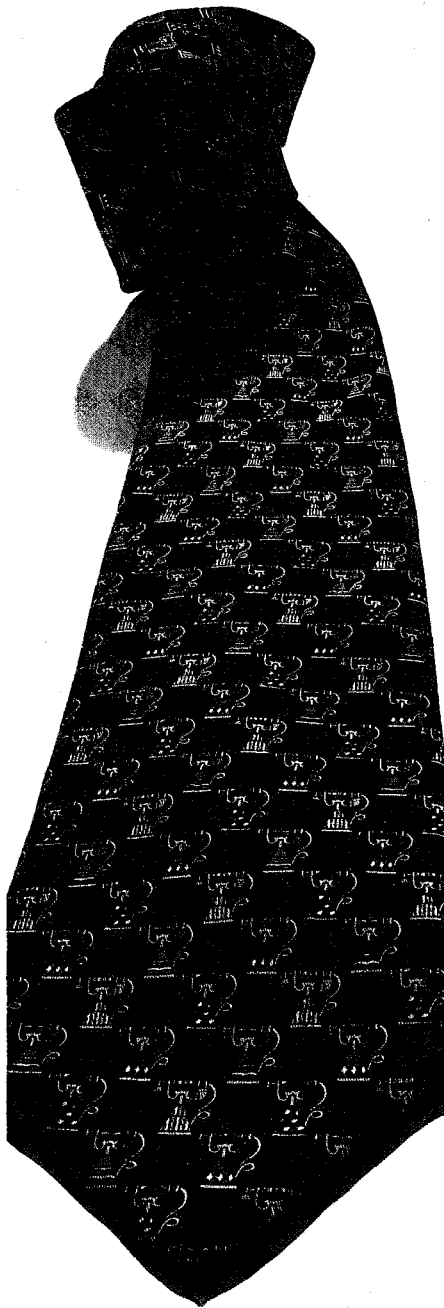
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CLOSE READING

If Joseph Brodsky ("On Grief and Reason," September 26th) is right that most people still see Robert Frost as a bucolic, grandfatherly nature poet, then he has done Frost's legacy a great service. I appreciated Mr. Brodsky's take on the first three stanzas of "Come In." However, I have a very different view of his interpretation of the fourth stanza—and, by extension, the fifth—and I think the difference is important.

I don't agree at all that this is where "the bird and the bard part ways." According to Mr. Brodsky, the "thrush flies into the woods, and you hear his music from within, 'almost like a call to come in / To the dark and lament' " (italics mine). Actually, the poem is clear that the thrush does not fly into the darkness, but his music does. This is critical. It's not the bird and the bard who part company; after all, Mr. Brodsky has already told us they are one and the same. It's the bard who parts company with his own song.

Frost knew all too well that the same poetic vision that leads to enlightenment can also lead to darkness and death. He tells us that those who travel the inner roads would do well to follow the example of this bird, this bard, who has flown with his inner voice to the edge of darkness and, instead of flying headlong to his doom, has stood and listened to his song echo as it disappears into the deep woods. The song beckons him to follow—our dark impulses always do beckon us. But Frost, in his steadfast Yankee resolve, stands firm. After all, he has promises to keep.

WILLIS A. TURNER
Lynchburg, Va.

After reading "On Grief and Reason," I remembered an evening at Tufts University (where Frost lectured, on oc-

casion). He had read one of his poems—"Fire and Ice," I believe—and the student who had introduced Frost asked if there were any questions. One student posed a long-winded question about layers of meaning, symbols, metaphor, etc., in the poem. Frost stepped back a bit, turned to look at the student on-stage beside him, and then, returning his gaze to the student with the long-winded question, said, "I'm afraid that one is too much for us."

JOHN DINAN
Topsfield, Mass.

GIVE GLASGOW HER DUE

I'm not about to get into a shouting match with someone who survived *any* time at Yale in the seventies, especially when that someone still carries around the burden of Wallace Stevens' "Harmonium." Nor do I find it completely satisfactory to find myself defending Harold Bloom, whose agonistic model of literary study and reading alternately puzzles and infuriates me. I must respond, though, to a comment by Charles McGrath in "Loose Canon" (September 26th). McGrath can accept any number of quirky choices for Bloom's appended list of literary greats, he tells us, "But who on earth is Ellen Glasgow?" Besides writing twenty novels, over a dozen short stories, a collection of poems, an autobiography, and many essays and reviews, Glasgow won a Pulitzer Prize in 1942, for "In This Our Life," had her prize-winning novel made into a motion picture by John Huston (starring Bette Davis and Olivia De Havilland), was elected into the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and remains an entertaining writer as well as an astute commentator on the culture and mores of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries in the United States. Of course, she

did decline Clifton Fadiman's invitation to contribute to *The New Yorker*; this was perhaps her greatest failing.

PAMELA R. MATTHEWS
College Station, Texas

PATRIOT GAMES

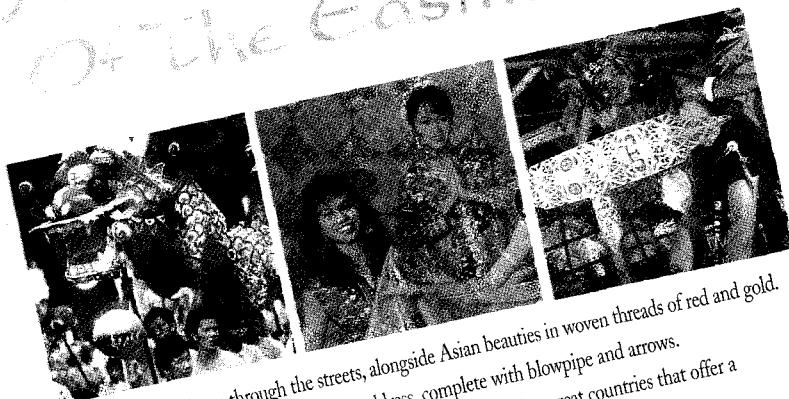
Seymour Hersh's rehash of the aging debate concerning the Patriot's Gulf War performance ("A Reporter at Large," September 26th) distorts the record and omits important evidence. Mr. Hersh states that Theodore Postol's assertions about the Patriot were "supported" by testimony from a Congressional Research Service expert, but does not mention that that same expert also described Postol's own case against the Patriot as "worthless." Mr. Hersh omits the 1992 statement of the wartime Israeli Air Force commander—"the Patriot weapon system has done a great job"—and the 1993 statement of the wartime commander of the Israeli air defenses—"Let's get the record straight. The Patriot was a success, but it wasn't perfect . . . Patriot was of enormous strategic significance and helped save lives in Israel." Also not mentioned is that those countries most threatened during Desert Storm—Saudi Arabia, Israel, and Kuwait—all procured Patriots after the war.

This was the first time that an air-defense system was used in combat against tactical ballistic missiles. Patriot was not perfect. No postwar Army analysis ever said it was, but the Patriot achieved a high degree of success in Saudi Arabia and, for a variety of operational reasons, a lesser, but still significant, success in Israel. To have performed as well as Patriot did, particularly against a threat it was not designed to counter, is a tribute to the system and to those who operated it. Currently, the Administration is improving missile defenses and, with the Russian government, is clarifying existing treaty provisions to deal with today's security environment.

ROBERT M. STEIN
Raytheon Company
Bedford, Mass.

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

*All The Colours
Of The East...*

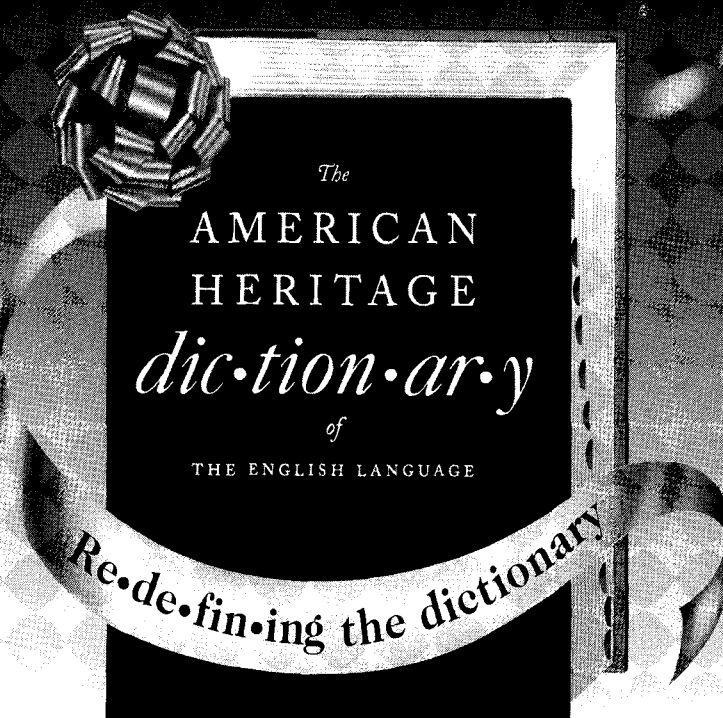


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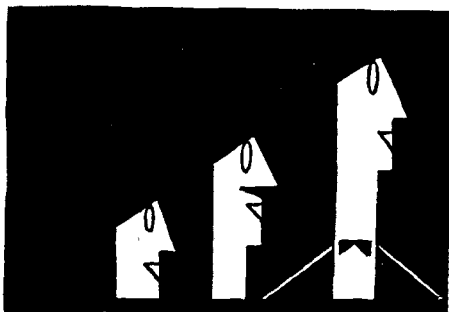
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THE THEATRE

The Women

THE actor Charles Busch, who is out of drag for the first time, in "You Should Be So Lucky," at Primary Stages, may have picked the wrong moment to rearrange his act. Suddenly, all the best roles around town have women's names on them. From "Inside Out" at the Cherry Lane to "The Cover of Life" at the American Place, and from "Why We Have a Body" at the Judith Anderson to the Off Broadway smash "Three Tall Women," New York theatre is operating in counterpoint to Hollywood, where the best roles tend to be for men. Even the current star vehicles "The Glass Menagerie" (Julie Harris) and "Sunset Boulevard" (Glenn Close) are for actresses.

The most conspicuously female production is Second Stage's revival of Wendy Wasserstein's 1977 play, "Uncommon Women," now at the Lucille Lortel. One might ask, why bring back a drama so redolent of an era when women had just exchanged skirts and white blouses for bluejeans and T-shirts? Well, for one thing, to find out what has happened to Ms. Wasserstein's eight Mount Holyoke students over the years. The revival satisfies our curiosity on this point by means of a postscript. It wouldn't be kosher to disclose the characters' fates, except to say that the fledgling writer, Rita, is still searching for her Leonard Woolf. Other Woolf-hunters might do well to head downtown next month to the Union Square Theatre, where, in "Vita and Virginia," they'll find the Bloomsbury duo in a play of their own. That show's cast, Vanessa Redgrave and Eileen Atkins, and its director, Zoe Caldwell, could stand as worthy mothers of all of today's theatrical women.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

BESSIE SPEAKS—A musical about Bessie Smith, with Debbi Blackwell-Cook as the blues singer. Written by China Clark. Previews Oct. 27-29. Opens Oct. 30 at 3 and runs through Nov. 20. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400.)

BLADE TO THE HEAT—Oliver Mayer's play about three Latino boxers, set in the fifties. George C.

Wolfe is the director. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

THE COVER OF LIFE—A play by R. T. Robinson about three war brides living in Louisiana in 1943. Peter Masterson directed. Preview on Oct. 26. Opens Oct. 27 at 8. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200.)

DAS BARBECÜ—A musical comedy, inspired by Wagner's "Ring" cycle and set in Texas. The book and lyrics are by Jim Luigs and the score is by Scott Warrender. Christopher Ashley is the director. In previews. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 307-4100.)

THE DIVA IS DISMISSED—A one-woman show with Jennifer Lewis, formerly one of Bette Midler's Harlettes. Written by Ms. Lewis and the director Charles Randolph-Wright, the work runs in repertory with Danny Hoch's "Some People." Previews Oct. 27-29. Opens Oct. 30 at 8 and runs through Nov. 13. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

DURANG DURANG—Short plays and monologues by Christopher Durang, including "For Whom the Southern Belle Tolls," a spoof of "The Glass Menagerie." In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

THE GLASS MENAGERIE—Julie Harris stars as Amanda Wingfield in the Roundabout's production of the Tennessee Williams classic. The cast also includes Calista Flockhart, Zeljko Ivanek, and Kevin Kilner. Previews begin Oct. 29. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

INSIDE OUT—Adryan Russ and Doug Haverty's musical comedy about six women who meet each week for group therapy. "Roleplay," an earlier version of the show, played Off-Off Broadway two years ago. Previews begin Oct. 28. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

IRISH REPERTORY THEATRE—Presenting two plays in repertory: "Mother of All the Behans," with Rosaleen Linehan, is Peter Sheridan's adaptation of Brian Behan's book (preview on Oct. 26; opening on Oct. 27 at 8), and "Alive, Alive Oh!" with Milo O'Shea and Kitty Sullivan, is an evening of songs, poetry, and dramatic excerpts, by Shaw, Beckett, Joyce, and others (previews Oct. 28-30; opening Oct. 31 at 8). (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

IT'S ALIVE! AND SO, SUE ME—The Night Kitchen, Maurice Sendak and Arthur Yorinks' children's-theatre company, makes its New York debut with these two comedies. Written and directed by Mr. Yorinks, both plays are performed without dialogue but with special sound effects. Starting with "It's Alive!" on Oct. 28, the two shows run in repertory through Nov. 6. (Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. 346-8510.)

LOVE! VALOUR! COMPASSION!—A new play by Terrence McNally, directed by Joe Mantello. With Randy Becker, Stephen Bogardus, John Glover, John Benjamin Hickey, Justin Kirk, Nathan Lane, and Stephen Spinella. Previews through Oct. 30. Opens Nov. 1 at 6:45. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

PUBLIC ENEMY—The New York première of a 1987 play by Kenneth Branagh, which is set in Belfast. In previews. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

SUNSET BOULEVARD—Glenn Close stars as Norma Desmond in Andrew Lloyd Webber's new musical, which finally arrives on Broadway this week. Based on the 1950 movie and directed by Trevor Nunn, the show also features George Hearn, Alan Campbell, and Alice Ripley. Previews begin Nov. 1. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

UNCOMMON WOMEN AND OTHERS—Second Stage's revival of Wendy Wasserstein's 1977 play, directed by Carole Rothman. With Joan Budenhagen, Julie Dretzin, Danielle Ferland, Jessica Lundy, Mary McCann, Haviland Morris, Robin Morse, Rosemary Murphy, and Stephanie Roth. Opens Oct. 26 at 7. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

WHY WE HAVE A BODY—Claire Chafee's romantic comedy about four women, one of whom holds up convenience stores for a living. Presented by the Women's Project. Previews begin Nov. 1. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

YOU SHOULD BE SO LUCKY—Charles Busch has the lead in this comedy, which he also wrote. He's joined in the cast by Nell Campbell, Julie Halston, and Stephen Pearlman. Kenneth Elliott is the director. In previews. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-7471.)

OPENED RECENTLY

ALL IN THE TIMING—Six sparkling short plays by David Ives add up to one enchanted evening. Ives and the deft director, Jason McConnell Buzas, are wonderfully served by their actors. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST—Disney's Broadway money-spinner, adapted from the animated-film version, has a few moments of solid-gold theatrical amazement: the showstopping "Be Our Guest" production number and the Beast's transformation into the Prince. Directed by Robert Jess Roth. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/2/94.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

BLAMING MOM—A new comedy by David Edelstein, presented by the Watermark Theatre, on a bill with the playwright's curtain-raiser "Soupy and Adena." (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 966-9290. Closes Oct. 30.)

CAROUSEL—Nicholas Hytner's authoritative direction combines with Bob Crowley's inspired sets to transplant the National Theatre's 1993 smash hit onto the Vivian Beaumont stage. Bold, beautiful, and controversial, this multicultural reinterpretation launches Rodgers and Hammerstein toward the twenty-first century. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

A CHEEVER EVENING—A. R. Gurney's new play, based on eighteen stories by John Cheever, is Cheeveresque in name only, a skin-deep, almost sitcom-like gloss on the writer's piercingly beautiful and intensely disquieting work. The only authentic thing about the evening is the talent of the six delicious actors in the cast—John Cunningham, Mary Beth Peil, Jack Gilpin, Julie Hagerty, Robert Stanton, and Jennifer Van Dyck. Directed by Don Scardino. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Nov. 13.)

DAMN YANKEES—The big musical hit of 1955 is back, in its first Broadway revival. George Abbott and Douglass Wallop's book has

been jarringly updated by the director, Jack O'Brien (with the help of the hundred-and-six-year-old Mr. Abbott). But the cast, which includes Victor Garber, delivers Richard Adler and Jerry Ross's music with sporty energy, and Rob Marshall has created some lively dance numbers. (4/4/94) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

DOCTOR FAUSTUS—The Independent Theatre Company's production of Marlowe's play. (House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. 353-3088.)

FAITH JOURNEY—A gospel musical, set in the South during the civil-rights movement. Book and lyrics by Clarence Cuthbertson and George Broderick, who also wrote the music. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

FIRST NIGHT—Lannyl Stephens and Daniel McDonald in a romantic comedy by Jack Neary. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

GREASE!—The talented cast and the inventive production team show off the gleeful phyness of Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey's musical with unembarrassed affection, and the result is a fun fake that's not trying to pass as the real thing. Billy Porter blows the lid off the joint with his Little Richard-like rendition of "Beauty School Dropout." Maureen McCormick recently joined the cast as Rizzo. Jeff Calhoun directed and choreographed. (5/30/94) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

HIM—A 1927 play by E. E. Cummings. (Medicine Show, 552 W. 53rd St. 262-4216. Closes Nov. 5.)

the stage as his bully pulpit. Behind his shtick, which is sometimes vulgar but always funny, is a fundamentalist disgust at the world's fraud, wickedness, hypocrisy, and inhumanity. (4/25/94) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

JEAN COCTEAU REPERTORY—Presenting two shows in rotating repertory: "The Keepers," a drama by Barbara Lebow, set in Maine, in the eighteen-fifties, and a modern-dress production of William Wycherley's seventeenth-century comedy "The Country Wife," directed by Tori Haring-Smith. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

JELLY ROLL!—Vernel Bagneris stars in a musical show about Jelly Roll Morton. With Morten Gunnar Larsen on piano. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 265-1086.)

KILLER JOE—A black comedy, set in a Texas trailer park, about a son who plots to kill his mother for the insurance money. The play, which abounds with brutality and frontal nudity (displayed by both sexes), becomes less funny, more disturbing—and affecting—as the evening progresses. David Mogentale plays Joe, the icy hit man, whose shifts from manipulation to malevolence control the action; Danna Lyons is mesmerizing as a sleepwalking, sleep-talking young woman who falls under Joe's spell. Written by Tracy Letts and directed by Wilson Milam. (29th Street Repertory Theatre, 212 W. 29th St. 465-0575.)

PASSION—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's listless epistolary musical, in which the main characters spend much of their time singing love letters to and from each other. Jere Shea and Marin Mazzie are in fine voice as a dashing soldier and his lover, and Donna Murphy gives a stunning performance as Fosca, the predatory heroine. Lapine, who wrote the libretto, directed. (5/23/94) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE SCARLET LETTER—Phyllis Nagy's adaptation of Nathaniel Hawthorne's classic novel, with Cynthia Nixon as Hester Prynne and Stephen Caffrey as the Reverend Dimmesdale. (Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes Nov. 13.)

SHOW BOAT—Harold Prince's bighearted production of the 1927 Jerome Kern-Oscar Hammerstein II musical is epic-size, full of life and full of vision. (The set features an amazingly real-looking show boat, designed by Eugene Lee.) And there's that score, which sweeps through four decades of popular music, from operetta to ragtime to vaudeville—and includes the great existentialist anthem "Ol' Man River," here sung by Michel Bell. With John McMartin and Elaine Stritch as the patriarch and the matriarch of the floating theatre, and Lonette McKee, whose moving rendition of "Bill" is the show's most intimate moment.



Original set design by Maurice Sendak for "It's Alive!"

HYSTERICAL BLINDNESS AND OTHER SOUTHERN TRAGEDIES THAT HAVE PLAGUED MY LIFE THUS FAR—An autobiographical musical-comedy revue written by Leslie Jordan and starring Mark Baker. It's a tale of growing up Tennesseean, thespian, and gay. Joe Patrick Ward's energetic musical numbers run the gamut from corn to gospel. (Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555.)

AN INSPECTOR CALLS—J. B. Priestley's 1945 mystery is not really a play—it's a speech, about every man's link to every other man. The fine cast, which includes Kenneth Cranham, Philip Bosco, and Jane Adams, has ideas, not actions, to play. Directed by Stephen Daldry. (5/16/94) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

JACKIE MASON: POLITICALLY INCORRECT—A former rabbi from a family of rabbis, Mason uses

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—Put the Ridiculous Theatrical Company and Shakespeare's comedy together and you get ridiculousness of a very high order indeed. Under the direction of Everett Quinton (who plays Bottom and Pyramus—here pronounced like the New Jersey town of the different spelling), the large cast, featuring many veteran Ridiculi and a few newcomers, puts on a well-paced and spirited performance. The delightful, good-taste-be-damned costumes are by Ramona Ponce. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

MOTHER—Mabou Mines presents Ruth Maleczek in a play by Patricia Spears Jones. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes Nov. 6.)

NONSENSE 2: THE SEQUEL—Dan Goggin's follow-up to the long-running musical comedy. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)

Also with Rebecca Luker, Mark Jacoby, Gretha Boston, Dorothy Stanley, and Joel Blum. (10/17/94) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

SOME PEOPLE—Danny Hoch's one-man show features thirteen New York characters. Jo Bonney directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Nov. 13.)

STOMP—A group of eight British rhythm specialists who use unconventional percussion instruments. The noise is terrific. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

THAT'S LIFE!—A seriocomic revue about the variety of Jewish life in America. Thirteen composers and lyricists collaborated on the twenty musical numbers. The choreography and direction are by Helen Butleroff. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

THE THEATRE—Cont'd

THREE TALL WOMEN—A moving, poetic play by Edward Albee, which is dominated by the huge, heroic performance of Myra Carter. Jordan Baker and the droll and delightful Marian Seldes are also in the cast. (5/16/94) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

UNEXPECTED TENDERNESS—A play by Israel Horovitz, with Scotty Bloch, Caitlin Clarke, Sol Frieder, Karen Goberman, Paul O'Brien, Steve Ryan, and Jonathan Marc Sherman. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes Nov. 6.)

YOUNG PLAYWRIGHTS FESTIVAL—On the bill: "The Basement at the Bottom at the End of the World," by Nadine Graham; "The Most Massive Woman Wins," by Madeleine George; and "The Love of Bullets," by Jerome D. Hairston. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Oct. 29.)

LONG RUNS

ANGELS IN AMERICA: "Millennium Approaches" and "Perestroika." (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) ... **BLOOD BROTHERS**: Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. ... **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES**: Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. ... **CATS**: Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. ... **CRAZY FOR YOU**: Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. ... **FAMILY SECRETS**: Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100. ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. ... **GUYS AND DOLLS**: Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. ... **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN**: Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. ... **LES MISÉRABLES**: Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. ... **MISS SAIGON**: Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. ... **PERFECT CRIME**: Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. ... **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**: Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. ... **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING**: St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. ... **THE WHO'S TOMMY**: St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—
PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

RON ATHEY—This performance artist, who refers to his work as "theatre of pain," will present "4 Scenes in a Harsh Life," which deals with fetishism. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Oct. 27-30 at 9.)

DANCE

HUBBARD STREET DANCE CHICAGO—Final performances of an engagement that includes works by James Kudelka and Twyla Tharp, among others. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Oct. 26-29 at 8 and Oct. 30 at 2.)

NEDERLANDS DANS THEATER—Two of the Dutch company's three editions, at the Next Wave Festival. Oct. 27 at 8: Nederlands Dans Theater 2, an ensemble of fourteen dancers, aged seventeen to twenty-one. ... Oct. 26 and Oct. 28-29 at 8, and Oct. 30 at 3: Nederlands Dans Theater 3 (Martine Van Hamel, Gary Chryst, Sabine Kupferberg, and Gérard Lemaître) in new works by Martha Clarke, Jifi Kylián, and others. (Majestic, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100.)

REBECCA KELLY DANCE—The contemporary ballet company presents new and repertory works. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Oct. 27 at 7:30 and Oct. 28 at 8.)

RONALD BROWN—With eleven other dancers and a vocalist, in "Dirtroad/Morticia Supreme's Revue." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Oct. 27-29 at 8 and Oct. 30 at 3.)

NEW YORK BAROQUE DANCE COMPANY—The group performs "Bach, Handel, and the Dance," accompanied by Concert Royal, a period-instrument chamber orchestra. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Oct. 28-29 at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

The Sound of Friction

THE relationship between a rock band's singer and its lead guitarist is often a touchy one, but for the British group Oasis—like the Kinks before them—the problem is only made worse by the fact that these two key players are brothers. The sibling rivalry between vocalist Liam Gallagher and axman and songwriter Noel Gallagher is fast becoming the stuff of legend in the U.K., where Oasis has already enjoyed a couple of hit singles and the sort of critical acclaim that got lavished on bands like Suede and the Auteurs in recent years. Now that Oasis's debut album, "Definitely Maybe," has been released in the U.S.A., to generally excellent notices, the Gallaghers (whose bandmates are rhythm guitarist Paul Arthurs, bassist Paul McGuigan, and drummer Tony McCarroll) have brought their duelling-egos act to the American press. "Great songwriter," Liam admitted to *Musician* of big brother Noel last month, "but he'll bore the ass off you!"

Not with his playing, though. The dense, muscular Oasis sound, which has been compared with acts as respected and diverse as T-Rex and the Jam, owes much to Noel's crashing, distortion-heavy riffs and incendiary solos. Liam's raw, brash vocals, meanwhile, recall the snide Cockney panache of the young Johnny Rotten. But unlike the punks of yore, these guys are candid about their desire to be stars. Liam has remarked that his ultimate goal is for Oasis to rank with the Beatles, the Stones, and The Who. Bono told *Rolling Stone* the same thing when he was starting out, and look what happened to his band. At Maxwell's on October 28 and Wetlands on October 29, Oasis will continue its quest for immortality.

CONCERTS

JIMMY OWENS AND JUNIOR MANCE—Thankfully, pianist Junior Mance and trumpeter Jimmy Owens are as resilient as they are taken for granted. *This felicitous pairing should bring out the iron core in each of these veterans.* (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Oct. 28 at 6. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

BEAUSOLEIL—The Cajun band who accompanied Mary Chapin Carpenter on her hit record "Down at the Twist and Shout" teams up for two concerts with the Ardoin Family, a zydeco outfit featuring fiddler Canray Fontenot. The second will be a dance party. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Oct. 28 at 8. ... Universalist Church, 160 Central Park W., at 76th St. Oct. 29 at 8. For information about tickets, call 545-7536.)

RONNY WHYTE—St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Oct. 26 at 12:30 p.m. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.

"NEW MUSIC FOR SILENT FILMS"—Oct. 28: Ten of the Fleischer Brothers' "Koko the Clown" animated films from the twenties, with a new score composed and played live by Samm Bennett. ... Oct. 29: F. W. Murnau's "Nosferatu" (1922), with music

composed and played live by Al Kryszak. (St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 858-2424. Movies at 7 and 9.)

MICHAEL FEINSTEIN—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 29 at 8.

KLEZMER CONCERT—Kapelye, the Klezmatics, Lillian Lux, and others, in a benefit performance. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Oct. 30 at 2.)

GARY LUCAS—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Oct. 31 at 8.

EARTH, WIND & FIRE—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Nov. 1-2 at 8.

CLUBS

ACADEMY, 234 W. 43rd St.—Oct. 29: **KILLING JOKE**, the original English industrial guitar band, presents the musical equivalent of Armageddon, with support from **STABBING WESTWARD**. Arrive angry. For concert information, call 249-8870.

A.K.A., 77 W. Houston St., at Wooster St. (673-7325)—The **SCREAMING HEADLESS TORSOS** entertain on Oct. 31.

BLARNEY STAR, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—Home to fine Irish music every Friday night. Oct. 28: **THE LONDON IRISH ALL-STARS**, a quintet featuring champion fiddler **BRENDAN MC GLINCHEY** and accordionist **JOHN BOWE**.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Decent sight lines, great greasy food, prodigiously talented waitresses, and a consistent roster of high-quality acts. **ACOUSTIC ALCHEMY** arrives on Oct. 26. Oct. 28-29 belongs to **ZACHARY RICHARD**. Nov. 1: A tribute to the late Danny Gatton, with the **HELLECASTERS**.

BROWNIES, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (429-8392)—Oct. 27: **DOO RAG** swings over from Irving Plaza.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Oct. 30: **BIKINI KILL**. Oct. 31: Trick or treat with **ALICE DONUT** and **7 YEAR BITCH**. ... Next door, at CB's Gallery, **A. R. KANE** performs on Oct. 29. This British art-funk duo (which also appears this week at Limelight and Maxwell's) records on David Byrne's Luaka Bop label, and, like Byrne, they pollinate their material with obscure influences. The band's recent release, "New Clear Child," is filled with the sounds of running water, children's voices, violins, muted saxophones, and other sonic ingredients. It's big, sexy music that's perfect for a small intimate club.

CHICAGO B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—Oct. 26-29: The **EDDY (THE CHIEF) CLEARWATER** band plays the blues.

CLEOPATRA SUPPER CLUB, 327 W. 44th St. (262-1111)—Live music, belly dancing, and an honest-to-God whirling dervish, every Wednesday through Sunday.

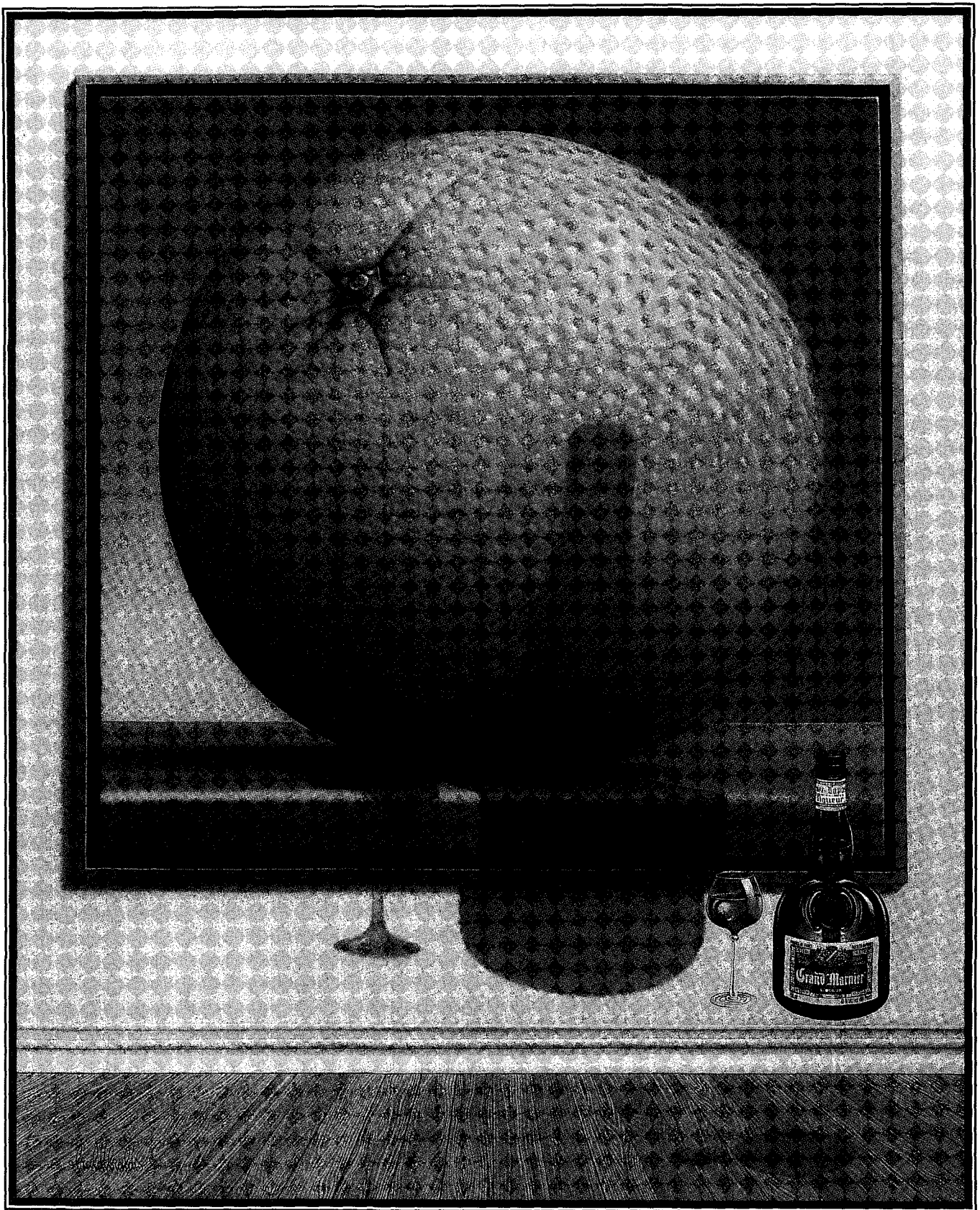
THE COOLER, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—Oct. 27: **SPOILER**. On Oct. 29, the Cooler presents a night of urban tap dancing, featuring Jimmy Slyde, Chuck Green, and Buster Brown. On Monday nights, Sonic Youth guitarist **LEE RANALDO** curates a free evening of noise and art. Wednesday nights are given over to experimental d.j. spinoffs.

DUPLEX, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the waiters, and the audience. The fabulous **LADY BUNNY** is your hostess every Tuesday night.

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—A comfortable neo-Moroccan bar hidden inside the Time Café. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is a fine spot to take in a show. **SUSAN MC KEOWN & THE CHANTING HOUSE** are here on Oct. 28. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

FLANNERY'S, 205 W. 14th St. (929-9589)—A well-scrubbed, amiable Irish pub with many of the classic features (pints of Guinness, non-stop TV sports) and a few of the near-classics (a CD jukebox, a portrait of Elvis).

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—**BECK** is in the house on Oct. 26, with **DOO RAG**, who'll headline the following night at Brownies. When you're in your early twenties, as Beck is, and your first hit is



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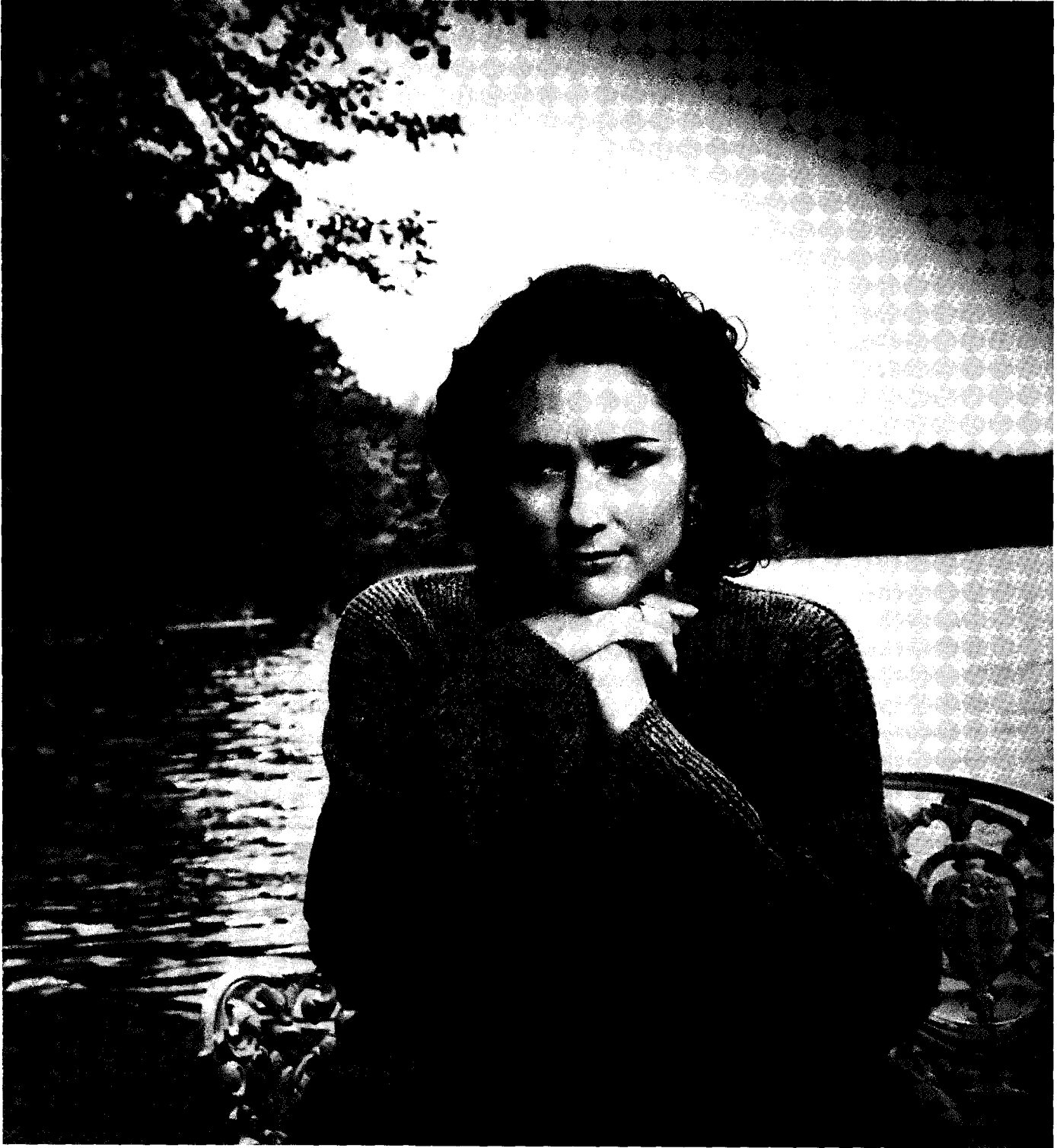
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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

titled "Loser," the issue of career momentum may later haunt you like a bad dream. But like the Beastie Boys, Beck's most direct ancestors, this singer-songwriter offers more substance and less glib shtick than his reputation would suggest. His Beavis-like persona notwithstanding, Beck is not a one-hit wonder. This Californian kid is, in fact, an astute scholar of folk, blues, and hip-hop, and he folds these influences into an edgy, lyrical sound that's truly distinctive. Be sure to arrive early for Doo Rag, a bizarre Tucson-based duo that sounds a bit like the musical offspring of Delta blues and "Deliverance." It's a profoundly low-tech affair: creaky slide guitar, CB-radio vocals, and relentless bucket and cardboard-box drumming. A performance by Doo Rag is a little like one by rockabilly psycho Hasil Adkins: hypnotic, frightening, hysterical—but difficult not to love. Oct. 27-29, and Oct. 31: The nerd princes of cleverer-than-thou pop, **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS**, with ex-Pixie **FRANK BLACK** (who will perform unplugged). **COLLECTIVE SOUL** stops by on Nov. 1, with Moist. . . . **¶** The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

KAPTAIN BANANA, 101 Greene St. (343-9000)—French cabaret *en travesti* in SoHo. Ten dancers re-create the Court of Versailles, a carnival in Rio, Marlene Dietrich, and the Andrews Sisters. There's also a singing gorilla. Dining.

LIMELIGHT, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—**PIGFACE** performs on Halloween, fittingly enough, with guests Evil Mothers and Liberace's Waistcoat. Nov. 1: **A. R. KANE**. Wednesday night is Disco 2000.

LUDLOW STREET CAFE, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO**, a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—On Oct. 27: **ANSON FUNDERBURGH & THE ROCKETS**, with **SAM MYERS**. Guitarist **JOHNNY ALLEN** is in on Oct. 28-29.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201-798-4064)—Many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. The fabulous British band **OASIS** plays on Oct. 28. Oct. 30: **A. R. KANE**.

MERCURY LOUNGE, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—**MOXY FRUYOUS** is here on Oct. 26-27. With Lightning Seeds, Clean House, and the Murmurs on Oct. 26, and Jack Ass and Pull on the following night. On Nov. 1: the **ENEMIES OF SLEEP**, the Nashville-based brainchild of ex-Blue Chieftains front man Tim Carroll and former Semi-Twang leader John Sieger. True to their credentials, the singer-guitarist-bassist (along with drummer Rick Schell) specialize in gritty, infectious country-rock.

PADDY REILLY'S MUSIC BAR, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** usually plays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

LES POULETS, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and the occasional cha-cha. **TONY VEGA** performs on Oct. 29. Dining.

RODEO BAR, 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500)—The walls simulate a log cabin, a buffalo head blows smoke through its nostrils, there's a horse trailer that's been converted into a bar, and you get peanuts for eating and, occasionally, throwing. On Oct. 30: **ENEMIES OF SLEEP** warm up for their Mercury Lounge gig.

ROSELAND, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—Ballroom dancing on Thursdays and Sundays. The rest of the week: another dark, sweaty rock club, with flannel-clad stage divers

and the occasional whirling mosh pit. On Oct. 28, the club plays host to **DINOSAUR JR.** Like Evan Dando's chin, J. Mascis's guitar playing has inspired a great deal of sick-making hagiography. (*Newsweek* recently called him "the most melodic and eloquent guitarist that punk has produced"—a bit of a stretch; his solos are much faster and trickier than any true self-respecting punk's.) Mascis *can* play, but it's his dark, throaty voice and dislocated lyrics that make Dinosaur Jr. particularly interesting. On the band's recent release, "Without a Sound," they seem to have closed the gap between brute force and pop filigree. Live, they're even better. With **KYUSS**.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—**ANGELA BOFILL** entertains on Oct. 26-27. Bofill was brought up on Latin jazz (by her Cuban father) and Motown soul (by her Puerto Rican mother); both influences are apparent in the singer's repertoire, which emphasizes her sensuous way with a romantic ballad. **EDDIE PALMIERI** pops



Beck (above) and
Doo Rag at Irving Plaza.

in on Halloween, after which **GATO BARBIERI** begins a three-night stand, on Nov. 1. Tuesday nights, S.O.B.'s presents Soul Kitchen, an evening of seventies funk and R. & B. for devotees of Don Cornelius. Closed Sundays. Dining.

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—The legendary **WILSON PICKETT** makes a special appearance on Oct. 28. On Oct. 29-30, check out the fledgling bands **SUPERCHUNK** and **WEDDING PRESENT**. Nov. 1: The **BEAT FARMERS** and **GO TO BLAZES**.

WEBSTER HALL, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—A byzantine disco wonderland with four floors,

a coffee shop, and a wig boutique. Wednesday is drag night. Psychedelic Thursdays feature grunge acts and cheap beer.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—New York hipsters **URBAN BLIGHT** are here on Oct. 28. On Oct. 29: **OASIS** swings over from Maxwell's. Boston hunk oddity **JONATHAN RICHMAN** will preach to the converted on Oct. 31. Richman's songs, his stories, and his bare chest—should he deign to dispense with his shirt—are proud and fascinating assets, and no other rocker around can reap such enchantment from the mundane.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Singer **WESLIE WHITFIELD** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. A West Coast sensation, Whitfield will offer show tunes and standards. Dining.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy and Johnny Parker, weekends to the Freddy Francis trio, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool green music hall that also features a tapas bar—if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. **FLIP ORLEY** continues through Oct. 29. Starting Nov. 1: **JIM MORRIS**.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Third Ave. (475-8592)—**LARRY CARLTON** is here through Oct. 30. For decades, Carlton was best known as the preeminent session guitarist. He could be heard on everything from Steely Dan records to TV theme songs. A few years back, he suffered nerve damage from a gunshot wound, which nearly ended his career. After extensive rehab, Carlton is back, and he now plays with an evangelical fire. Singer **DIANNE REEVES** begins an engagement on Nov. 1. Dining.

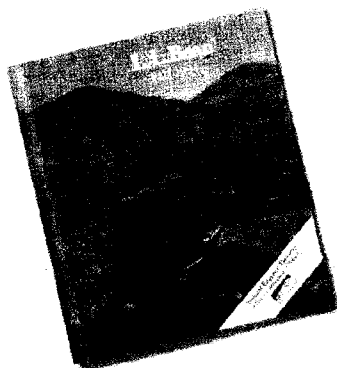
BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Through Oct. 29: **LEON PARKER**, **STEVE WILSON**, **BRUCE BARTH**, and **LARRY GRENADIER**. Four young bloods with juice to spare—Wilson (sax), Barth (piano), Grenadier (bass), and Parker (drums)—assert a new generation's will to swing. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, through New Year's Eve, the fabulous **BOBBY SHORT**. Time has not diminished the tasteful virtuosity of Short's ivory-tickling; nor has it deflated his gregarious wit as a singer and showman. Now in his twenty-seventh year at the Carlyle, Short continues to give the royal treatment to gems by Gershwin, Ellington, Arlen, Berlin, and of course Cole Porter. A de-lightful, de-lovely evening, and a quintessential New York experience. . . . **¶** Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano. Carroll's timing is infallible, and she is equally at ease with legato, backpeddling figures and double-time sprints. Her repertoire includes a long, wonderful "Porgy and Bess" stew, a funny "Sweet Georgia Brown," and a lilting, secret "Here's That Rainy Day."

EIGHTY EIGHT'S, 228 W. 10th St. (924-0088)—Broadway star **MARCUS LOVETT** ("Carousel," "The Phantom of the Opera," "Les Misérables") begins a two-week cabaret run on Oct. 27.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—The **PHIL WOODS** quintet plays through Oct. 30. Forty years down the line, Woods still breathes bop. The alto saxophonist, who speaks fluent Parker while indulging his own relaxed and ripely romantic take on the music, is playing better than ever. Pop fans may want to catch this engagement—Woods is responsible for the sax breaks on Billy Joel's "Just the Way You Are" and Paul Simon's "Still Crazy After All These Years"—to see what he can do in front of a smart modern band. Beginning Nov. 1: **LAVERNE BUTLER**. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

L.L. Discoveries



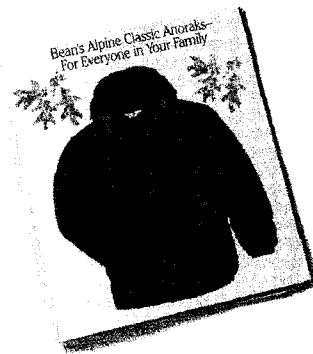
L.L. Change of Season



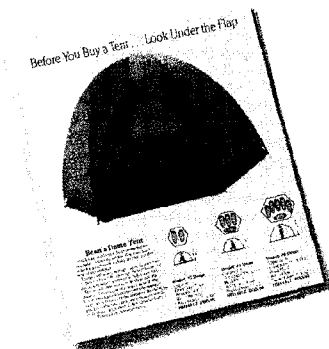
L.L. Places to Go



L.L. On the Road



L.L. Down East



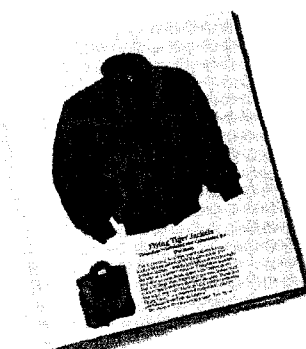
L.L. Outdoors



L.L. Indoors



L.L. After School



L.L. Classic



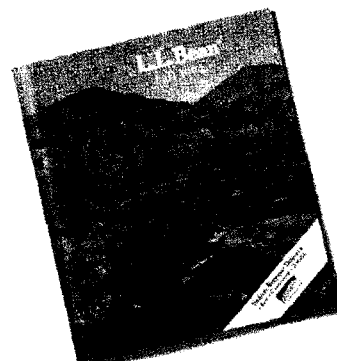
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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

FIFTY SEVEN FIFTY SEVEN, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons. Wednesdays through Saturdays, **DONALD JOHNSTON** is the featured pianist. Dining.

IRIDIUM, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through Oct. 29, catch the **ERIC REED** trio. Bandleader Wynton Marsalis has a real ear for pianists, and Eric Reed, his latest hire, is no exception. Reed knows his Hancock and his Tyner, but a distinctive vein of gospel also enriches his work.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist **STEVE KUHN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** team up through Oct. 29. Over the years, Kuhn and Swartz have cemented a blood-brother rapport. Together they coax hidden nuances out of long-played standards and take harmonic left turns whenever the chance arises. On Oct. 30: singer **TESS MARSAIS** performs with pianist **CARLOS MC KINNEY**.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Downtown composer **ELLIOTT SHARP** performs with **CARBON** on Oct. 29, followed by John Zorn's **COBRA**, on Oct. 30.

LE MADELEINE, 403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—Every Sunday evening, guitar great **GENE BERTONCINI** lights up this cozy Hell's Kitchen bistro with his simmering melodicism and chordal grace.

METRONOME, 915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400)—In the shadow of the Flatiron Building, a cavernous, elegant restaurant that features jazz. Pianist **HENRY JOHNSON** is in on Oct. 28.

METROPOLIS, 31 Union Square W. (675-2300)—Oct. 27-29: The **TERUMASA HINO** quintet swings by. Monday nights, catch **CON-TRI-BUTION**, a reggae-tinged jazz collective. Tuesdays are given over to the **GEORGE GEE ORCHESTRA**, a seventeen-piece swing band.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. **AMANDA MC BROOM** will hold forth through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor and swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Michael Andrew and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Thursdays belong to Stan Rubin's big band and Phoebe Légère; Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and the Kit McClure sextet; and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Borscht, blini, and other things to make the heart beat faster. On Oct. 30: **PETER DUCHIN AND FRIENDS**.

SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (727-8387)—Guitarist Peter Mazza leads a trio on Oct. 29.

TAVERN ON THE GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—The **HANK JONES** trio performs through Oct. 30. The **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON** quintet kicks off a run on Nov. 1.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The **TERENCE BLANCHARD** quartet is here through Oct. 30. Blanchard, the only young trumpeter within spitting distance of Wynton Marsalis's virtuosity, leads a polished band. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

VISIONES, 125 Macdougall St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—On Oct. 26-29, check out tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN**. Freeman's gem of a hand-picked quintet will feature altoist Arthur Blythe, another long-established titan who's going stronger than ever. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—The food is Italian and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Through Oct. 29: pianist **JUNIOR MANCE**, bassist **CALVIN HILL**, and baritone-sax player **JOE TEMPERLEY**.

ART

On Native Ground

THIS Sunday, October 30, near the terminus of an old Algonquin trade route on the southern tip of Manhattan Island, the first permanent exhibition space of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of the American Indian will open, at the U.S. Custom House. A Southern Cheyenne camp crier will greet visitors outside the Museum's Heye Center—named for George Gustav Heye (1874-1957), a New York banker whose vast collection of Native American artifacts constitutes the bulk of the museum's holdings—and Alaskan, Hawaiian, and Hopi dancers will perform throughout the day. The result of a 1989 agreement between the Heye Foundation, which had been exhibiting its collection at a museum in upper Manhattan, and the Smithsonian, the Heye Center is the first milestone on the path to the creation of a central National Museum of the American Indian, in Washington, D.C., whose opening is tentatively planned for the year 2001.

A recent visit to the Heye Center offered a chance to see a nervous, excited, and happy staff putting the finishing touches on the inaugural exhibits. According to collections manager Lynne Harlan, they are particularly pleased by the effects of extensive advisory participation by Native Americans. "We aren't striving to be spiritual leaders or to take over ceremonial duties," said Harlan, who is a Cherokee. But she points out that, in keeping with long-held traditions, kachinas will not be exhibited during the winter months (when the Hopis believe that the spirits they represent are fasting); and, as tradition dictates, some objects will be handled only by men and others only by women. Karen Fort, a project manager, says that some objects are left undated, as a gesture of respect for the still-living cultures that the objects represent. But the most unprecedented show of respect for Native American cultures is the coöperation

of the board of directors and the staff in the return of some of the museum's treasures to the tribes that made them. For instance, Evi Oehler, one of the exhibition designers, expressed the hope that the Bear Clan hat of the Chilkat Tlingit people, which graces the first exhibit hall, will have been repatriated by the time the exhibit closes. Not that there will ever be a shortage of exquisite artifacts to display both here and in Washington: the museum has over a million objects in its collection.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Willem de Kooning: Paintings." . . . ¶ "The Photographs of Edouard Baldus: Landscapes and Monuments of France." Shots from the nineteenth century. . . . ¶ "Ominous Hush: The Thunderstorm Paintings of Martin Johnson Heade." . . . ¶ "Origins of Impressionism" begins with paintings seen at the historic and influential Salon of 1859 and includes nudes, landscapes, and still-lives. . . . ¶ Gowns, daywear, and costume jewelry by Mme. Grès, a French designer active from 1930 to 1988, are on display in the Costume Institute. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ "Four Silk Kashan Rugs." . . . ¶ The roof garden is open through the end of October, weather permitting. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"A Century of Artists Books." . . . ¶ "New Photography 10: Shimon Attie, Abelardo Morell, Jorge Ribalta, Michal Rovner." . . . ¶ "Mapping" features some twenty works of art that incorporate maps. . . . ¶ "American Politicians: Photographs from 1843 to 1993" includes a Mathew Brady photograph of Abraham Lincoln. . . . ¶ "Cy Twombly: A Retrospective." Nearly a hundred works, mostly paintings, by this heir to Abstract Expressionism. The show begins with Twombly's assemblage sculptures and ends with a new painting series, "The Four Seasons," done this year. (A concurrent show of his works is at the Gagosian gallery.) . . . ¶ "The Prints of Louise Bourgeois." This exhibit focusses on the artist's etchings and lithographs, including "He Disappeared Into Complete Silence" (1946-47) and "Ste. Sebastienne" (1992). (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)



GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The Italian Metamorphosis, 1943-68." (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, from 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SoHo, 575 Broadway—"Japanese Art After 1945: Scream Against the Sky." (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Neil Jenney: Natural Rationalism." Oil-on-wood landscape paintings from the past fifteen years, by the genius of the short-lived "bad painting" movement of the late sixties and early seventies. Un-

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ART—Cont'd

like the gesturally splashy bad paintings, Jenney's landscapes, which speak to the anxieties of the post-industrial era rather than reflecting the expansive optimism of traditional American landscape, are characterized by a dry, finicky, seamless finish; the paintings are airtight, formally as well as atmospherically. Titles like "North America Divided" and "Acid Story"—prominently featured in block letters on massive black frames—help drive Jenney's somewhat heavy-handed ironies home. . . . ¶ "Jess: A Grand Collage, 1951-1993." (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Royal Tombs of Sipán." Gold, silver, and gilded copper objects of the Moche, a pre-Inca civilization of northern Peru and one of the world's major ancient civilizations. The curators are probably right to identify Sipán as the rich-

est burial site ever excavated in the New World. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Realms of Heroism: Indian Paintings at the Brooklyn Museum." . . . ¶ Dale Chihuly's "The Brooklyn Wall," an installation of blown glass, is on view in the lobby. . . . ¶ Selected works of Leon Polk Smith, an American abstract painter. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM, 594 Broadway—"Hell: Luis Cruz Azaceta, Selected Works, 1978-93." Nineteen paintings that deal with AIDS, homelessness, and other contemporary issues, by a native of Cuba; a selection of Azaceta's drawings is also on view. Through Nov. 23. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Revivals! Diverse Traditions: 1920-45." The second installment in a project devoted to American craft in the twentieth century. . . . ¶ "Form and Light: Contemporary Glass from the Permanent Collection."

(Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Passage to Vietnam: Through the Eyes of Seventy Photographers." Opens Nov. 1. Through Nov. 20. . . . ¶ "An Enduring Legacy: The Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd Collection" presents the first generous show in thirteen years of what may well be the last great collection of Asian art. The Rockefellers, in league with the legendary art historian Sherman Lee, had almost free range of the market in the palmy days before total insanity set in, and the results are magnificent. Every piece coolly proclaims quality: a Korean stoneware jar is indescribably elegant; a copper sculpture from India—Krishna dancing over a vanquished demon, its serpentine tail echoing the god's heavenly form—is a little ode to joy. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

CHINA INSTITUTE, 125 E. 65th St.—"At the Dragon Court." Chinese embroidery from the collection of Schuyler V. R. Cammann. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Sèvres porcelain, Limoges enamel, and paintings by Vermeer, Rembrandt, Whistler, and El Greco are all on view in this former residence of Henry Clay Frick (1849-1919). (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Not by Bread Alone: Spiritual Art for the Home." Close to fifty works of Jewish ceremonial art. . . . ¶ "Jewish Life in Tsarist Russia: A World Rediscovered." . . . ¶ "Mario Cavaglieri: The Glittering Years, 1912-1922" features thirty-six paintings, both interiors and portraits, by Cavaglieri (1887-1969), an Italian Jew, whose work recalls the bright colors and thick brushwork of the Fauves. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Thaw Collection: Master Drawings and New Acquisitions." The word "great" is overused in the art world: it should be reserved for occasions like this one. Eugene and Clare Thaw's drawing collection, a promised gift to the Morgan, ranges freely from Mantegna to Jackson Pollock, with one unifying characteristic: quality. All the major schools are represented, but the French drawings are especially fine. In addition to other virtues, this is the only major drawing exhibition in New York this season. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEO DEL BARRIO, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Recovering Popular Culture," the second part of the series "Artists Talk Back: Visual Conversations with El Museo," includes a bodega exhibit, work by contemporary craftspeople, and an exhibit pairing work from the permanent collection with that of contemporary artists. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM FOR AFRICAN ART, 593 Broadway—"Exhibition-ism: Museums and African Art." (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Altered States: Conservation, Analysis, and the Interpretation of Works of Art." Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ "Glancing Backward: Edith Wharton's New York." Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and books that detail the literary career of Edith Wharton. Through Oct. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, 1 Bowling Green—"Creation's Journey: Masterworks of Native American Identity and Belief." Opens Oct. 30. . . . ¶ "All Roads Are Good: Native Voices on Life and Culture." Opens Oct. 30. . . . ¶ "This Path We Travel: Celebrations of Contemporary Native American Creativity." Opens Oct. 30. (Open daily, 10 to 5:30.)

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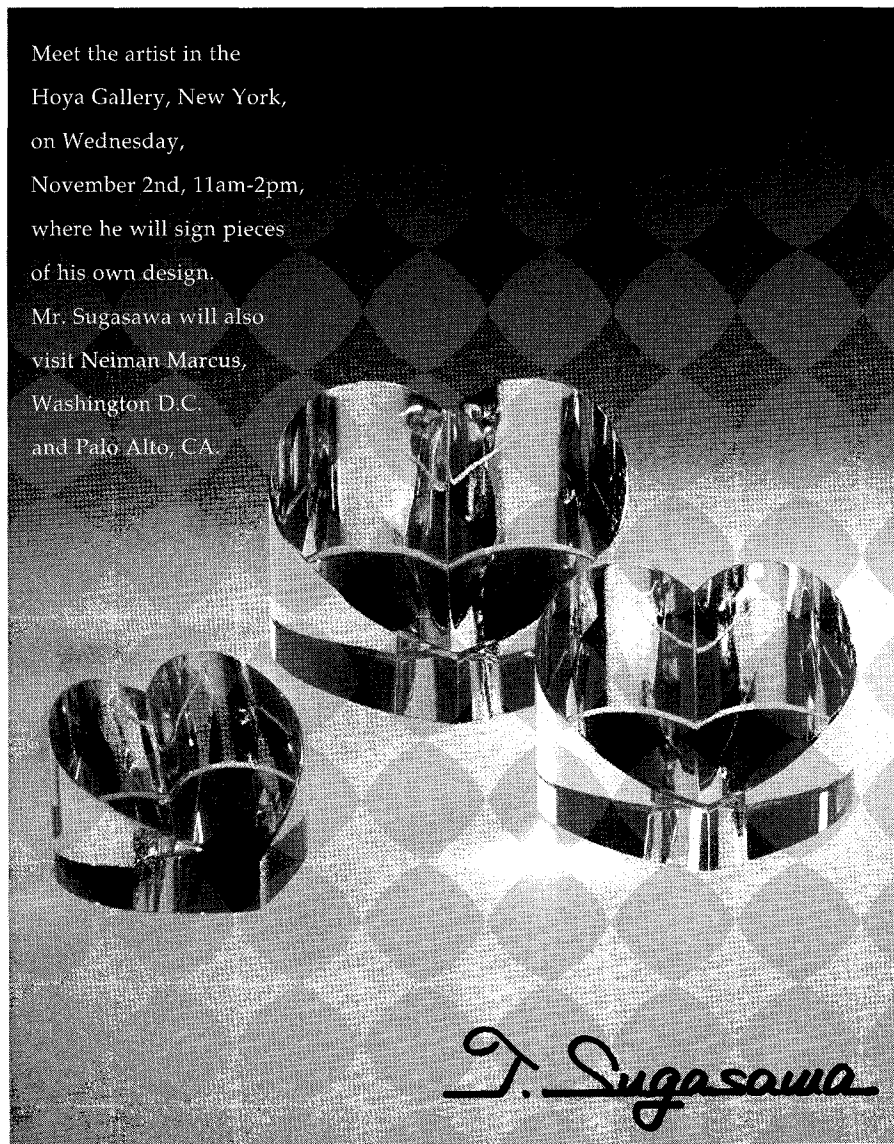
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NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"e.e. cummings @ 100: An Anniversary Exhibition." ... ¶ "Broken Rules and Double Crosses: Ken Campbell, an Artist's Books." (Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—"Screams on Screen: 100 Years of Horror Film." Opens Oct. 31.... ¶ "New Performance in Found Spaces: Documentary Photographs by Tom Brazil and Dona Ann McAdams" features Brazil and McAdams' pictures of performance art from the early seventies to today, as well as black-and-white shots of "happenings," by Peter Moore (1932-1994). (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

PARSONS SCHOOL OF DESIGN, 2 W. 13th St.—"The Women's Room." Work by several dozen women illustrators, who "fight for quality in and out of the workplace." Artists include Lynda Barry, Sue Coe, Ruth Marten, and Sara Schwartz. Through Oct. 28. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 9 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9.)

SCHOMBURG CENTER, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—"Invoking the Spirit: Worship Traditions in the African World." Photographs by Chester Higgins, Jr.... ¶ "Art in the Service of the Lord: Sacred Art of the Black Church." Contemporary art with religious themes. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—"From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1993-94" features work by Bright Bimpong, Russell Malcolm Hamilton, and Marilyn Nance. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following lists lead off with new shows.)

FERNANDO DE SZYZLO—Paintings by a Peruvian artist. Opens Oct. 27. Through Dec. 3. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

CHAIM GROSS (1904-91)—A duo exhibition of wood, stone, and bronze sculptures. Opens Oct. 27. Through Nov. 26. (Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., and Chaim Gross Studio Museum, 526 LaGuardia Pl. The latter is open Thursdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

BILLY SULLIVAN / GLEN HANSEN—Paintings of swimmers, gardens, still-lives, etc. / Realistic paintings of nineteenth-century buildings on Manhattan's Lower East Side. Opens Oct. 27. Through Nov. 19. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

"SCULPTURE: THE FIGURE TRANSFORMED"—A show including a wide range of artists: Willem de Kooning, Joel Shapiro, Kiki Smith, and others. Opens Oct. 26. Through Dec. 17. (Mathes, 41 E. 57th St.)

ANCIENT KHMER SCULPTURE—A superb exhibition of twenty museum-quality sculptures from the ancient kingdom of Angkor. There's no mistaking the Khmer style: Cambodian sculptors took Indian images and forms, and infused them with an earthy vigor and naturalism that are sometimes suggestive of classical Greece; when Portuguese missionaries first saw the ruins of Angkor, they thought it was a lost colony of Alexander the Great. Most of the sculptures in this exhibit are in astonishingly good condition, and a number of them are quite unusual. The monumental torso of an eight-armed image of Avalokiteshvara has been incised with hundreds of tiny images of the seated Buddha. A seventh-century female deity is a rare representation of the mature beauty of a middle-aged woman; generally, the

sculptors preferred slim adolescent girls. Through Nov. 12. (Chinese Porcelain Co., 475 Park Ave.)

GEORG BASELITZ—An excellent show of works on paper from the sixties. Baselitz is at home in several mediums: India ink, gouache, watercolor, even crayon. His red and black ballpoint-pen portrait of Antonin Artaud is one of the show's standouts. Through Nov. 5. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Mobiles, stabiles, paintings, and drawings. Through Dec. 18. (O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St.)

XAVIER CORBERÓ—Stone never looked lighter than it does after this Catalan master carver has handled it. "Tender Security Button-hole," hewn and sanded from a marble slab less than half an inch thick, seems to flutter like a pennant. Through Nov. 3. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

ELAINE DE KOONING (1918-89)—A suite of portraits of men and a solitary self-portrait. One work, "Bill" (1953), has a weighty, carnal presence—it's almost reminiscent of Giacometti—but the face is a ghostly blur; a canvas of the dapper critic Harold Rosenberg, on the other hand, depicts a head in the vortex of a brilliant-colored scrawl. Through Nov. 19. (Washburn, 20 W. 57th St.)

RAINER FETTING—Paintings of New York cityscapes, flowers, and nudes, by a German artist. Through Nov. 16. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GARY HUME—Blobby figural works by a young British painter, featuring lacquered, candy-colored surfaces. Through Nov. 26. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JASPER JOHNS—A show of twenty-five prints from the past three decades. Through Dec. 31. (Sheehan, 41 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM KING—A retrospective covering forty years of work in wood. Through Nov. 26. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

LEONID LERMAN—Sculptures and wall reliefs made of gold leaf, copper, and wood, transposing the Trojan War into a contemporary context. Through Nov. 5. (McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JAMES MCGARRELL—Small-scale, two-panel paintings of figures and imaginary landscapes. Through Nov. 10. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

JOAN MITCHELL (1926-92)—Sombre Abstract Expressionist paintings from 1964, following the death of the artist's father. Through Nov. 12. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

BARNETT NEWMAN (1905-70) / **KIKI SMITH**—Paintings and drawings from 1944, when Newman resumed his career after a wartime hiatus, to 1949. / Collages and lithographs—new mediums for the artist—depicting body parts. Through Nov. 26. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

BEN NICHOLSON (1894-1982) / **WILLIAM TILLYER**—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the British abstractionist. / Landscapes, done in broad brushstrokes, by a British artist. Through Nov. 12. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD SERRA—Black-and-white crayon-stick drawings of loose rectangles. Through Dec. 23. (Gagosian, Madison Ave. at 76th St.)

LINDA SOKOLOWSKI—Landscapes and drawings of figures in interiors. Through Nov. 12. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

EDWARD SORÉL—Work from the artist's new book, "First Encounters: A Book of Memorable Meetings." Through Oct. 29. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

FRANK STELLA—Recent work, including two large-scale, site-specific works. Through Nov. 1. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

PAVEL TCHELITCHEW (1898-1957)—A survey of the Russian artist's work from the twenties. Through Nov. 5. (Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MANOLO VALDÉS—Paintings and sculptures by a Spanish artist. Through Nov. 5. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

"MONDRIAN & TWENTIETH-CENTURY MASTERS"—Paintings and drawings by Mondrian, with additional work by Klee, Dubuffet, and Giacometti. Through Nov. 12. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

From
the horse's
mouth



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NY, NY Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, 43% Alc./Vol © 1994

ART—Cont'd

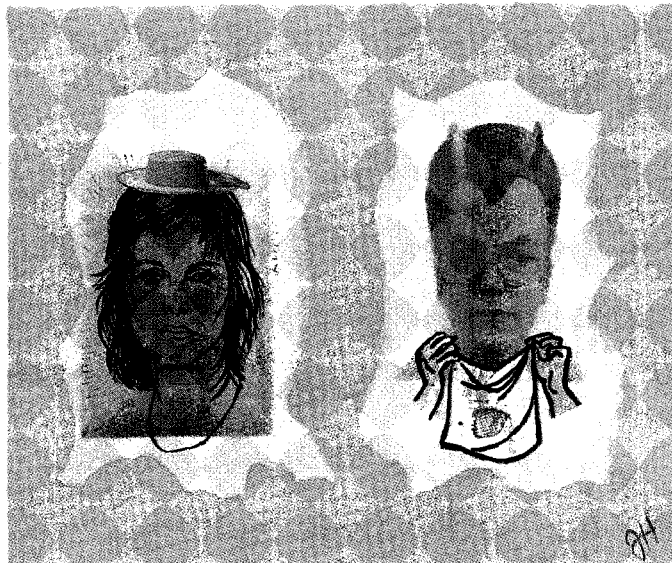
"ROSTA: BOLSHEVIK PLACARDS 1919-21"—Hand-stencilled posters from the Russian telegraph agency. Through Jan. 7. (Sander, 19 E. 76th St.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

ELLSWORTH KELLY—Recent paintings in the inaugural show of a new satellite space for the uptown gallery. Opens Oct. 29. Through Jan. 29. (Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

MARTIN KIPPENBERGER—Abstract bronze reliefs mounted in boxes. Opens Oct. 29. Through Dec. 3. (Nolan-Eckman, 560 Broadway.)

SUSAN ROTHENBERG—A dozen paintings that continue the artist's exploration



Self-portrait by Jane Hammond (Freire).

of New Mexican landscape and archeology. Opens Oct. 29. Through Dec. 17. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

RUDOLF STINGEL—Enormous abstract paintings. Opens Oct. 29. Through Nov. 26. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

JANE HAMMOND—Since the late eighties, Hammond has painted canvases teeming with elements selected from a visual library of two hundred and seventy-six found images that she assembled in 1988. For "The John Ashbery Collaboration," she commissioned the poet to supply titles, which she used as springboards for her imagination. Seven of the twelve paintings that she made are exhibited here. "Pumpkin Soup #2" includes an image of herself in one mirror and an image of the poet in another. In "A Parliament of Refrigerator Magnets," stock tourist images—a cartoonlike igloo, a belly dancer, segments of faded postcards—have been arranged across two pages of an open book, as if to confirm the rebus-like nature of her works. The paintings evoke everything from Surrealist collage to Cornell boxes to Monty Python cartoons. Through Nov. 5. (Freire, 130 Prince St.)

JONATHAN LASKER—Early works (1978-82) by a champion of the ugly-duckling offshoot of contemporary art. Conceptual painting. Lasker's self-consciously derivative, smart-alecky approach is already fully present in these works, which replay Abstract Expressionism's frozen stylistic tics as cartoons. Part of the fun of this show is finding Lasker's caricatures of other painters' signature styles. Through Nov. 12. (Lee, 80 Mercer St.)

CARROLL DUNHAM—New paintings. Through Nov. 12. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

WILLY HECKS—Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 12. (Beitzel, 102 Prince St.)

MARK INNERST—Industrial landscapes and bucolic park scenes. Through Nov. 12. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

MILA MACEK—Textural abstractions with horizontal brushstrokes. Through Nov. 26. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

JAMES ROSENQUIST—Large paintings, in a show celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of the artist's first show at the gallery. Through Nov. 12. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

LUCAS SAMARAS—Gray Formica sculptures shaped like cubes and trapezoids. Through Nov. 26. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

ALAN SIEGEL—Chair sculptures. Through Nov. 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

CY TWOMBLY—"Untitled Painting," a monumental, primarily abstract triptych, begun in Italy in 1979. Through Dec. 17. (A retrospective of the artist's work is at the Museum of Modern Art.) (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

THEODORE WADDELL—Landscapes with cattle, sheep, and horses, and freestanding sculptures of cows and sheep, by an artist-rancher in Montana. Through Nov. 26. (Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St.)

DARREN WATERSTON—Romantic landscapes. Through Nov. 12. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

"FUNNY FARM"—A group show featuring unusual work, such as potato battleships and aluminum-foil weapons, much of it by outsider artists. Through Nov. 7. (Gallery 128, at 128 Rivington St.)

"RETURN OF THE HERO"—A show of three older and

three younger German painters, among them Georg Baselitz and Martin Kippenberger. Through Dec. 17. (Luhning Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

BILL BRANDT—Studies of English society and abstract female nudes. Through Oct. 29. (Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

RICHARD ROTHMAN—Photographs of abject, urban landscapes and architecture. Through Nov. 6. (White Columns, 154 Christopher St.)

GARRY WINOGRAND—New York City burlesque houses, circa 1954. Through Nov. 26. (Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave. at 94th St.—A retrospective of the work of Cornell Capa, featuring work from *Life* and other magazines. . . . ¶ Forty images of contemporary Russian life, by Hans-Jürgen Burkhard. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY MIDTOWN, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—"Talking Pictures," an exhibition that features photographs by more than fifty people not generally associated with the medium—Mario Cuomo, Jesse Jackson, Diane Keaton—and taped commentaries on the work. . . . ¶ Photographs by Arthur Rothstein, who is best known for his work for *Look*. . . . ¶ More than thirty black-and-white photographs of Appalachian Kentuckians, by Shelby Lee Adams. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, the Asia Society, the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, and the Schomburg Center.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Strange Doings

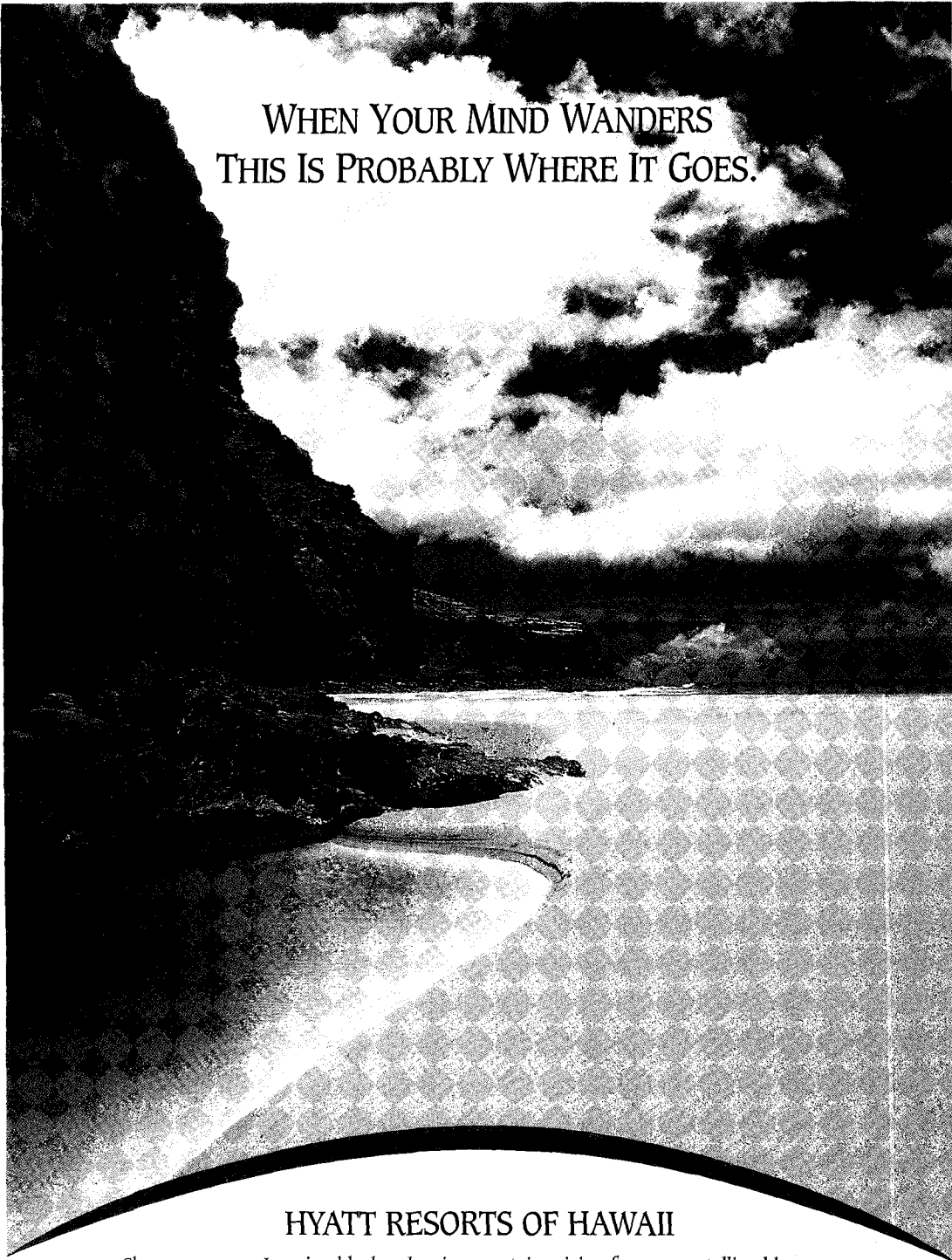
IT'S always propitious to sing a song of Peter Warlock at Halloween, but this year, to celebrate his centennial, his admirers will offer a whole evening of the English composer's music at the Miller Theatre, on October 30. Born on that date in 1894 (at London's Savoy Hotel) and christened Philip Heseltine, the composer had already embarked on his musical career when he assumed his nom de plume; in 1919, having already acquired a coterie of influential enemies, he thought it best to purvey his first collection of songs under a pseudonym. His choice of the surname Warlock may not have been arbitrary, though, and speculation persists about his propensity for devil worship. A new biography by Barry Smith (published by Oxford University Press) includes a painstaking, unhysterical consideration of Warlock's occult activities, which the composer shrouded in some secrecy—but which unquestionably went way beyond Ouija boards. He died young, of coal-gas poisoning, at the age of thirty-six, and Scotland Yard never could decide whether his death constituted suicide or murder.

Warlock meshed well with the cultivated English eccentrics of his generation, including the painter Augustus John, the sculptor Jacob Epstein, and the singularly peculiar Sitwells. His own idiosyncrasies were perhaps the result of mental illness (a "split personality," his first biographer posited, focussing on the extremes of Warlock's volatility). Hindered by a lack of musical training during his early years, his creative spark finally kindled under the influence of Delius and, later, the eclectic radical Bernard van Dieren. Though he's best known for his orchestral "Capriol Suite," Warlock's output overwhelmingly involves the voice, with some of his hundred-odd songs—including several on the centenary program—qualifying as small masterpieces.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for the Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St., 854-7799.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—LE NOZZE DI FIGARO, with Carolyn James, Dawn Upshaw, Susanne Mentzer, Dwayne Croft, and Bryn Terfel; conducted by James Levine. (Oct. 26 and Oct. 29 at 8.) . . . With Margaret Price as the Countess. (Nov. 1 at 8.) . . . ROSCA, with Ghena Dimitrova, Luciano Pavarotti, and Justino Diaz; Mr. Levine. (Oct. 27 and Oct. 31 at 8.) . . . CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA (with Maria Guleghina, Kristján Jóhannsson, and Timothy Noble) and PAGLIACCI (with Diana Soviero, Vladimir Atlantov, Leo Nucci, and Manuel Lanza); Christian Badea conducts



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CLASSICAL MUSIC—Cont'd

both. (Oct. 28 at 8.)... **ARABELLA**, with Kiri Te Kanawa, Marie McLaughlin, Natalie Dessay, Helga Dernesch, David Kuebler, Wolfgang Brendel, and Donald McIntyre; Christian Thielemann. (Oct. 29 at 1:30.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—THE MAGIC FLUTE, sung in English. (Oct. 26 at 8.)... **LA BOHÈME**. (Oct. 28 at 8.)... **MEFISTOFELE**, by Boito. (Oct. 29 at 1:30.)... **MADAMA BUTTERFLY**. (Oct. 29 at 8.)... **IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA**. (Oct. 30 at 1:30.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

"THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO"—The premiere of a Poe-derived solo-opera by Lucas Mason, in a concert performance featuring bass Carlo Thomas. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. 242-4770. Oct. 27 at 8.)

NEW YORK VERISMO OPERA COMPANY—Presenting a concert staging of Giordano's "Andrea Chénier," with Scott Jackson Wiley conducting. (P.S. 199, 270 W. 70th St. Oct. 27 and Oct. 30 at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the performances.)

SAN FRANCISCO WESTERN OPERA THEATRE—The training and touring arm of the San Francisco Opera presents its staging of "Don Giovanni." (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Brooklyn College. 1-718 951-4500. Oct. 30 at 3.)

OPERA MANHATTAN—Presenting Dukas's "Ariane et Barbe-bleue," fully staged, in a reduced instrumentation by conductor Gabriel Guimarães. Sung in French, with English supertitles. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Oct. 31 at 8. For information about tickets, call 995-0995. Performances will be repeated Nov. 4 and Nov. 9.)

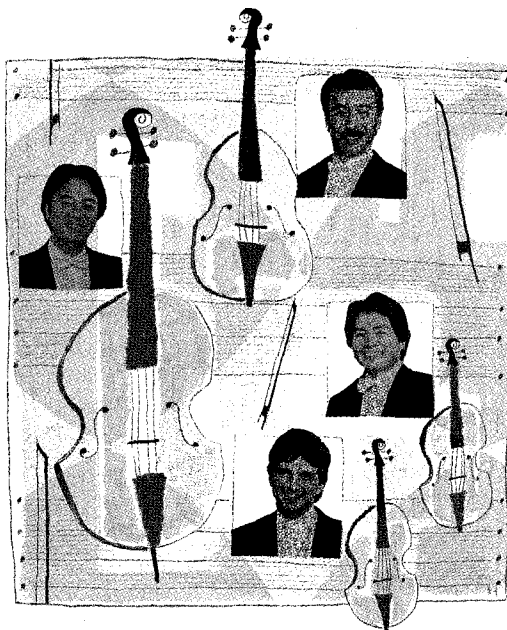
FRIENDS & ENEMIES OF NEW MUSIC—The ensemble performs arias from contemporary operas and musical-theatre works by David Del Tredici, Meredith Monk, William Mayer, Ben Yarmolinsky, Tom Cipullo, Daron Hagen, Bruce Saylor, Chandler Carter, and others. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Nov. 1 at 8. For information about tickets, call 749-1324.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Leonard Slatkin conducts the New York premiere of Aaron Kernis's "New Era Dance," Dvořák's Violin Concerto (with Pamela Frank), and Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra." (Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 27 at 8, Oct. 28 at 2, and Nov. 1 at 7:30.)

BBC NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF WALES—Tadaaki Otaka conducts Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" Fantasy-Overture, Rachmaninoff's "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini" (with pianist Shura Cherkassky), Daniel Jones' "Dance Fantasy," and Elgar's "Enigma" Variations. (Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 26 at 8:30.)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Shlomo Mintz conducts (and doubles as soloist in) Oedoen Partos's "Yiskor" (for viola and strings) and Mozart's Violin Concerto No. 5. Stravinsky's



The Tokyo String Quartet at Carnegie Hall.

Concerto for Strings and Haydn's Symphony No. 92 complete the program. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 27 at 8.)

CHOIR OF THE CATHEDRAL AND ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN—The twenty-seven boys and twelve men who make music in the church with the longest nave in England offer works by (among others) Byrd, Elgar, and Barry Rose (the choir's director). (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Oct. 27 at 8. For information about tickets, call 751-1616, ext. 248.)

ASCENSION MUSIC CHORUS—Dennis Keene directs a Renaissance program. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. 254-8553. Oct. 27 at 8.)

NEW YORK VIRTUOSO SINGERS—Harold Rosenbaum directs choral works by Wolf, Britten (his "Sacred and Profane"), and Rachmaninoff (his "All-Night Vigil"). (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 29 at 8.)

ORCHESTRA OF THE S.E.M. ENSEMBLE—Numerous guests assist members of the orchestra in a daylong exploration of music from Prague's last four centuries. Oct. 30 at 11 A.M.: Renaissance sacred and secular music. ... ♪ At noon: A jazz duo. ... ♪ At 1:20: Chamber music by Ervin Schulhoff, Petr Eben, and Dvořák. ... ♪ At 2:45: Works by such Czech Baroque masters as Jan Dismas Zelenka and Pavel Josef Vejvanovský. ... ♪ At 4:15: Music from just before the Second World War. ... ♪ At 5: Music from the nineteen-sixties. ... ♪ At 6:15: Singer and violinist Iva Bittová. ... ♪ At 7:30: New works by

young composers. ... ♪ At 8:40: Gwendolyn Toth performs fortepiano works from the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, by František Dušek, Václav Mašek, and Jan August Vitásek. ... ♪ At 9:30: The Prague-based Škampa String Quartet performs Smetana's Quartet No. 2, Janáček's Quartet No. 1, and Josef Suk's "Meditation on the Old Czech Hymn 'St. Wenceslav.'" (Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. No tickets necessary. ... NOTE: Petr Kotik will conduct selected orchestral works from the marathon at the Willow Place Auditorium, 26 Willow Pl., Brooklyn, on Oct. 28 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert. ... NOTE, TOO: Ms. Bittová and Leroy Jenkins will perform their own music at the Paula Cooper gallery, 155 Wooster St., on Nov. 1 at 8, assisted by members of the orchestra. For information about tickets, call 1-718 488-7659.)

CITY ISLAND BAROQUE ENSEMBLE—Presenting Mozart's Flute Concerto No. 1 (with Marco Granados), Bassoon Concerto (with Kim Laskowski), and Violin Concerto No. 3 (with Anton Miller). (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 1-718 885-2478. Oct. 30 at noon.)

CENTURY ORCHESTRA OSKA—Uriel Segal conducts Haydn's Symphony No. 95, Bartók's Piano Concerto No. 3 (with Peter Frankl), and Dvořák's Symphony No. 7. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 30 at 3.)

RICHARD TUCKER GALA—The annual event that admirers of the human voice line up for. This year's program of songs, arias, and ensembles includes appearances by sopranos Montserrat Caballé, Kallen Esperian, Constance Hauman, and Carol Vaness; mezzo-soprano Jennifer Larmore (the 1994 Richard Tucker Foundation Award winner); tenor Vladimir Atlantov; baritones Thomas Hampson and Sherrill Milnes; and bass Samuel Ramey. Julius Rudel conducts members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and the New York Choral Society. (Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 30 at 6.)

VIENNA SYMPHONY—Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducts Webern's Passacaglia (Op. 1), Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1 (with Rudolph Buchbinder), and Brahms' Symphony No. 4. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 31 at 8.)

SLOVAK PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Ondrej Lenárd conducts Dvořák's "New World" Symphony, Mendelssohn's E-Minor Violin Concerto (with Sergiu Schwartz), and Jan Levoslav Bella's "Destiny and Ideal" (a symphonic poem composed in 1874). (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Oct. 31 at 8.)

HANOVER BAND—Roy Goodman conducts the British orchestra, here expanded to comprise seventy-four period-instrument players, in

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Beethoven's Symphony No. 3, Weber's Clarinet Concerto No. 2 (featuring Colin Lawson), and Schumann's Symphony No. 4. A benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 1 at 7:30.)

RECITALS

MADELEINE MITCHELL—The British violinist plays Brahms' Sonata No. 3, pieces by Elgar and Copland, and recent works by James MacMillan; with pianist Kenneth Merrill. (General Seminary, 175 Ninth Ave., at 21st St. Oct. 26 at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 315-2551.)

TOKYO STRING QUARTET—The foursome celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary with an effusion of musical and philanthropic generosity: a season-long traversal of Beethoven's sixteen string quartets, with the profits from the entire series being donated to Classical Action, the musical community's charitable response to the AIDS challenge. The first installment comprises early, middle, and late quartets: in G Major (Op. 18, No. 2), F Minor (Op. 95), and A Minor (Op. 132). (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 26 at 8.)

OLIVIER LATRY—The organist, visiting from his usual perch in the loft of Notre-Dame de Paris, performs a Bach-oriented program: transcriptions of the Leipzig master's non-organ works (by Dupré, Widor, Henri Messerer, Gigout, and Liszt); Schumann's "Three Fugues on B-A-C-H"; Liszt's "Prelude and Fugue on B-A-C-H"; and his own improvisation on the time-honored B-A-C-H theme. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. 288-2520. Oct. 26 at 8.)

THOMAS HAMPSON—Baritone, performing an all-American program, with pianist David Alpher and string-pluckers Jay Ungar and Molly Mason. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 26 at 8.)

MERIDIAN ARTS ENSEMBLE—A brass quintet, playing Babbitt's "Counterparts" and arrangements of Frank Zappa tunes, among other works. (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 26 at 8.)

MOSAIC ENSEMBLE—Performing works by Bruce Starck, Martin Matalon, Martinu (his Trio), Elliott Carter (his "Enchanted Preludes"), and George Crumb (his "Vox Balaenae"). (Miller Theatre. Oct. 26 at 8.)

BARGEMUSIC—Pianist Anne-Marie McDermott performs three of Fauré's nocturnes; violinist Ida Levin and cellist Bion Tsang join her in trios by Mozart (in G Major, K. 496) and Schubert (in B-Flat Major). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Oct. 27 at 7:30 and Oct. 30 at 4.)

MUSICIANS FROM MARLBORO—The musicians' mecca established in Marlboro, Vermont, in 1951 instituted its national touring program thirty years ago. Since then, a who's who of the up-and-coming have polished their on-the-road chamber-music skills under the auspices of Musicians from Marlboro, sometimes with a few seasoned professionals scattered among them. The organization's fourth decade of New York concerts opens with a richly timbred program of string quintets by Beethoven (in C Major, Op. 29) and Mozart (in C Major, K. 515), as well as "Phantom Moon," by the Marlboro Music Festival's composer in residence, David Horne. (Metropolitan Museum. Oct. 27 at 8.)

NEW YORK PHILOMUSICA—Performing wind music by Beethoven (his Octet), Janáček (his "Mládí"), Haydn, and Enesco (his Dextuor). (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 27 at 8.)

RUTH LAREDO—The pianist plays and talks about works by Franck, Faure, and Ravel; assisted by violinist Ani Kavafian. (Metropolitan Museum. Oct. 28 at 7.)

EARL WILD—The pianist performs Carl Tausig's transcription of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, Beethoven's C-Minor Sonata (Op. 13, the "Pathétique"), Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso," and shorter works by Chopin, Rachmaninoff, and Ravel, as well as his own solo transcription of the slow movement from Chopin's Piano Concerto No. 2. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 28 at 8.)

GOLIARD CHAMBER SOLOISTS—Marimba player William Moersch is featured in music by Gunther Schuller and Toru Takemitsu. Messiaen's "La Mort du Nombres" (for two

singers, violin, and piano) and Mendelssohn's D-Minor Piano Trio complete the program. (Steinway Reformed Church, Ditmars Blvd. at 41st St., Astoria. Oct. 29 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 1-718 728-8927. . . . ¶ Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 1 at 7:30.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Performing Beethoven's Quartet in B-Flat Major (Op. 130) and "Grosse Fuge," as well as Mozart's C-Minor Quintet (K. 406, with violist Cynthia Phelps assisting). (Metropolitan Museum. Oct. 29 at 8.)

BORODIN STRING QUARTET—The foursome opens a season-long traversal of all of Shostakovich's fifteen quartets by playing the first three. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 30 at 2.)

ST. LUKE'S CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Performing Handel's D-Major Suite for Trumpet and Strings, Mozart's D-Major Divertimento (K. 205), and Brahms' F-Major String Quintet. (Cantor Auditorium, Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Oct. 30 at 2. For information about tickets, call 212-840-7470. . . . ¶ Weill Recital Hall. Nov. 1 at 8.)

BACHMANN-KLIBONOFF-FRIDMAN TRIO—The piano trio's members (in several configurations)

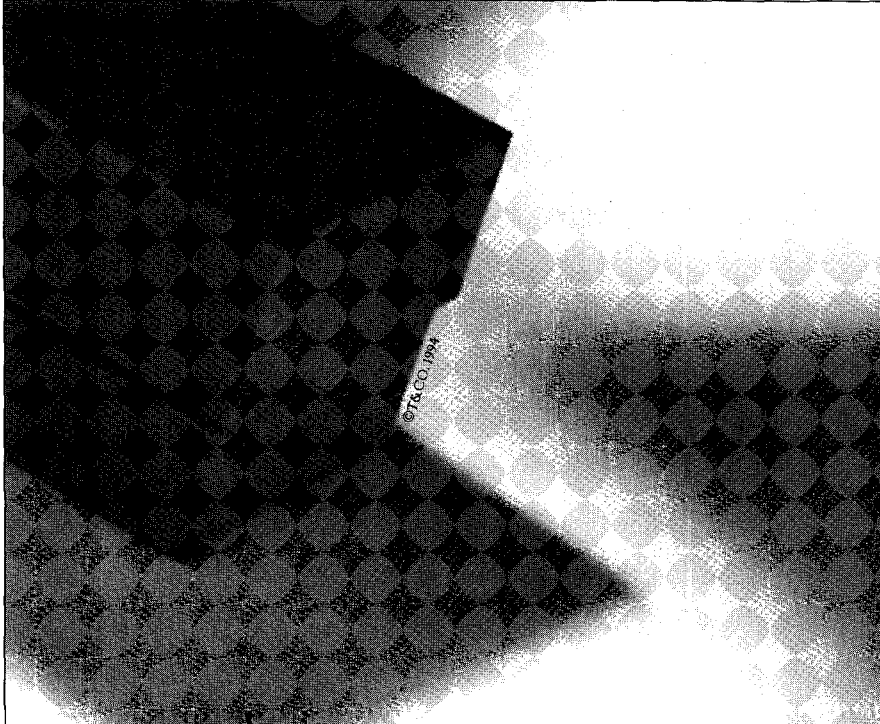
play music by Chopin, Wieniawski, Haydn, Beethoven, Brahms, and Grażyna Bacewicz. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. Oct. 30 at 2:45.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC ENSEMBLES—Members of the orchestra perform Mozart's D-Major Flute Quartet, Edwin York Bowen's Fantasia for Four Violas, P.D.Q. Bach's Sonata for Viola Four Hands, and Bruch's Septet in E-Flat Major. (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 30 at 3.)

VLADIMIR FELTSMAN—Pianist, performing Bach's Fifth and Sixth Partitas and Third "French" Suite. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Oct. 30 at 3.)

NORTH-SOUTH CONSONANCE—Performing chamber works by Manuel Enriquez, Paul Gallagher, Charles Argersinger, Marilyn J. Ziffrin, Harry T. Bulow, and Otto Luening. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Oct. 30 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

BROOKLYN FRIENDS OF CHAMBER MUSIC—Presenting wind music by Nielsen, Mozart, Peter Schickele, and Dvořák. (Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, 85 S. Oxford St., Brook-



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CLASSICAL MUSIC—Cont'd

lyn. Oct. 30 at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-718 625-7515.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Presenting a trio sonata by C. P. E. Bach, the premiere of Rorem's "Songs of Sadness" (with baritone Kurt Ollmann heading a small ensemble), Gounod's "Petite Symphonie" for nine winds, and Mozart's C-Minor Wind Serenade. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 30 at 5 and Nov. 1 at 7:30.)

SALON SOIRÉES—String trios by Beethoven and Hummel. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Oct. 30 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

PETER WARLOCK CENTENARY CELEBRATION—An assemblage of Warlock stalwarts presents songs and vocal chamber music (with baritone William Sharp, pianist Nelson Padgett, and the Meridian String Quartet), solo and duopiano works (with Mr. Padgett and Phillip Bush), and choral compositions (with Clara Longstreth directing the New Amsterdam Singers). (Miller Theatre. Oct. 30 at 7:30.)

DIANE WALSH—Pianist, performing Bach's Sixth "English" Suite and works more or less inspired by the Leipzig Kapellmeister: Ben Weber's Fantasia (Op. 25), Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses," Rochberg's "Nach Bach," two of Busoni's chorale prelude transcriptions, and Franck's "Prélude, Choral, et Fugue." (Miller Theatre. Nov. 1 at 8.)

FOR KIDS



(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

HALLOWEEN-A-RAMA—Or, the Big Apple turns orange. . . . A costume party with games and storytelling, not to mention ice cream. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Oct. 29, from 1 to 3. No charge beyond museum admission.) . . . The Central Park Parade and

Great Pumpkin Sail, in which lit jack-o'-lanterns are placed on little floats and launched onto the Harlem Meer. Wear your costume to the festivities, of course. (Dana Discovery Center, Harlem Meer, near Fifth Ave. at 110th St. Oct. 30 at 4:30. Pre-registration is required; call 348-4867.) . . . Out in the country, in Queens, a fair with pony rides, apple-related games, and live music. (Queens County Farm Museum, 73-50 Little Neck Parkway, Floral Park. 1-718 347-3276. Oct. 30, from 11 to 4.) . . . Ghost stories, pumpkin decorating, and the like, at the South Street Seaport's Harvest Festival. (Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. Oct. 29-30, from noon to 4. No tickets necessary.) . . . From Oct. 28 through Oct. 31, the Children's Museum of Manhattan extends its hours and hails the holiday with all kinds of hoopla, including a haunted house, storytelling, facepainting, and a concert. (212 W. 83rd St. For a complete schedule of events, call 721-1234.)

THE HILLS ARE ALIVE—A production of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "The Sound of Music" opens Oct. 27, at the New York Youth Theatre. (422 W. 57th St. 315-1737. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

AND DON'T FORGET—The Big Apple Circus at Lincoln Center, through Jan. 8 (268-0055). . . . The Little Orchestra Society's "Happy Concerts for Young People" (ages five to twelve) at Avery Fisher Hall on Oct. 29 at 11 and 1 (875-5030). . . . Performances by Maurice Sendak and Arthur Yorinks' Night Kitchen company. (See "It's Alive!" in Theatre for details.)

SPORTS

FOOTBALL

GIANTS—Vs. the Detroit Lions, on Oct. 30 at 1.

JETS—The next home game is Nov. 6, when they host the Buffalo Bills.

HOCKEY

SKATING FOR GODOT—Looks like the 1994-95 National Hockey League season is on, well, thin ice. As of press time, no talks between the players and owners were scheduled, and no starting date had been proposed. If the lockout continues past Nov. 1, the eighty-four-game season will have to be shortened, if it isn't cancelled altogether.

(The Giants and the Jets play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111. For information about the Rangers' schedule, call 465-6000; for the Devils, call 1-201 935-3900; for the Islanders, call 1-516 794-9300.)



ABOVE AND BEYOND

DEVILS AND LITTLE ANGELS—For some of us, Halloween is a fresh bag of candy corn, a Caspar the Friendly Ghost costume from Woolworth's, and a well-aimed egg; Greenwich Village denizens see things differently. At their annual celebration, drag queens blend right into the crowd. Last year, a two-story-high insect with delicate dragonfly wings was among the many inspired costumes, several of which involved stilts, two or more people, and artfully applied makeup. This year, a simulated rain forest is promised. The parade will leave on Oct. 31 at 7, from the corner of Spring St. and Sixth Ave., and proceed up Sixth Ave. to 23rd St. This year's theme is "La Noche de los Angelitos: The Night of the Little Angels." Other spooky items to celebrate this night of trickery follow. . . .

SILENT FILMS—Oct. 29 at 7 and 11: Organist Lee Erwin will accompany three haunted short films with Buster Keaton, Laurel and Hardy, and Harold Lloyd. Between screenings: the annual Procession of the Ghouls. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133.) . . . Oct. 31 at 9: Organist Marsha Long will accompany "Phantom of the Opera," opening with Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-1540.) . . .

WORDS—Oct. 29 at 7:30: An evening of horror stories. (Beatrix Books & Pix, 33-18 Broadway, Astoria. To read, call 1-718 204-5775.) . . . Oct. 30 at 4:30: Actress Jessica Weglein will read Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher," among other scary tales. (Old Merchant's House Museum, 29 E. 4th St. 777-1089.) . . . Oct. 31 at 8: Ghost stories and the like, from Brad Leithauser, Alison Lurie, Joyce Carol Oates, and Benjamin Cheever. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.) . . . Oct. 31 at 8: Jack Kugelmass will discuss his book "Masked Culture: The Greenwich Village Parade" at a costumed celebration. (A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. No tickets necessary.) . . .

TOURS—Oct. 28 at 6:30 and Oct. 29-30 at 3: The American Renaissance Theatre of Dramatic Arts will explore graveyards, murder sites, and haunted theatres in Greenwich Village. For

more information, call 924-6862. . . . Oct. 29 at 1: The Municipal Art Society will lead people to the hanging tree and through cemeteries in Greenwich Village. For more information, call 935-3960.

TIME PASSAGES—To celebrate the ninetieth anniversary of the opening of the subway, a four-car, low-voltage train from 1917, complete with wicker seats, will shuttle between Grand Central and Times Square stations, on Oct. 27, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 A.M., and 3:30 to 6:30. No charge, beyond the usual token contribution.

JAMMIN' WITH GINSBERG—Rhino Records just released "Holy Soul Jelly Roll: Poems and Songs, 1949-1993," a compilation of live performances by Allen Ginsberg and friends. Janet Bernhardt, Jim Carroll, Gregory Corso, and Philip Glass will be on hand at the Poetry Project to celebrate. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Oct. 26 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the event.)

SMALL PLEASURES—The Brooklyn Botanic Garden will concentrate on pruning during the Tri-State/Mid-Atlantic Bonsai exhibit at the Steinhardt Conservatory. (1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. Oct. 26-30, from 10 to 4. No tickets necessary.)

BONA DICTA—On Nov. 1 at 6, Holly Hughes, Tony Kushner, and Terrence McNally will be featured at the annual benefit reading for the Center for Lesbian and Gay Studies at City College. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. 642-2924.)

READINGS—Oct. 27 at 6:30: Dennis Cooper, Allen Ginsberg, Vit Horejš, and Lee Smith will read from the work of young Czech writers. (Stuyvesant High School auditorium, 345 Chambers St., at West St., Battery Park City. No tickets necessary.) . . . Oct. 27 at 8: David Knowles will read from his recently published novel, "Secrets of the Camera Obscura." With Pearson Marx. (Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, near Houston St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . Oct. 28 at 7: Jane Cooper, Marilyn Hacker, Galway Kinnell, Sharon Olds, and Minnie Bruce Pratt will read from the poetry of Muriel Rukeyser. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Square S., at MacDougal St. No tickets necessary.) . . . Oct. 28 at 8: Jean Monahan, Susan Pliner, Lisa Shea, and others will read from their own work. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . Nov. 1 at 7:30: Ann Lauterbach will read from her new book, "And, for Example: Poems." (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . Nov. 1 at 8: Rafael Campo, Suzanne Gardinier, and Carl Phillips will read from their own poetry. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

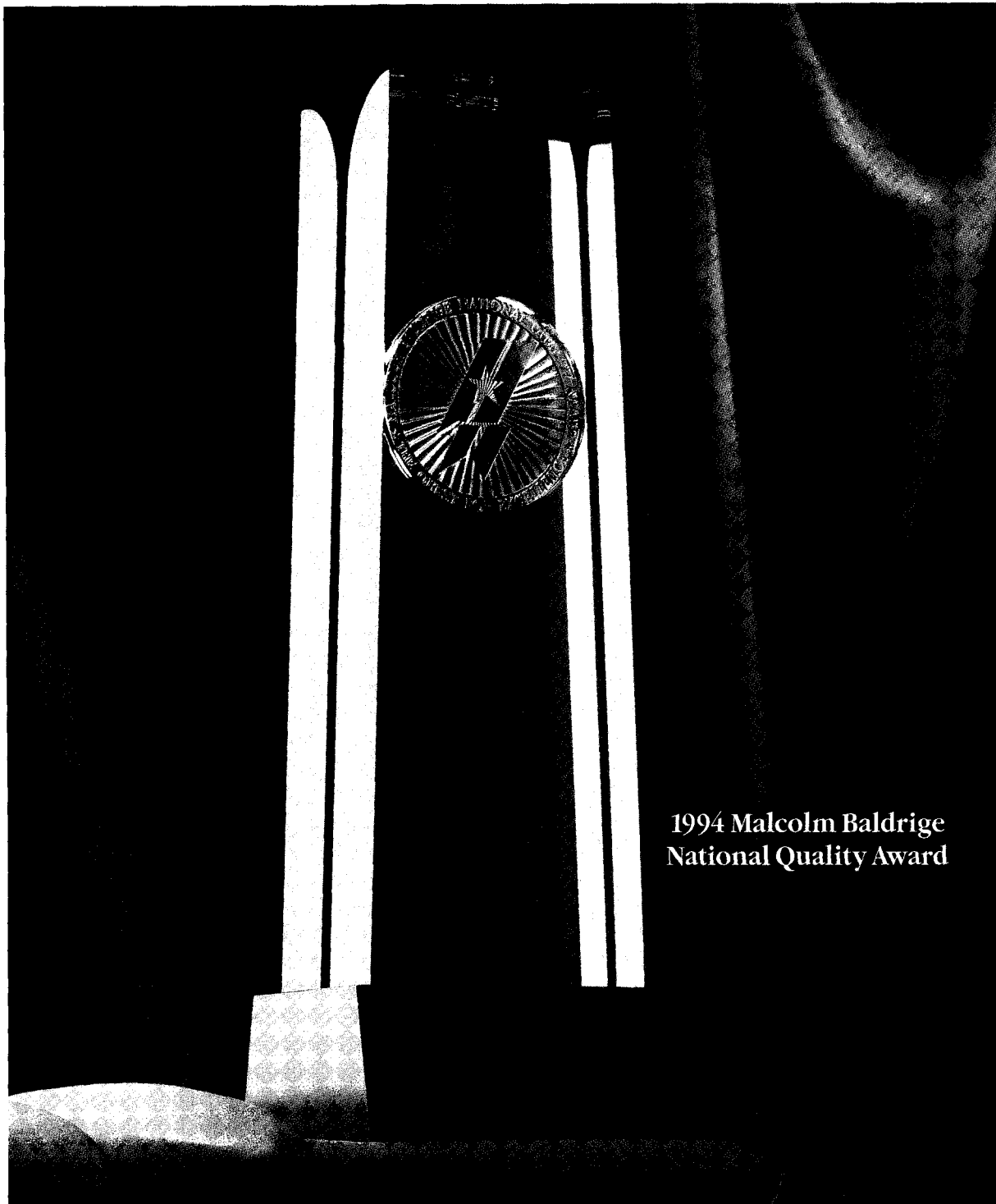
TALKS—Oct. 26 at 6: Journalist Molly Ivins will give a talk, "Nothin' but Good Times Ahead: Politics in the 1990s." (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.) . . . Oct. 27 at 6: Philip Simmons will talk about his work as a blacksmith, in conjunction with the museum's current "Revivals!" show. (American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St. 956-3535.) . . . Oct. 27 at 8: Steven Axelrod, Frank Bidart, and Paul Mariani will talk about the poetry of Robert Lowell. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . Oct. 28 at 7: William Kunstler, Tom Hayden, and Bobby Seale, among others, will talk about the trial of the Chicago 7. (P.S. 84, 32 W. 92nd St. To register, call 226-7171.)

WALK—Oct. 29 at 1: Big Onion Walking Tours and Fraunces Tavern Museum will lead a tour of the early African-American sites in lower Manhattan. For more information, call 425-1778.

MEMORANDUM—Oct. 30 at 2 A.M.: Daylight-saving time ends. Set your clock back an hour.



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THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

D.R.O.P. SQUAD—Spike Lee is the executive producer of David Johnson's comedy-drama about a black advertising executive whose sister is so disgusted by his campaigns for malt liquor and fried chicken that she arranges to have him kidnapped by the Deprogramming and Restoration of Pride (D.R.O.P.) squad. With Eriq LaSalle, Nicole Powell, Vondie Curtis-Hall, Ving Rhames, and Vanessa Williams. Opening October 28. (New York Twin.)

FAUST—Czech animator Jan Svankmajer ("Alice") updates the Faust legend with a version set in Prague. (The filmmaker is profiled in this issue on page 48.) Opening October 26. (Film Forum.)

THE LAST SEDUCTION—Linda Fiorentino is the femme fatale with a heart of stone in this film noir thriller, directed by John Dahl ("Red Rock West"). (See brief review on page 29.) Opening October 26.

THE ROAD TO WELLSVILLE—Turn-of-the-century health fanatics run wild at the Battle Creek spa run by cereal magnate Dr. John Harvey Kellogg (Anthony Hopkins). With Bridget Fonda, Matthew Broderick, John Cusack, and Dana Carvey. Written and directed by Alan Parker, based on the novel by T. Coraghessan Boyle. Opening October 28. (Village Theatre VII, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

THE SEX OF THE STARS—A Montreal teen-ager (Marianne Mercier) has mixed feelings when her divorced father (Denis Mercier) comes back after a seven-year absence and a sex-change operation. Written by Monique Proulx. Directed by Paule Baillargeon. In French. Opening October 28. (Quad Cinema.)

SILENT FALL—Richard Dreyfuss stars in a Bruce Beresford film about a disillusioned former child psychologist enlisted to treat an autistic nine-year-old boy who may have been a witness to a double homicide. With Linda Hamilton, John Lithgow, J. T. Walsh, Ben Faulkner, and Liv Tyler. Written by Akiva Goldsman. Opening October 28. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, and First & 62nd Cinemas.)

STAR GATE—Kurt Russell and James Spader star in a sci-fi thriller about a soldier and an archeologist who discover a portal that leads to a distant galaxy and a world ruled by the diabolical Ra (Jaye Davidson), who has some nasty plans for earth. Roland Emmerich directed and co-wrote the screenplay with Dean Devlin. Opening October 28. (34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in *The Current Cinema*, the date of its review is given. Theatre addresses and phone numbers are listed on page 30.)

THE ADVENTURES OF PRISCILLA: QUEEN OF THE DESERT—Paragons of camp become campers, of sorts, in this cult-pleasing tale of a transsexual (Terence Stamp) and two drag queens (Hugo

Weaving and Guy Pearce) who take a lip-synching act from Sydney to a resort in arid central Australia. Stephan Elliott, the writer-director, has one original idea—posing creatures of the night in wild sunbaked settings. As crossover drag sagas go, it's neither as robustly funny as "La Cage aux Folles" nor as lively and poetic as the best parts of "Outrageous!"—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, New York Twin, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

BARCELONA—The second film by the writer and director Whit Stillman ("Metropolitan") is a culture-clash comedy about a pair of conservative young Americans (played by Taylor Nichols and Chris Eigeman) in early-eighties Barcelona. Although the picture begins promisingly, its charm peters out fast. Every scene seems to make the same not very interesting point: that Americans get a bum rap from foreigners. Stillman's style is placid and a little smug—prematurely gray. In just two movies he has found the sort of rut that most filmmakers take decades to settle into. Also with Tushka Bergen and Mira Sorvino.—T.R. (8/15/94) (Eastside Playhouse, Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

THE BROWNING VERSION—Albert Finney stars in Mike Figgis's adaptation of the 1948 play and the 1951 film script, both by Terence Rattigan. With Greta Scacchi, Matthew Modine, Ben Silverstone, Julian Sands, and Michael Gambon. Written by Ronald Harwood. (Reviewed in this week in *The Current Cinema*.) (Paris.)

BULLETS OVER BROADWAY—A nicely structured piece of silliness from Woody Allen, set in the theatre world of the nineteen-twenties. John Cusack is the Woody substitute, an earnest young playwright who needs to discover an existence beyond the stage; Chazz Palminteri steals the picture as the taciturn gangster who swaps places with him, becoming as ruthless in his aesthetics as he is with a gun. Around this neat switch Allen assembles a crowd of near-caricatures—opportunities for Dianne Wiest, Jim Broadbent, Jennifer Tilly, and others to show their stuff. The film offers a rematch of Art vs. Life, the old encounter that Allen set up in "The Purple Rose of Cairo" and at the finale of "Manhattan Murder Mystery"; this version has the same pleasurable swiftness.—A.L. (10/24/94) (Cinema I.)

CARO DIARIO—Filming favorite sights while riding down the road with rock music blaring is a common baby-boomer fantasy; the Italian writer-director-star Nanni Moretti makes the mistake of actually indulging it in the first section ("On My Vespa") of this three-part comic diary movie. The second part ("Islands"), a picturesque putdown of provincial and eccentric offshore life, generates a woeful running gag about an intellectual TV addict. Only the third entry ("Doctors") gets some real black humor going, with an account of dermatological misdiagnosis that will give nightmares to anyone the least bit itchy. In Italian.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

CLERKS—The first feature by twenty-three-year-old writer-director Kevin Smith chronicles a day in the life of an Asbury Park, New Jersey, convenience-store clerk. With Brian O'Halloran, Jeff Anderson, and Marilyn Ghigliotti. (Angelika Film Center.)

EAT DRINK MAN WOMAN—Another film comedy from Ang Lee, the director of "The Wedding Banquet." The aging Mr. Chu (Sihung Lung) is a widowed chef, living in Taipei with his three daughters, each of whom is getting itchy for the world beyond. (Watch out for the exquisite Chien-Lien Wu as Jia-Chien, the pushiest of the three.) Mr. Chu is a King Lear of the kitchen: a master on his own ground, slapping fish around and blowing air into a boiled duck, but gradually losing his sense of taste and his power to rule. The movie is more likable than memorable; you come out running for the nearest restaurant. In Mandarin.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, Plaza, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Ed Wood—Tim Burton's biography of the filmmaker who inflicted "Plan 9 from Outer Space" and "Glen or Glenda" on fifties moviegoers tries to persuade us that its hero is a sort of holy fool of cinema. The picture is superbly shot, in black-and-white, by Stefan Czapsky, and most of the actors—Bill Murray, Sarah Jessica Parker, Jeffrey Jones, and Martin Landau (as Bela Lugosi)—are engaging. But there's a strong whiff of pointlessness to the whole enterprise. Wood (played by Johnny Depp) is depicted as a wide-eyed, boyish innocent, and he simply isn't interesting enough to hold our full attention for two hours.—T.R. (10/3/94) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Sutton, and Columbus Circle.)

L'ENFER—In Claude Chabrol's psychological thriller Paul and Nelly (François Cluzet and Emmanuelle Béart) are a happily married couple whose relationship deteriorates when Paul hears voices accusing his wife of infidelity. Written by Henri-Georges Clouzot. In French. (Village East Cinemas and Cinema 3rd Avenue.)

EXIT TO EDEN—Garry Marshall inserts two desperately unfunny slapstick cops (Rosie O'Donnell and Dan Aykroyd) into Anne Rice's florid ode to the bondage she thinks shall set us free. The only way the director could have made this tale of an S & M island paradise any flimsier, clumsier, or more banal would have been to cast Regis and Kathie Lee as the cops and set it on a Carnival cruise. Dana Delany plays the island's boss dominatrix as an idealistic spokesperson for female empowerment, while Paul Mercurio, her love slave, flails at both romance and comedy: in one scene, he even apes Jim Carrey's imitation of Nadia Comaneci. Deborah Amelon and Bob Brunner adapted Rice's novel.—M.S. (First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

FORREST GUMP—As all the world now knows, Tom Hanks plays Forrest Gump, a simple Alabama soul who serves his country without hurting a fly; he saves his comrades in Vietnam, woos the dippy Jenny (Robin Wright), and runs back and forth across the continent. Hanks does his best to convince us that Gump is, in fact, a character, and not merely a bulging sack of virtues, but the movie takes the fight out of him. With Sally Field and Gary Sinise. Directed by Robert Zemeckis.—A.L. (7/25/94) (Baronet, Art Greenwich Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Olympia.)

HOOP DREAMS—This engrossing documentary tells the stories of two inner-city Chicago teen-agers, William Gates and Arthur Agee, who aspire to careers in professional basketball. The movie introduces William and Arthur as fourteen-year-olds on the playground; they're being recruited by one of the city's perennial basketball powers, St. Joseph High School (the alma mater of Isiah Thomas). The filmmakers—Steve James, Frederick Marx, and Peter Gilbert—follow them all the way through high school. In the course of the movie's patient, sympathetic narrative (the running time is close to three hours), our reaction to the heroes' progress changes decisively, and for the better: at first we're assessing their chances, measuring them for N.B.A. uniforms; by the end we're rooting for them simply to survive the process without losing all their exuberance and drive and creative spirit.—T.R. (10/17/94) (Orpheum VII, Film Forum, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT—Luisina Brando plays a rich widow in a Latin-American village who refuses to acknowledge the vertically challenged condition of her dwarf daughter (Alejandra Podesta); Marcello Mastroianni is the dashing new man in town who improbably falls for and marries the girl. Even at a mere hundred and two minutes, this fable about the perils of denial feels drawn out. The erotic whimsy and small-town humor don't congeal, and the deus-ex-circus ending is an insult. It's a one-joke movie with a lousy punch line. Maria Luisa

Bemberg directed and co-wrote the script with Jorge Goldenberg, based on a short story by Julio Llinás. In Spanish.—M.S. (68th St. Playhouse and Quad Cinema.)

I LIKE IT LIKE THAT—It's macha versus macho in the Bronx, as a young mother of three (Lauren Vélez) takes an assistant's job at a record company to bail her husband (Jon Seda) out of jail, only to rouse gossip and jealousy in the barrio. Darnell Martin's enjoyably brash debut movie has originality and feeling beneath the look-at-me theatrics. It's about the comedy and pathos of people taking on more responsibility than they can handle; the best moments come when the characters (and Martin) catch their breath and crack some jokes. There's riotous sexual vaudeville provided by Vélez and Seda, and by Jesse Borrego as Vélez's transvestite brother and Lisa Vidal as her rival. Griffin Dunne, as Vélez's boss, does the funniest variation yet on his trademark role—the emotionally strung-out white man.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

IMAGINARY CRIMES—Set in the fifties and sixties, it's a girl's answer to the recent string of con-man and son movies, with Harvey Keitel as a bogus Portland mine speculator and Fairuza Balk and Elisabeth Moss as his daughters. Anthony ("Zebrahead") Drazan's direction traps them under waxy buildup. The screenwriters, Kristine Johnson and Davia Nelson, smooth out Sheila Ballantyne's fragmented novel—they turn the reminiscences of Balk's character, an aspiring writer, into fledgling short stories. Keitel is welcome restrained, and Balk has emotional "stuff" the way an untrained athlete has physical "stuff." Kelly Lynch, who appears briefly as Balk's mother, gives the subtlest performance—a daringly stylized portrayal of disappointment.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas and First & 62nd Cinemas.)

JASON'S LYRIC—In Doug McHenry's ersatz poetic tale of romance and death in Houston's inner city, Jason (Allen Payne) is the hero and Lyric is the name of his lover (Jada Pinkett). Jason and Lyric both have family problems. Jason's dad, Maddog (Forest Whitaker), seen in flashback, was a volatile Vietnam vet. His alcoholic brother, Joshua (Bokeem Woodbine), joins some aspiring bank robbers—who happen to be led by Alonzo

(Treach), Lyric's brother. The held-back revelation of who killed Maddog makes for the worst kind of trick Freudian melodrama. Screenplay by Bobby Smith, Jr.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, and Astor Plaza.)

THE LAST SEDUCTION—A star turn from Linda Fiorentino as Bridget, a woman with a frozen wasteland where her moral landscape should be. In New York, she cheats her husband (Bill Pullman) out of their illegal earnings; upstate, she cheats Mike (Peter Berg) out of everything but his life. The movie has a hard forties snap to it—just is a weapon and love is a letdown. In this follow-up to "Red Rock West," director John Dahl proves that he is never happier than when roaming the back streets of film noir. Written by Steve Barancik.—A.L. (10/24/94) (Village Theatre VII.)

LITTLE GIANTS—When super-jock Ed O'Neill ("Married... with Children") becomes the coach of a kids' football team and gets rid of the weaker players, his brother (Rick Moranis) takes all the rejects and assembles a rival team. Directed by Duwayne Dunham. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Criterion Center.)

LOVE AFFAIR—Two star-crossed lovers meet, part, and plan to meet again—until fate steps in. Warren Beatty and Annette Bening follow in the footsteps of Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne ("Love Affair," 1939) and Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr ("An Affair to Remember," 1957), in the third Hollywood version of the tale. With Katharine Hepburn, Garry Shandling, Pierce Brosnan, and Kate Capshaw. The screenplay is by Beatty and Robert Towne. Directed by Glenn Gordon Caron. (Village Theatre VII, Tower East, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

MINBO—OR, THE GENTLE ART OF JAPANESE EXTORTION—Juzo Itami's broad comedy-melodrama exposes yakuza pressure tactics as mere bluster. The gangsters want to make money, not mayhem; they rely on furious gestures and verbal intimidation. The movie is over the top and overlong, but Itami introduces hilarious sex-role comedy by casting his wife, Nobuko Miyamoto, as a canny lawyer who teaches a two-man hotel task force (Yasuo Daichi and Takehiro Murata) how to stand up to hoodlums. The yakuza are rowdy cari-



Brian O'Halloran in "Clerks."

LAST WEEKS



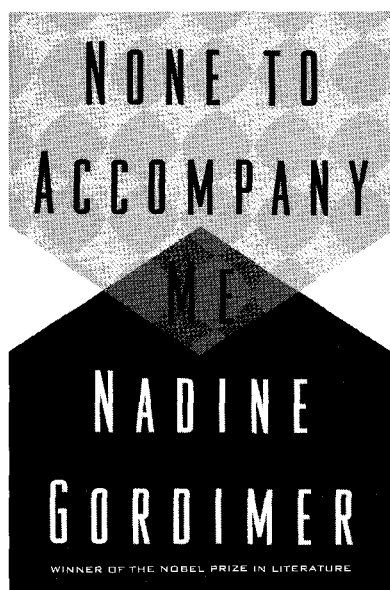
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—Richard Eder, Los Angeles
Times Book Review



FARRAR
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CURRENT FILMS—Cont'd

captures of men's men; this efficient lady drives them nuts. In Japanese.—M.S. (Cinema Village.)

ONLY YOU—Norman Jewison directed and Marisa Tomei stars in a romantic comedy about a young woman who abandons her fiancé and flies to Italy in search of her true love, whose name she discovered during a session with a Ouija board. With Robert Downey, Jr. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

PULP FICTION—In Quentin Tarantino's new picture, John Travolta, Samuel L. Jackson, Uma Thurman, Tim Roth, Harvey Keitel, Christopher Walken, and Bruce Willis parade through two and a half hours of complicated, cross-weaving Los Angeles plots, some of which are more gripping than others; the talk is dirty and funny, the violence always waiting just around the corner. It's a bright and startling picture, but the next day, it seems like a dream: the film attacks your senses and gives you almost nothing to remember it by, let alone to nourish you. It had to happen, and Tarantino is the man to deliver it: cinema as fast food.—A.L. (10/10/94) (Angelika Film Center, Murray Hill Cinemas, Beekman, East 85th Street, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

QUIZ SHOW—Robert Redford's movie is a speedy, absorbing chronicle of a trivial show-business scandal of the fifties: the rigging of big-money quiz shows. The screenplay, by Paul Attanasio, tries hard to sell some sweeping ideas about the class dynamics of American society, and doesn't quite succeed. The picture's real strength is its witty, vigorous evocation of the fifties media world. It hums along like a well-constructed farce, and its crazy momentum carries it over the bumps of social significance. Ralph Fiennes, John Turturro, and Rob Morrow have the largest roles, but they're outshone by the supporting players: Paul Scofield, Mira Sorvino, Christopher McDonald, Allan Rich, Hank Azaria, Barry Levinson, and—best of all—David Paymer.—T.R. (9/19/94) (Village Theatre VII, Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

RADIOLAND MURDERS—Chaos engulfs the studios of a fledgling radio network as it prepares to go on the air for the first time. Mary Stuart Masterson, as the owner's secretary, stars in this comedy-mystery, set in 1939. With Brian Benben. Directed by Mel Smith. (34th St. East, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th St. Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin.)

THE RIVER WILD—A family led by plucky supermom Meryl Streep goes on a white-water-rafting vacation out West and gets a hairier trip than it bargained for when the raft is hijacked by a pair of desperate crooks. The audience, however, gets precisely what it bargained for: safe, predictable thrills, with a light spray of dysfunctional-family drama. Curtis Hanson's direction is expert, but the screenplay, by Denis O'Neill, is so formulaic that the picture is never more than moderately exciting; you can see around every bend in this river.—T.R. (34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Regency.)

ROBERT A. HEINLEIN'S THE PUPPET MASTERS—Donald Sutherland stars as a desperate scientist in this thriller, based on Heinlein's science-fiction novel, about alien parasites who control the minds of their human hosts. Directed by Stuart Orme. (Village East Cinemas, Gotham Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Embassy.)

THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION—Tim Robbins returns to his best form with his haunted, cunning portrayal of Andy Dufresne, a young banker sentenced to life imprisonment in the nineteen-forties. Frank Darabont's movie never grabs at you, preferring to work patiently on your sympathies and nerves while

finding time for casual jokes. What at first seems like a plotless tale of companionship—principally between Andy and a fixer named Red (Morgan Freeman)—tightens into excitement. The picture stays on track and leaves you, appropriately enough, with a surging sense of release.—A.L. (9/26/94) (Village Theatre VII, Coronet, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin.)

THE SPECIALIST—Cheesecake meets beefcake as Sharon Stone persuades an ex-C.I.A. explosives ace (Sylvester Stallone) to wreak vengeance on Miami mobsters. Stallone's arch-enemy (James Woods, of course) heads security for these Cuban bad guys (led by Eric Roberts and Rod Steiger). The one deposit this movie makes in the memory bank is a sequence that defines big-star narcissism—a calendar-art montage of Stallone exercising in his hideout while Stone, in her own digs, loiters in lingerie. The director, Luis

THEATRE ADDRESSES

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000).
LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171).
MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th (477-6600).
VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th (982-0400).
CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th (924-3363).
VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th (529-6799).
19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th (260-8000).
MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th (689-6548).
34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th (532-5544).
34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th (683-0255).
EASTSIDE PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 55th (755-3020).
SUTTON I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th (759-1411).
GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th (759-2262).
PLAZA, 42 E. 58th (355-3320).
MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th (935-6420).
59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th (759-4630).
BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th (355-1663).
CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th (753-6022).
FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd (513-5408).
GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th (832-1670).
BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th (737-2622).
NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th (744-7339).
68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th (734-0302).
TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st (879-1313).
EAST 85TH STREET, 1st Ave. at 85th (249-5100).
PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th (534-1880).
ORPHEUM VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th (876-2400).
86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th (249-1144).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110).
WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd (929-8037).
ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th (929-3350).
QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th (255-8800).
CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd (513-5402).
23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd (989-0060).
GUILD, 33 W. 50th (757-2406).
WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583).
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th (765-7600).
57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th (581-7360).
CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th (265-2520).
ANGELIKA 57, 225 W. 57th (586-1900).
PARIS, 4 W. 58th (980-5656).
CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th (752-5959).
COLUMBUS CIRCLE, B'way at 61st (247-5070).
62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd (265-7466).
LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS, B'way at 63rd (757-2280).
REGENCY, B'way at 67th (724-3700).
84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th (877-3600).
METRO CINEMA I AND 2, B'way at 99th (222-1200).
OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th (865-8128).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th (354-0900).
EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th (302-0494).
EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th (730-7262).
ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way (869-8340).
NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th (869-0950).

Llosa, muffs the splashiest set piece (Stallone blowing away a portion of the Fontainebleau), and the screenwriter, Alexandra Seros, gives every character a wit impediment. Steiger's accent prompts nervous laughter: "You bastard!" comes out "Jew bastard!"—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

TIMECOP—The come-on: Jean-Claude Van Damme's emergence as a superstar. The plot: In 2004, a time-travel enforcement agent (Van Damme) discovers that a senator (Ron Silver) has been looting the past to buy the Presidency. The reality: Van Damme and the movie are stiff. Peter Hyams directed.—M.S. (59th Street East Cinema, and 23rd St. West Triplex.)

VANYA ON 42ND STREET—Louis Malle's play-within-a-film version of Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," with André Gregory directing the play (and playing himself) and Larry Pine, Wallace Shawn, Julianne Moore, and George Gaynes as the actors. The adaptation is by David Mamet. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Anglelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

WES CRAVEN'S NEW NIGHTMARE—Or, "Freddy Does Deconstruction." Although the "Nightmare on Elm Street" series officially ended three years ago, the conceit here is that Freddy Krueger refuses to be stopped—not even when he hits the "fourth wall." The only way to keep him from entering the real



At Film Forum 2, Henri-Georges Clouzot's "Diabolique."

world is to trap him in another "Nightmare" movie—this one. Heather Langenkamp (of the first and third films), now the mother of a young son (Miko Hughes), gets pulled back into the horror. For a while, Craven, who wrote and directed the original, brews potent paranoia out of earthquake scares, parental fears of media violence, and gory special-effects sprees. But there are far too many wake-up-screaming scenes, even for a "Nightmare" movie. With Robert Englund and John Saxon.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

WHAT HAPPENED WAS...—Written and directed by Tom Noonan, this two-character study stars Noonan as an overqualified paralegal and Karen Sillas as an executive assistant in the same law firm. It takes place in the woman's Manhattan apartment, where he arrives for a dinner that she intends to be a full-blown date. On paper it doesn't amount to anything more than an expression of sympathy for crippled, melancholy souls. In performance the lanky, intimacy-deflecting Noonan and the fleshy, moody Sillas make it a virtuosic turn: a dissociated duet.—M.S. (Anglelika 57.)

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the film-library listings following these notes.)

DIABOLIQUE (1955)—The setting is a French provincial school for boys; the headmaster's wife (Vera Clouzot) and mistress (Simone Signoret) conspire to murder him. It sounds simple, but the characters seem fearfully knowing, and there are undertones of strange, tainted pleasures and punishments. According to the director, Henri-Georges Clouzot, "I sought only to amuse myself and the little child who sleeps in all our hearts—the child who hides her head under the bedcovers and begs, 'Daddy, Daddy, frighten me.'" Clouzot does it, all right; his Grand Guignol techniques are so calculatedly grisly that they seem silly, yet they succeed in making one feel queasy and sordid and scared. (Some people may feel too queasy to find the film really pleasurable.) With Paul Meurisse as the malignant headmaster, and Charles Vanel, Noël Roquevert, and Michel Serrault. From a novel by Boileau and Narcejac. In French.—P.K. (Film Forum 2.)

THE LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM (1988)—This debauched adaptation of a Bram Stoker novel is frenetic but droll—it's exuberant about its badness. Hugh Grant applies his soft-touch savoir-faire to the role of a rural lord whose ancestor slayed a legendary worm (or snake, or dragon). The writer-director, Ken Russell, seems intent on proving that boys really are made of snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails. The climax features a nubile maiden (Catherine Oxenberg) suspended over a monster-sized snake pit wearing only her pearly-white underwear, as her sister (Sammi Davis) screams helplessly and the mysterious Lady Sylvia Marsh (Amanda Donohoe) approaches, adorned with serpentlike sexual apparatus. Donohoe brings camp exultation to her work: she is the rock on which this travesty is built.—

M.S. (A Different Light Bookstore; Oct. 30.) **RESERVOIR DOGS** (1992)—Most of the action in Quentin Tarantino's pulp crime movie takes place in a cavernous warehouse, to which the surviving participants of a botched jewelry heist have repaired to lick their wounds. The crooks amuse themselves by accusing each other of treachery (someone tipped off the police), waving their guns, screaming obscenities, and torturing a cop whom one of them has captured. The movie runs on film-school cleverness—a homemade pharmaceutical cocktail of pop music, visual jolts, and allusions to Scorsese and Peckinpah. As supercool young directors go, Tarantino (whose first film this was) is fairly engaging; his nihilism is antic and oddly cheery. This is a reasonably lively picture about nothing, and that's apparently just what it was meant to be. With Harvey Keitel, Tim Roth, Steve Buscemi, Michael Madsen, Lawrence Tierney, and Chris Penn.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

THE RULES OF THE GAME (1939)—Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece is a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and

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CHANNEL SURFING

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NETWORK cop shows have become more and more existential—Kierkegaard with handcuffs. The cops themselves are spiritually racked and caffeine-driven, talking a fast, rueful rap and exhausting themselves on the ragged edge of absurdity. Their burnout is a form of beatitude. The most aggressively haggard series is “Homicide: Life on the Street,” now in its third season on NBC (Fridays). Although it is set in Baltimore and affects an eavesdropping realism, the local color and lurid crimes are upstaged by the detectives’ self-conscious patter. But, as in a David Mamet play, the patter is entertaining when the actors are on the ball. Richard Belzer says his lines with drop-dead cool, as if cozing up to a mike; Andre Braugher uses his polished head like a hammer; smiling sheepishly, Daniel Baldwin is a slab of Stanley Kowalski. To inject some “Prime Suspect” sexual politics into their antics, the show has added a female shift commander (Isabella Hofmann) whose crisp blouses wilt in the humidity.

That other hotbed of existential strife, ABC’s “NYPD Blue” (Tuesdays), is in transition as aspiring movie star David Caruso practices tough love in the precinct house for only a final few episodes. (He’s gone after November 1, making way for Jimmy Smits, formerly of “L.A. Law.”) Caruso was the show’s emblazoned conscience. Sure, he shoved a few suspects through walls, but it was because he cared. Courtly with women, he saw them out the door with a look that said, “I know you’re hurting. Let me help you. Come back to my place later for a tasteful nude scene.” He represented the sensitive side of doomy law enforcement. The meat and potatoes of the show will continue to be supplied by the dyspeptic Dennis Franz, whose appetite keeps him in a constant state of digestion.

Cast changes have also altered the chemistry of NBC’s “Law & Order” (Wednesdays), now in its fifth season. Sam Waterston has been hired as the new assistant D.A., bearing his noble profile from “I’ll Fly Away.” Waterston is being dangled as possible romantic bait for the show’s other assistant D.A., Jill Hennessy. The invisible feelers of sexual byplay between them have loosened up her performance; even her hair looks more relaxed. The rest of the cast (Jerry Orbach, Chris Noth, Steven Hill) remain a repertory dream.

—JAMES WOLCOTT

REVIVALS—Cont’d

masters begin to chase and shoot each other. The party at the country château is a tragicomic world in motion; ironically, once the whole mechanism is spinning, the man who begins at the center of it—the romantic aviator (Roland Toutain)—is flicked off. With Marcel Dalio as the Marquis, Julien Carette as the poacher, Gaston Modot as the game-keeper, Nora Gregor as Christine, Mila Parély as Genevieve, Paulette Dubost as Lisette, and Renoir as Octave. The script, by Renoir, assisted by Carl Koch, was derived from Alfred de Musset’s “Les Caprices de Marianne.” Cinematography by Jean Bachelet and J. P. Alphen; costumes by Chanel; Cartier-Bresson served as an assistant director. In French.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Oct. 29 and Nov. 1.)

SCARLET STREET (1945)—Fritz Lang directed this American version of Renoir’s “La Chienne”; in the American setting it’s a sordid, lowlife melodrama about illicit love, and it never takes root—it’s not one of Lang’s best American movies. (It was originally banned in New York State—that is, denied a license—as “immoral, indecent, corrupt, and tending to incite crime,” a judgment that seemed off the wall even then.) Edward G. Robinson is a frustrated, gray-haired cashier married to a nag (Rosalind Ivan); his only pleasure is in painting on Sundays. He falls for a tart (Joan Bennett) and sets her up in a Greenwich Village apartment, on stolen money. But the tart is in love with a lout (Dan Duryea), who beats her. The script, by Dudley Nichols, is heavy-handed, and Lang’s emphatic style pounds home the ironies and the murder-plot devices. (Robinson kills the girl, and Duryea is electrocuted for the crime.) Robinson’s paintings are actually by John Decker.—P.K. (Florence Gould Hall; Nov. 1.)

THREE BROTHERS (1981)—Three Italian brothers who have emigrated to the cities go back south to their father’s farm in the Apulia region for their mother’s funeral. The modern-folktale structure is somewhat schematic, but it’s a wonderful film that moves in waves of feeling. Directed by Francesco Rosi, from a script he wrote with Tonino Guerra, it might be said to be an inquiry into the terrorist chaos of the country. That’s the underlayer: it’s about the violence in the cities, the split between the North and the South, the break between the generations. Yet it’s set in the old father’s world, where the cycle of nature is what matters. It’s about ideas, yet it’s saturated with emotion. The old man (Charles Vanel, at eighty-nine) has lived his life without ever needing to worry about terrorism, crime, chaos; the sons’ thoughts and fantasies all come out of their anxieties. The father has his place in the larger ritual; when the sons come back, they realize they’ve lost their place. Working with his longtime cinematographer, Pasqualino De Santis, Rosi, who has one of the greatest compositional senses in the history of movies, keeps you in a state of emotional exaltation. A simple image—such as that of the old man just walking—has the kind of resonance that most directors never achieve. Though the actors who play the brothers—Philippe Noiret, Vittorio Mezzogiorno, and Michele Placido—are less than exciting, while you’re watching this film it envelops you. In Italian.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Oct. 29 and 31.)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

FILM FORUM 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)—“Diabolique” (†).

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-1717)—“Spanish Eyes III: Classics from the Spanish Cinema, 1960-75.” Through Oct. 27: “Placido” (1961, Luis García Berlanga) and “La Prima Angelica” (“Cousin Angelica”; 1973, Carlos Saura). . . . Oct. 28-30: “Mi Querida Señorita” (1971, Jaime de Armiñan); and “Tormento” (1974, Pedro Olea). . . . Oct. 31: Theatre closed. . . . From

Nov. 1: “Mi Querida Señorita”; and “La Busca” (1966, Angelino Fons).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Oct. 27 at 3 and 6: “Contact: The Yanomami Indians of Brazil” (1990, Geoffrey O’Connor). . . . ¶ A program of silent films by the Russian director Evgenii Bauer. Oct. 27-28 at 7: “The Thousand and Second Ruse” (1915) and “Child of the Big City” (1914). . . . Oct. 29 at 3: “The Dying Swan” (1917) and “For Luck” (1917). . . . Oct. 29 at 5: “The Twilight of a Woman’s Soul” (1913) and “Daydreams” (1915). . . . Oct. 30 at 3: “Cold Showers” (1914) and “A Life for a Life” (1916). . . . Oct. 30 at 5: “After Death” (1915) and “Nelly Raintseva” (1916). . . . ¶ A program of films directed by Jean Renoir. Oct. 28 at 3 and Oct. 30 at noon: “This Land Is Mine” (1943). . . . Oct. 28 at 6 and Oct. 30 at 5: “Toni” (1934). . . . Oct. 28 at 8 and Oct. 30 at 2:30: “La Nuit du Carrefour” (1932). . . . Oct. 29 at noon: “La Marseillaise” (1937). . . . Oct. 29 and 31 at 2:30: “La Grande Illusion” (1937). . . . Oct. 29 at 5 and Nov. 1 at 6: “The Rules of the Game” (†). . . . Oct. 31 at 6 and Nov. 1 at 2:30: “Le Bled” (1929).

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—A program of films directed by Francesco Rosi. Oct. 26 at 2, Oct. 27 at 4:15, and Oct. 29 at 6:30: “Lucky Luciano” (1973). . . . Oct. 26 at 4:30 and Oct. 27 at 2: “The Mattei Affair” (1972). . . . Oct. 27 at 9:15, Oct. 28 at 4:15, and Oct. 31 at 7:05: “Illustrious Corpses” (1976). . . . Oct. 28 at 2, Oct. 30 at 8:50, and Nov. 1 at 4:50: “Chronicle of a Death Foretold” (1987). . . . Oct. 28 at 6:35: “The Swindler” (1959). . . . Oct. 28 at 8:40: “Moment of Truth” (1965). . . . Oct. 29 at 4:15 and Oct. 31 at 9:30: “Three Brothers” (†). . . . Oct. 29 at 8:45, Oct. 30 at 6, Oct. 31 at 4:15, and Nov. 1 at 2: “Christ Stopped at Eboli” (1979). . . . Oct. 30 at 4:15: “Neapolitan Diary” (1992). . . . Oct. 31 at 2: “To Forget Palermo” (1991). . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 6:30: “The Fire This Time” (1994, Randy Holland), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 29-30 at 2: “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” (1941, Victor Fleming), with Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, and Ingrid Bergman.

A DIFFERENT LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On Oct. 30 at 7: “The Lair of the White Worm” (†).

MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—Through Nov. 13: “Call Me Barbra” (1966), with Barbra Streisand. (Showings Tuesdays through Sundays at 2.) . . . ¶ Through Nov. 27: A series of videos, changing each week, about Martha Graham and her dance works. (Showings Tuesdays through Sundays at 3:30.) . . . ¶ Through Nov. 20: Episodes of “Star Trek: The Next Generation.” (Showings Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 2 and 4, Thursdays at 2, 4, and 6, Fridays at 2, 4, 5:45, and 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4.)

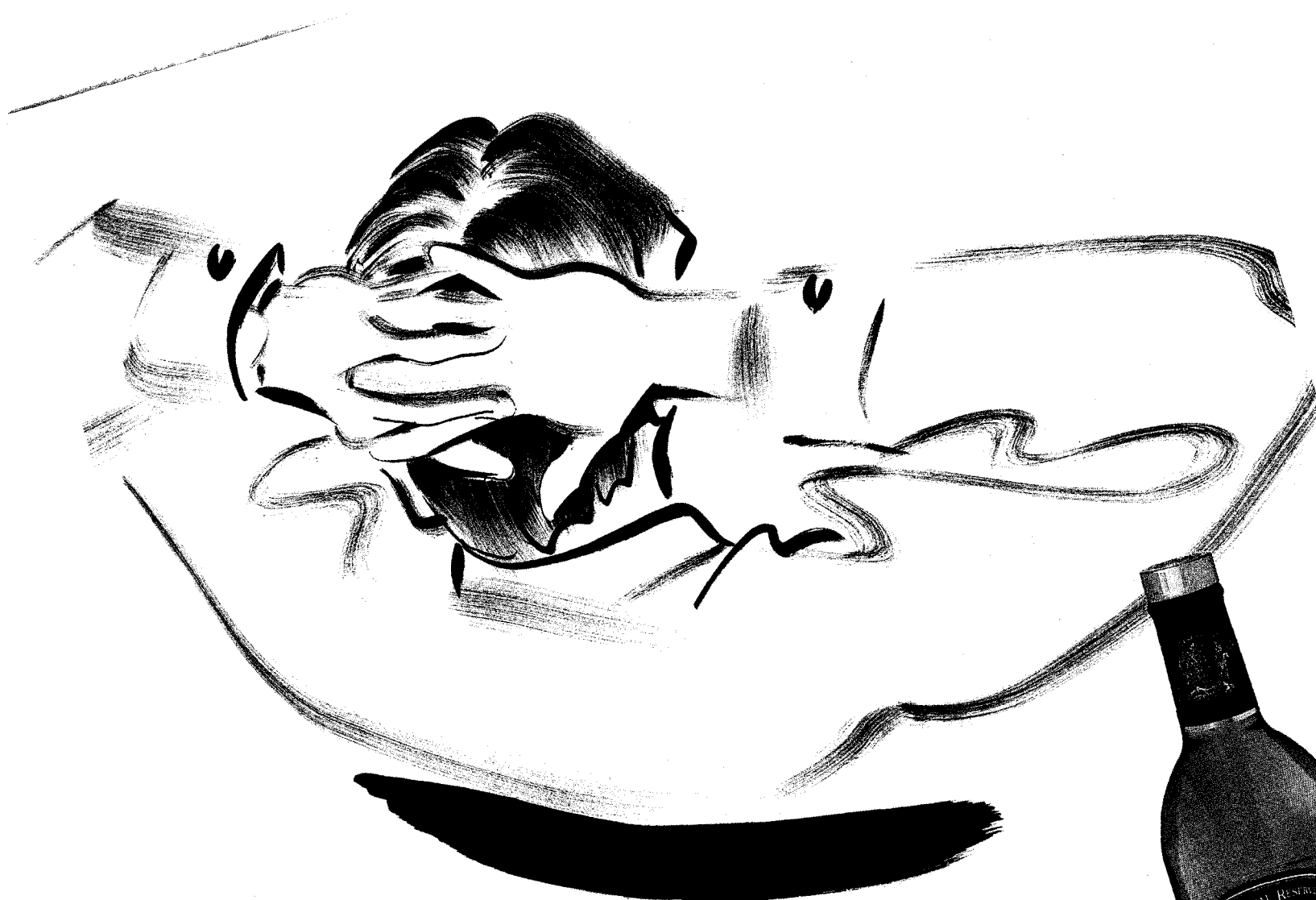
QUEENS MUSEUM OF ART, Flushing Meadows Park. (1-718 592-9700)—Oct. 29 at 2: “High Society” (1956, Charles Walters), with Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, and Louis Armstrong.

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Nov. 1 at 12:30 and 6: “La Chienne” (1931, Jean Renoir; in French). . . . Nov. 1 at 3:15 and 8:45: “Scarlet Street” (†).

SYMPHONY SPACE, B’way at 95th St. (864-5400)—Nov. 1 at 7: “The Lovers” (1958, Louis Malle; in French). . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 8:45: “The Strange Mr. Victor” (1937, Jean Grémillon; in French), with Raimu.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—“Breaking Home Ties: Jewish Themes in Silent Cinema.” Oct. 30 at 2: “Hungry Hearts” (1922, E. Mason Hopper). . . . Oct. 30 at 4: “Breaking Home Ties” (1922, Frank Seltzer and George K. Rowlands).

DONNELL LIBRARY CENTER, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—Nov. 1 at noon: “Last Year at Marienbad” (1961, Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

AN ACCIDENT ON SUNSET BOULEVARD

ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER'S "Sunset Boulevard" begins previews on Broadway on November 1st, and Glenn Close, who plays Norma Desmond, almost didn't have a thing to wear. A costume designer's worst nightmare came true a few days ago when Close flew back from a movie location in Canada for rehearsals and a wardrobe check. "You know, a spot check for any fine tuning," says the British costume designer Anthony Powell, who has accompanied the production from London to Los Angeles and now to New York. "Puzzlement" is the word he uses to describe his first reaction to the fact that "everything was five inches off the floor." And then, he says, he took in "the entire horror of the situation, a total horror." All eleven costume changes were "unwearable, in a word."

Powell, who is fifty-nine, and has turned down eleven movies and three plays while devoting his days and nights to "Sunset," isn't spending much time trying to piece together what happened. He thinks it was something in the dry cleaning. When the musical closed in Los Angeles, in June, all the costumes were cleaned before being packed up and sent to New York. "I suspect that a normal cleaners did the rest of the cast's stuff," he says. "Glenn's clothes were probably sent somewhere much more expensive, which lavished more care and attention on them." In any case, the wardrobe person responsible was on tour with another production. "The whole thing is a total mystery to me," Powell says.

And what was Mme. Close's reaction? "Madame could see for herself that something terrible had happened," Powell says.

"Fortunately, she is so very sensible and has both feet on the ground, and with all that good Yankee upbringing, she didn't panic at all and she knew we would have a solution. I can think of a number of actresses who would have had hysterics and rolled around on the floor."

With two weeks to go until the first preview, and with hand-beaded dresses that in some cases had taken eight weeks to make, Powell enlisted the aid of the costume-maker Barbara Matera. Her staff of seamstresses and beaders and embroiderers is sewing as fast as it can. The cost is "over six figures," Powell says, but he won't specify how far over.

"Touch wood, it's going pretty well. I always hesitate to say that. I always think there's somebody up there waiting and watching and listening with thunderbolts poised."

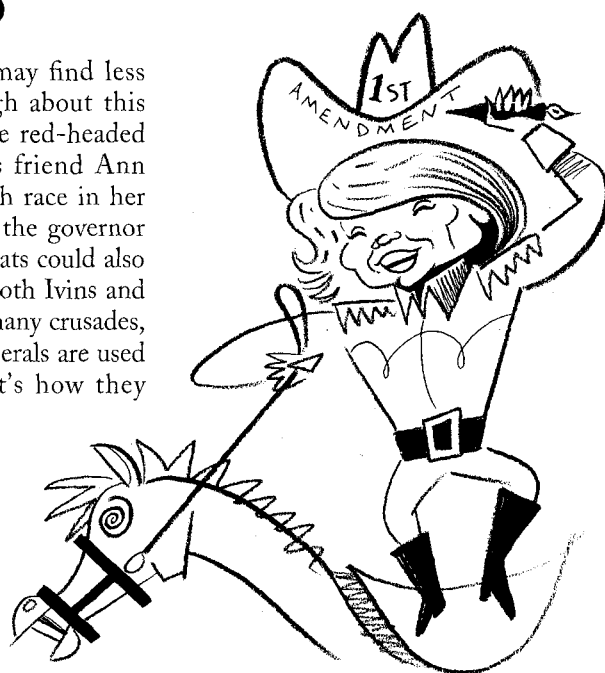
MOLLY IVINS ON THE ROAD

ONE humorist who may find less than usual to laugh about this season is Molly Ivins, the red-headed Texan raconteur. Ivins's friend Ann Richards is facing a tough race in her bid for a second term as the governor of Texas, and the Democrats could also lose the statehouse. But both Ivins and Richards are veterans of many crusades, and, in any case, Texas liberals are used to being beleaguered. It's how they got their caustic sense of humor, which has long been their trademark.

In 1990, Ivins made a rash promise. Her mentor, John Henry Faulk, was on his deathbed. During the fifties, Faulk had been a radio humor-

ist with a national following much like the one that Ivins has gained for herself through her books and newspaper commentary. Their acidic humor is a native Texas brew of implacable populism and sour liberalism. (Ann Richards drinks from the same cup.) In the McCarthy era, Faulk, who could fearlessly compare McCarthy to an "egg sucking dog" but who also believed that "Communists have about the same degree of tolerance and humanity as the Hardshelled Baptists," was tarred as a Communist himself. He never regained his audience, and spent the rest of his life living in the Texas hill country, championing the right to free speech. When Ivins went to say goodbye to Faulk, she blurted, "John Henry, I don't want you to worry about the First Amendment. I'm gonna take care of it."

For four years now, Ivins, who comes to town this week to speak at the New York Public Library, has been travelling



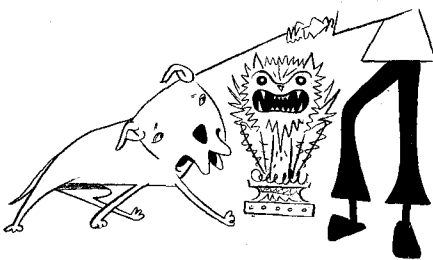
the country in penance for that remark. "I started, as you might think a journalist would, talking a lot about freedom of speech and freedom of the press," she said recently. "But I find more and more that I spend a fair amount of time explaining to people what the establishment clause means. We are having a whole lot of confusion about the separation of church and state these days, and it helps people to be reminded what the founders actually said. One of the things you often hear if you debate Christian fundamentalists is that nowhere in the Constitution do the words 'separation of church and state' appear. Of course, that's quite true. But the intent of the establishment clause really could not be more clear. James Madison, who has become one of my real heroes, wrote something to the effect that the purpose of separation of church and state is to keep forever from these shores the ceaseless strife that has soaked the soil of Europe in blood for centuries. And still does! Sarajevo was one of the most sophisticated cities in the world—people of different faiths, who lived and worked and played together for generations—absolutely ripped apart in a matter of months by religious passions. Beirut, once the jewel of the Middle East, the same story."

Ivins finds that humor is the best weapon in the war against intolerance. Unfortunately, it is one that the defenders of the First Amendment sometimes have to learn to use on themselves. "I'm a supporter of the American Civil Liberties Union, an organization that has the most dismal sense of public relations in the history of humankind," Ivins said. "Every Christmas, the A.C.L.U. sues somebody for an excess of Christmas spirit. And every year I say, 'Couldn't you people wait till after New Year's?'" One year, she recalled, someone put up a crèche in the Texas state capitol, in Austin. "And, of course, the A.C.L.U. was threatening to sue, so I was calling various state politicians to find out what they thought. And I called Ann, who was then state treasurer, and I said, 'Annie, what do you think about the crèche—does it have to go?' And she said, 'Oh, I hate to see them take that crèche out of the capitol. It could be the only chance we'll ever have to get three wise men in that building.'"



THE STORY OF A SHOPPING HOUND

ON a long Saturday night at the Animal Medical Center, on East Sixty-second Street, there was nothing to do but worry, wait, and read an under-rated magazine called *Pethouse*. In it was an article entitled "Shopping with Your



Dog," which listed the various Upper East Side stores that welcome customers *mit Hund*. This is all well and good for pugs such as Eloise's Weenie and other lap breeds indigenous to Fifth and Park Avenues—Yorkie, Jack Russell, Papillon—but what about a pit bull-Dalmatian named Daisy?

When Daisy goes for a walk, she induces the usual reactions occasioned by the passing of a gorgeous female: boys gawk, men do double takes, women of all ages tend to look the other way. Daisy is famous in her Murray Hill neighborhood for her white coat, kohl-rimmed brown eyes, snowy lashes, husky frame, and gentle disposition—the sum of these parts suggesting a polar bear crossed with a cow.

At Bergdorf's, Daisy received precisely the unconditional welcome that *Pethouse* had guaranteed, submitting patiently as she was fitted with a brown pincord coat by George, the San Francisco-based pet outfitters, and gazing with admirably restrained lust upon a display bed dressed in Pratesi linens. But, being a dog who enjoys playfully half-nelsoning males twice her size, Daisy was up for the challenge of gaining access to a few stores not on the *Pethouse* list: Alfred Dunhill, Buccellati, Louis Vuitton (no problem), Prada (where she resisted any residual urge to chew shoes), Hermès (where no fewer than four silk-scarved vendeuses fawned over her), Chanel (the doorman didn't blink), and Tiffany (where a security guard was overheard registering "woman with large

dog" on his walkie-talkie). At the uptown branch of Barneys, store policy dictates that all dogs be carried, and Daisy's fifty-four pounds made this a daunting proposition for her hundred-and-seventy-pound handler. The same scenario greeted Daisy at F.A.O. Schwarz and Henri Bendel. This last stop was especially sobering because Henri Bendel the younger, the nephew of the original, who is now captain of the Belgian Shoes shop, remembers a time when certain Fifth Avenue stores provided drinking fountains for canine visitors.

Finally, it was time to head downtown and on to ABC Carpet & Home for a long overdue survey of the Herman Miller for the Home collection. Just shy of the ABC threshold, Daisy put on a look of horrified alarm and began to take two steps backward for every one forward. The cause of her never-before-witnessed behavior turned out to be two stone lions guarding the entrance; while not exactly Patience and Fortitude, they were evidently efficient in the dispatch of their duty. Once inside, Daisy met with no requests to leave, so she sniffed around in the lighting department, where she was promptly ambushed by a snarling dachshund belonging to a sales associate.



JUDGE ITO'S HELPERS

WHEN Charles Nesson, one of the professors at Harvard Law School teaching a course for first-year students devoted entirely to the O. J. Simpson case, received a telephone call from a woman who said she was a clerk for Judge Lance A. Ito, who is presiding over the trial, he thought the call might be a hoax. "But it was legitimate," Nesson said last week. "It seems that the Judge read the story three weeks ago in the Talk of the Town about our course. The clerk said that the Judge would like to look at copies of some of the best student essays on the issue of cameras in the courtroom. I told her we would look into it." (On November 7th, Ito is holding a hearing on whether the cameras should be allowed.)

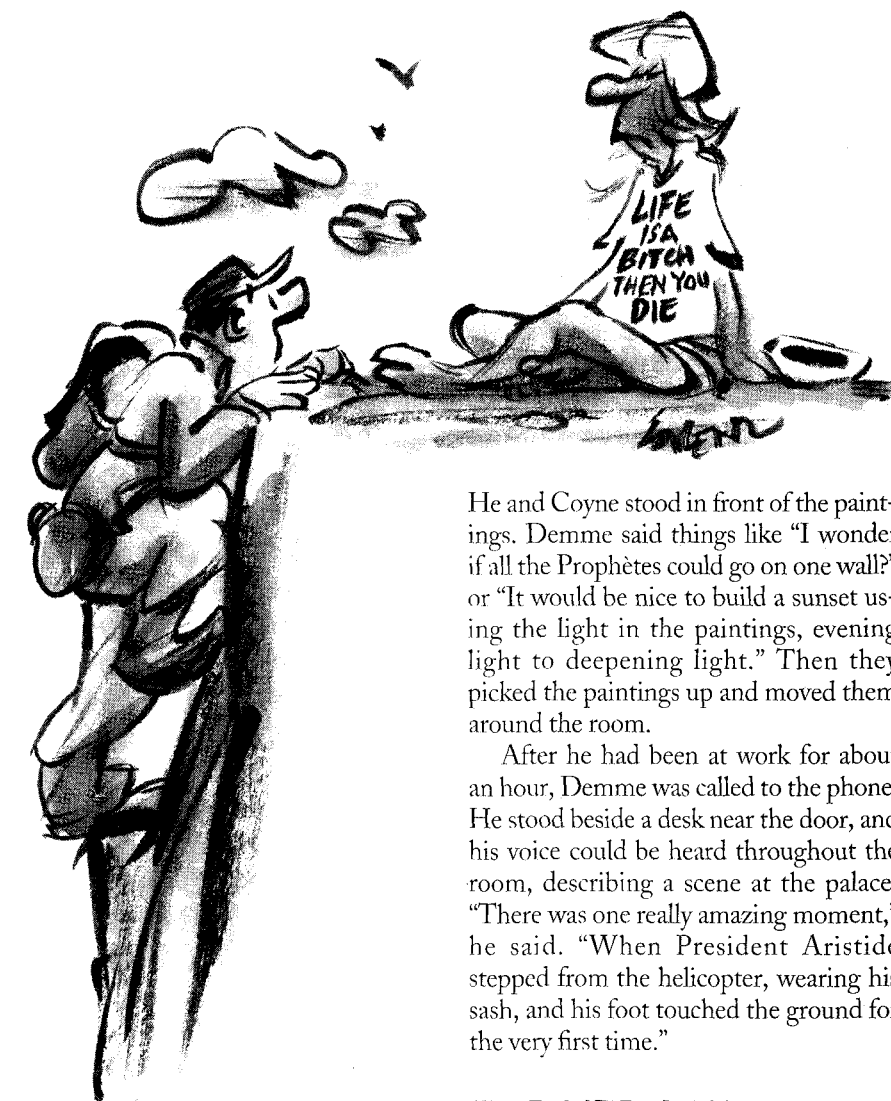
Nesson called a meeting of his students, and about eighty turned up to decide how to respond. "We satisfied ourselves that there would be no ethical problem with fulfilling this assignment, so we decided to let Judge Ito know that we'd do it," Nesson said. Ito was pleased. On October 13th, he wrote to Nesson and his colleague Peter L. Murray, saying, "Input from the academic world is welcomed as a helpful source of unbiased information by this trial court. I appreciate your students' cooperation in contributing to the public in this capacity."

Last week, Nesson and his students were working furiously to send off their research to Ito on Wednesday. "Some of the work may lean one way or the other in terms of whether he should let the cameras in," Nesson said. "But basically we're going to try to play it down the middle and give him the arguments on both sides, so that he can make up his mind." Nesson admits that even in the rarefied confines of Harvard Law the chance for first-year students to be involved in so celebrated a case has caused some talk. "Frankly," he said, "it has turned into a real phenomenon around here."

JONATHAN DEMME'S MOVING PICTURES

JONATHAN DEMME, the filmmaker, began buying paintings by Haitian artists about ten years ago. He now owns a collection of them, and has made a number available to Ramapo College, in Mahwah, New Jersey, for an exhibition. Last Monday, Demme and a young woman named Kirsten Coyne, who designed the show's catalogue, were at work in a windowless room on the second floor of the school's library, arranging the paintings for display.

Demme had spent about twelve hours of the previous weekend in Haiti as a member of a delegation concerned with human rights and was still exhilarated by what he had seen. "Three solid miles—from the airport to the Presidential palace—of people waving, blowing kisses, and yelling, 'Thank you, thank you! Thank the American people, thank President Clinton!' At the palace were tens of thousands, *hundreds* of thousands, of people—there was no way to be sure how many. Everybody in our delegation sort of hung around the porch, or the ve-



randa—what do you call it on a palace? a terrace, maybe—and all you had to do was walk to the edge of it for all these cheers to rise in a great wave."

The show, which is called "Haiti: Three Visions," features the work of Étienne Chavannes, Edger Jean-Baptiste, and Ernst Prophète. All three painters love strong colors and gatherings of people, and the richness of the narrative in their work reminds one of Chinese scrolls. There is a painting of people fishing in a river where a naked woman is receiving a cure by fire; of a cyclone battering a harbor town; of a ceremony in a clearing of the forest where huge serpents lower themselves from the trees; and a portrait of a man and his family in a barnyard with the title "A Disabled Man Who Loves to Work and Care for His Family."

Most of the paintings are the size of a cafeteria tray. Demme wore scuffed work boots and brown corduroys and a gray sweater, and held a container of coffee.

He and Coyne stood in front of the paintings. Demme said things like "I wonder if all the Prophètes could go on one wall?" or "It would be nice to build a sunset using the light in the paintings, evening light to deepening light." Then they picked the paintings up and moved them around the room.

After he had been at work for about an hour, Demme was called to the phone. He stood beside a desk near the door, and his voice could be heard throughout the room, describing a scene at the palace. "There was one really amazing moment," he said. "When President Aristide stepped from the helicopter, wearing his sash, and his foot touched the ground for the very first time."

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MOANA, A DIVA OF PORN

MOST of Italy has been in mourning over the last few weeks for Moana Pozzi, the country's most famous porn star, who died suddenly, of a liver tumor, in mid-September. Ms. Pozzi, a phenomenally self-possessed blonde, was thirty-three years old and for the last decade had been a sort of erotic national monument. The announcement of her death brought on an avalanche of testimonials in the press from Italian artists, intellectuals, actors, and politicians, as well as from thousands of fans who had devotedly packed theatres for her films and live hard-core shows. "ADDIO MOANA, PORNODIVA INTELLIGENTE" was a front-page headline in *La Stampa*. Inside, an entire page was dedicated to articles in which celebrities like the art critic and member of Parliament Vittorio Sgarbi, the actress and talk-show hostess Cathérine Spaak, the

film director Dino Risi, and the writer Luciano De Crescenzo eulogized her beauty, wit, and high level of culture (it is apparently true that her reading ranged from Edgar Allan Poe to Marguerite Yourcenar) and the peculiar luminosity she gave to a career about which there was nothing equivocal, nothing sad, and nothing that did not seem the product of her own free will. Not mentioned in the articles were the titles of her films, which, like the star herself, lack any false modesty: "Moana—Deep Hole," for instance.

Where but in Italy—where thousands of little sins of the flesh, duly confessed



and pardoned, are woven into the fabric of daily life—would a hard-core actress have gained this kind of following? Daughter of a staunchly Catholic middle-class Genoese family (her father is a nuclear engineer) and product of an excellent education courtesy of the Ursuline sisters, Ms. Pozzi started out in a category much admired in Europe, a young woman from a good background—or, as Italians put it, *perbene*. And at eighteen, with the forthrightness of a bourgeois girl dedicating herself to university studies, she set out to conquer the sex market. Tall and fair, in the Northern Italian manner, and with an amazing big body, whose rococo curves might in another context have been recorded by Titian or Veronese, she managed to exude a curious combination of carnality and respectability. Her dignified offstage deportment was such—she never used profanity or lost her temper with interviewers—that after her death a writer

in the newsweekly *L'Espresso* described her as "the best-mannered of all Italians."

A FEW other Italian porn actresses—her colleague Cicciolina, for instance—were nearly as well known, but none were as well loved. Ms. Pozzi was interviewed on talk shows and featured in the news and women's magazines, and she performed in commercials for cars, cookies, chicken, and furniture. She was comfortably accessible, a household Lilith; at night, you could almost always catch a glimpse of her breasts and bottom by flipping through the channels, or, if not, you could call her recorded chat line. Fellini—student of the grotesque mythology of everyday Italian life—was a fan. Women, too, liked her. Young as she was, there was something reassuringly matronly about her, as there has been about all Italian female sex symbols. At the same time, she was smart enough to keep her work dirty. She declared that she had a natural taste for sin. Occasionally, she issued manifestos of turpitude that rang with Lawrencian grandiosity. "Pornography is the representation of our most intimate dreams, our most secret desires," she told a journalist. "Sex is also black, contorted, corrosive, it isn't always something sunny and joyous. . . . Obscenity is sublime."

Ms. Pozzi's death inspired in the Italian press an orgy of purple prose thick with Catholic imagery. "SANTA MOANA VERGINE"—"St. Moana the Virgin"—was the title of a lead story in an issue of *L'Espresso* whose cover displayed a full-length photograph of the star wearing only red sequins and a halo. Inside, various journalists and *beaux esprits* earnestly discussed the de-facto canonization of the national bad girl. The intellectual columnist Roberto D'Agostino wrote, with deconstructionist prolixity, "The swift death of Moana has reversed the 'impure' dream of her into a 'chaste' need of her. Consequently, her image has been 're-virginized' in Catholic fashion, using the exact elements of the liturgy. And so we have the Pornosaint of the Extinguished Lights. And Holy Moana of the Sacred Taboo."

Rumors of a deathbed return to the faith, of the porno diva drawing her last

breath clutching a pink rosary, led even the Church to pipe up. The Archbishop of Naples, in the all-important Mass in honor of San Gennaro, patron saint of the city, spoke feelingly of "that poor daughter" who demonstrated "how often faith dwells in the hearts of human beings like a spark under ashes." In the right-wing newspaper *Il Giornale*, the ultraconservative Catholic columnist Renato Farina wrote of Moana as a "little girl" who in her life made the mistake of "leaving the gate open."

In life and in death, Moana Pozzi touched a nerve of obsession for Italians in much the same way that on a far vaster scale the O. J. Simpson case has for Americans. In Italy, however, the collective dreams and nightmares simmering below the surface have to do with an age-old index of predictable theological conflict: Catholicism versus paganism; harlot goddesses versus the Virgin Mother of God; punishment versus forgiveness; the corruptible splendor of the body versus the immortal soul; the perplexing double nature of womankind.

Ms. POZZI's death at the height of her sinful splendor was a stroke of fate so clearly in tune with the traditional imagery that it sent shivers of emotion through the whole country. Meanwhile, the instructions she left for her demise break through the incense and the semiotics with a starkness that seems for an instant to reveal the real woman: no funeral, no photographs, no epitaph; a cremation, and her ashes to be scattered to the sea. There is something rather grand about this pitiless disposal of the body that brought her fame. It seems, at least, to negate the rumor of the pink rosary, and suggests instead a steely individualism that measured the real worth of fantasies, whether religious, romantic, or erotic; it reveals the person who once said she believed in God "*senza superstizione*"—without superstition—and who, whatever the priests may say, was never a victim. The single monument she set up for herself has the mixture of kitsch and generosity that characterized her work: the continuation of her sex talk line, with the proceeds to be donated to cancer research. After that, with her usual good manners, she left the scene. ♦

This week's contributors: Jean Nathan, Lawrence Wright, Julia Szabo, Jeffrey Toobin, Alec Wilkinson, Andrea Lee.

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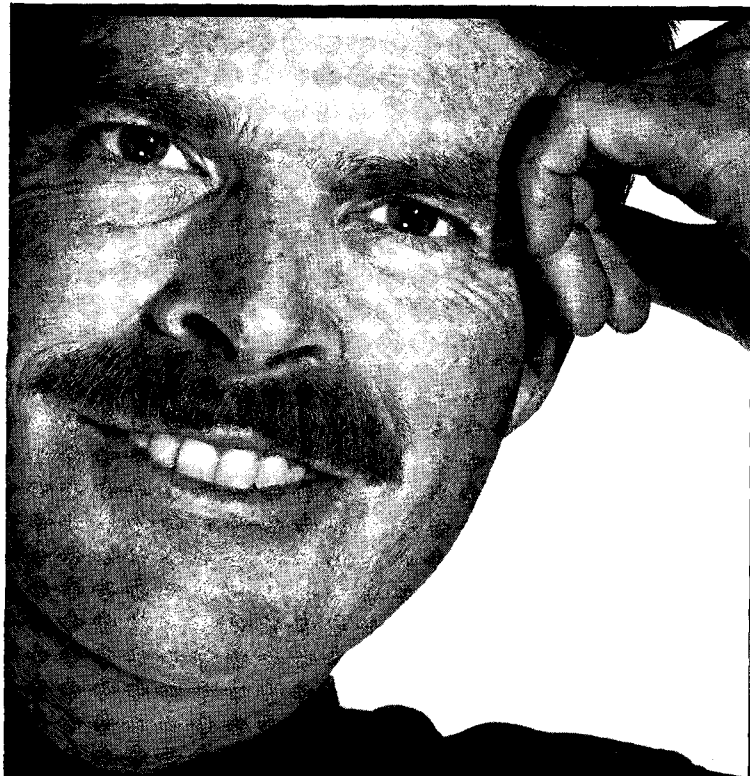
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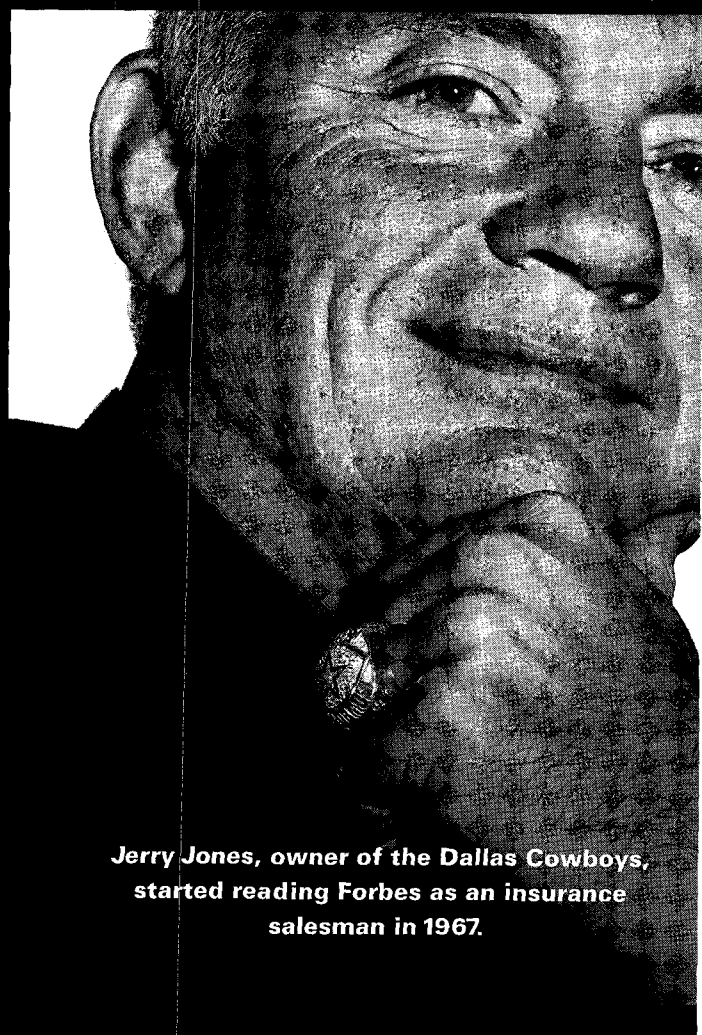
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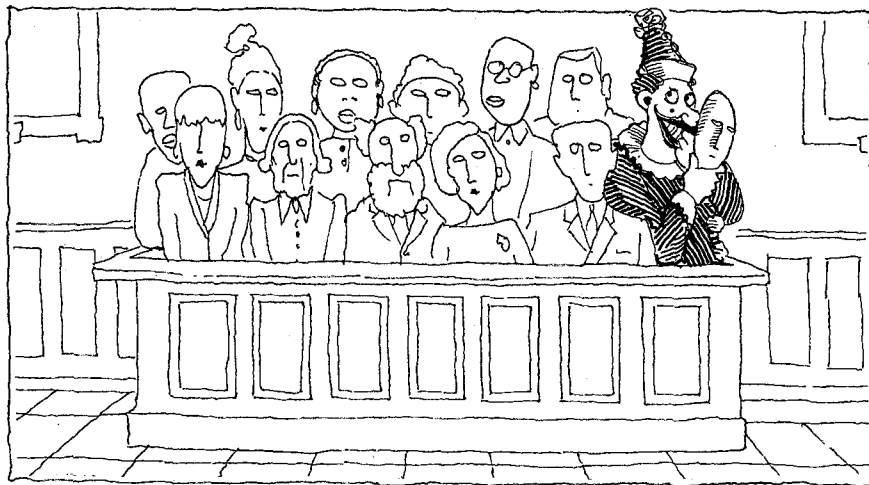
JURIES ON TRIAL

How do you get a perfect jury? Most lawyers rely on peremptory challenges, as will happen in the O. J. Simpson trial, but two new books show that they may have chosen the wrong tactic.

BY JEFFREY TOOBIN

EARLY in my career as a prosecutor, when I first began selecting juries, a senior colleague warned me about men with beards. "Guys with beards are independent and iconoclastic," my mentor said. "They resist authority. Get rid of them." Other folklore about jury selection soon came my way. As prosecutors, I was told, we preferred jurors who were old rather than young; married rather than single; employed

in Brooklyn, where I mostly worked, the voir dire—the pretrial questioning of potential jurors—was conducted by the judges. But, even in courts where the lawyers themselves are allowed to do the questioning, it's difficult to size up the candidates with any precision. So when the time came for me to exercise my limited number of peremptory challenges—that is, to eliminate the jurors I didn't want without giving a reason—I



rather than jobless. The idea was to find people who were stable and rooted, with a stake in the system. We sought jurors smart enough to understand the evidence but not so clever that they would overanalyze it; educated, but not to excess. Members of "helping professions"—teachers, social workers, psychologists, and the like—were to be avoided, for they were believed to have undue sympathy for underdogs. I never actually encountered the type that was described to me as the ideal prosecution juror: the little old Lutheran lady in pearls—quick to judge and slow to forgive.

As I came to realize, most of this advice belonged in the realm of the witch doctor. Anyone who tries cases regularly will acknowledge that it is virtually impossible to predict how an individual will vote in a given case. In federal court

did what most lawyers do: I mastered the stereotypes, and then went with my gut feelings and hoped for the best.

It all seems rather harmless now, my quest for a hanging (and clean-shaven) dozen, except, perhaps, when one considers the issue of race. I was trying cases not long after *Batson v. Kentucky*, the Supreme Court's 1986 decision barring prosecutors in cases with black defendants from eliminating black jurors solely because they are black. As a result of *Batson*, prosecutors in my office were required to save the notes we took during jury selection in case we were ever challenged for eliminating a black juror. The idea was that the notes would preserve the race-neutral reasons that we had for jettisoning the juror; the scribes might say "inattentive," or "inarticulate," or something equally inoffensive. But it didn't take a genius to recognize

ELIOT RANNEY

that a prosecutor could come up with any number of pretexts for camouflaging the selection of jurors on the basis of race. It's even possible to see in the silly little truisms passed on to me—old versus young, employed versus unemployed—that the veterans were really suggesting something more troubling: that they were instructing us in code to do what the Constitution forbids.

Two recent books, Jeffrey Abramson's "We, the Jury" (Basic; \$25) and Stephen J. Adler's "The Jury" (Times Books; \$25), set themselves up as antidotes to the rumors and prejudices that are what most people know about juries. Though their titles could easily be confused, the books are very different. Adler, the legal editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, provides a journalist's take on the contemporary jury. The heart of his book is the reconstruction of several trials, based on his interviews with jurors about their perceptions of the evidence and their deliberations. Abramson, a professor of politics at Brandeis (and also a former prosecutor), adopts a more ambitious approach, and the results are far meatier. He selects several major controversies about our jury system—for instance, whether juries should be ethnically diverse, and whether they should have the right to ignore judges' instructions—and traces their development from Colonial times to the present. Where Adler mostly contents himself with anecdotes, Abramson draws on a wealth of academic studies of juror behavior and presents a cogent account both of the theories underlying the jury system and of their bumpy translation into the reality of American courtrooms.

As is all but obligatory in books about contemporary public affairs, both Adler and Abramson portray a system in crisis. "A jury system that works as badly as this book shows it does simply shouldn't, and won't, survive," Adler writes. But is there really any crisis? Adler lambastes the jury verdicts in five of the six cases he studies in detail; yet in all but one of those I either agreed with the jurors outright or found their conclusions eminently defensible. And in the one case where the jury clearly got it wrong—a complex civil antitrust suit involving the cigarette industry—Adler acknowledges that the real fault lay with the judge, who let the trial wander aim-

lessly for months and then gave the jury incomprehensible instructions. But, to go by the evidence presented in both books, the jury system appears to be in that rarest kind of crisis: a solvable one. With a single step, it seems, the jury system could save time and money, reduce racial and gender bias, enhance its efficiency, and add to the public perception that it yields fair results: all it would take is the elimination of peremptory challenges.

WHEN Americans discuss jury selection, what they are really talking about, for the most part, is the exercise of peremptory challenges. In most jurisdictions, prospective jurors are assembled randomly from voter-registration or driver's-license lists. After voir dire, both sides are allowed to ask the judge to remove any number of jurors "for cause"; that is, because of an identifiable bias rendering them unfit to serve. In most cases, though, successful for-cause challenges are rare; few jurors are so obviously prejudiced that judges feel compelled to exclude them. The real grist of jury selection comes in the exercise of peremptories. Abramson explains, "Unlike challenges for cause, peremptory strikes require no justification, no spoken word of explanation, no reason at all beyond a hunch, an intuition." Most lawyers (like me) simply play their hunches, which are based either on shopworn stereotypes or on outright bias. For lawyers with rich clients, however, making the hunches more scientific has become a major industry.

"Scientific" jury selection, as practiced by "jury consultants," has unlikely roots. As Abramson and Adler recount, in the early seventies a group of anti-Vietnam War sociologists volunteered their services to protesters who were charged with destroying draft records. By conducting public-opinion surveys, those sociologists identified certain traits that correlated with sympathy for or hostility toward the defense, and the defense lawyers used their peremptory challenges accordingly. The practice soon spread to the private sector, and now deep-pocketed parties to civil and criminal litigation routinely use polls and focus groups to shape their efforts at picking juries. The perils of a system dominated by consultants are amply illustrated by the jury-selection procedures now under

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way in (what else?) the trial of O. J. Simpson.

In August, using advice from their respective jury consultants, the prosecution and the defense in the Simpson case submitted questions to Judge Lance A. Ito that they wanted prospective jurors to answer. The result is an eighty-page list of two hundred and ninety-four questions, to be answered in writing, many of them calling for essay-type responses. The questionnaire begins with reasonable-sounding inquiries about prospective jurors' employment and prior jury service, but it quickly descends into an absurd and insulting fishing expedition: "Have you ever asked a celebrity for an autograph?" "Have you ever known anyone who had problems leaving an abusive relationship?" "What do you think is the main cause of domestic

violence?" (Three lines are provided for an answer.) "Have you ever dated a person of a different race?" "How important would you say religion is in your life?" "Have you or anyone close to you undergone an amniocentesis?" "Have you ever written a letter to the editor of a newspaper or magazine?" "Are there any charities or organizations to which you make donations?" "If you are not currently a fan, have you in the past ever been a fan of the USC Trojans football team?" "Does playing sports build an individual's character?" After reading the questionnaire in its entirety, one longs to yell on behalf of the three hundred and four poor souls who had to fill it out, "None of your business!"

Judge Ito, who has otherwise distinguished himself in conducting the Simpson trial, obviously just threw up



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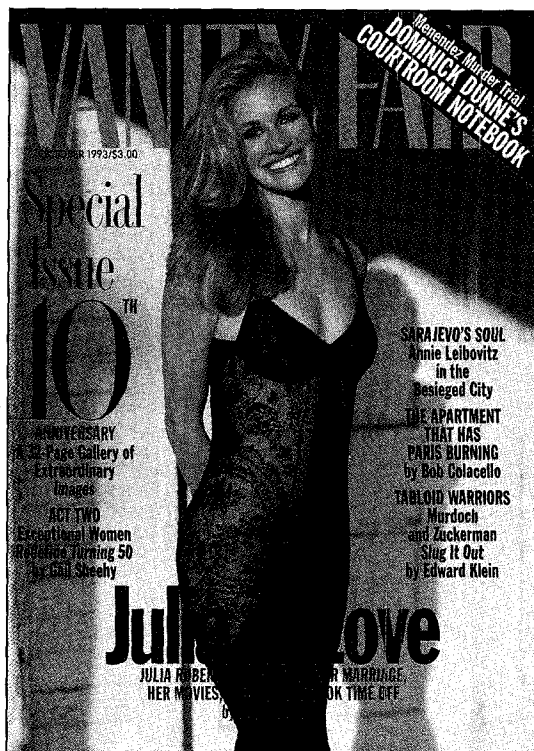
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his hands and let both sides ask more or less whatever they wanted. That these questions were posed at all demonstrates how degraded the practice of exercising peremptory challenges has become. Both sides in the Simpson case have no doubt raised these questions in their polls and focus groups, and they will use their challenges to strike those candidates who, according to their research, appear demographically undesirable. The questions have nothing to do with guaranteeing the defense—or the prosecution, for that matter—a fair trial. In a larger sense, the questionnaire also illustrates how peremptory challenges have come to pervert the integrity of the jury system. "For if scientific jury selection actually works, then facts and evidence play a subordinate role in trials," Abramson writes. "Crucial, if hidden, social forces are at work, predisposing different groups in the population to react to the same evidence differently." Quoting the social theorist Amitai Etzioni, Abramson says that jury trials can become "a game of 'sociological dice,' testing the skills of lawyers in loading the dice during jury selection."

The dangers of peremptory challenges are no less real in those trials—the vast majority—where neither side uses consultants. The ideal jury system "sees individual jurors as inevitably the bearers of the diverse perspectives and interests of their race, religion, gender, and ethnic background," Abramson writes. "Deliberations are considered impartial, therefore, when group differences are not eliminated but rather invited, embraced, and fairly represented. To eliminate potential jurors on the grounds that they will bring the biases of their group into the jury room is, we are told, to misunderstand the democratic task of the jury, which is nothing else than to represent accurately the diversity of views held in a heterogeneous society such as the United States." Yet trial lawyers do nothing but eliminate potential jurors on the basis of group biases. Abolishing peremptories would deprive lawyers of that opportunity.

Of course, in a jury system without peremptories (as in the jury system with them) the luck of the draw might lead to ethnically imbalanced juries; and, as is illustrated by the widespread outrage at the acquittals rendered in the Rodney King case by a nearly all-white jury in Simi Valley, that is a disturbing pros-

pect. Yet the cure that peremptories represent, with their inevitable racial and ethnic calculus, does seem worse than the disease. If lawyers were limited to for-cause challenges, jury selection would rarely take more than a couple of hours—and O. J. Simpson might have his verdict by now. No less important, a jury system without peremptory challenges would better reflect the ideal of impartial justice rendered from a true cross-section of the community: the guy with the beard sits next to the Lutheran lady with the pearls, and together they work out their differences.

PEREMPTORY challenges aside, the real surprise one gets from these two studies isn't that juries work so poorly but that they manage so well. Abramson devotes a fascinating chapter to a history of "jury nullification," in which jurors ignore a judge's legal instructions and simply dispense rough justice on their own. Jury nullification has an ambiguous history. In the trials of William Penn, in seventeenth-century England, and John Peter Zenger, in eighteenth-century America, jurors braved considerable personal risk to apparently reject their judges' instructions and uphold the defendants' exercise of their consciences. But in more recent times jurors, especially in the South, regularly defied the law and the evidence to acquit whites for violence against blacks. Abramson observes, "As long as we have juries, we will have nullification and verdicts according to conscience. Some of those verdicts will outrage us, others will inspire us. But always nullification will give us the full drama of democracy, as citizen-jurors assume on our behalf the task of deliberating about law in relation to justice."

The "drama of democracy" is ultimately what animates and preserves the jury system. The system's flaws are our flaws. Juries are little more than electorates writ small. If juries sometimes act willfully, emotionally, or unwisely, it is only because the population at large does so, too. Far more often, juries deal fairly and justly with the difficult assignments they are handed. And their verdicts, flawed though they sometimes are, still command enormous popular respect, as well they should. In a society that seeks its legitimacy in the consent of the governed, it seems right to let the verdict of the jury be the last word. ♦

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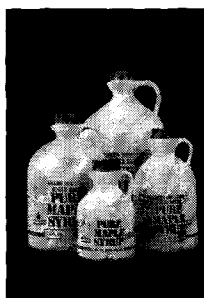
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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

KAFKA'S HEIR

No other filmmaker today takes as strange and ominous a view of the world as the Czech surrealist Jan Švankmajer, whose latest work is a version of "Faust."

BY ANTHONY LANE

TWO people, a man and a woman, sit facing each other across a table. They have blank eyes and hairless, unblemished, gray-brown flesh. Suddenly they reach across the table and kiss. The flesh melts. The heads start to *ripple*, one flowing into the other, followed by their bodies, until it becomes impossible to tell them apart.

Sawdust spills out of a stuffed rabbit. The rabbit looks down in surprise, produces a safety pin, and closes himself up.

A man lies down on a bed and goes to sleep. Within seconds, the bed has peeled, rotted, and collapsed. He wakes up to find himself buried in a soft pile of wood shavings.

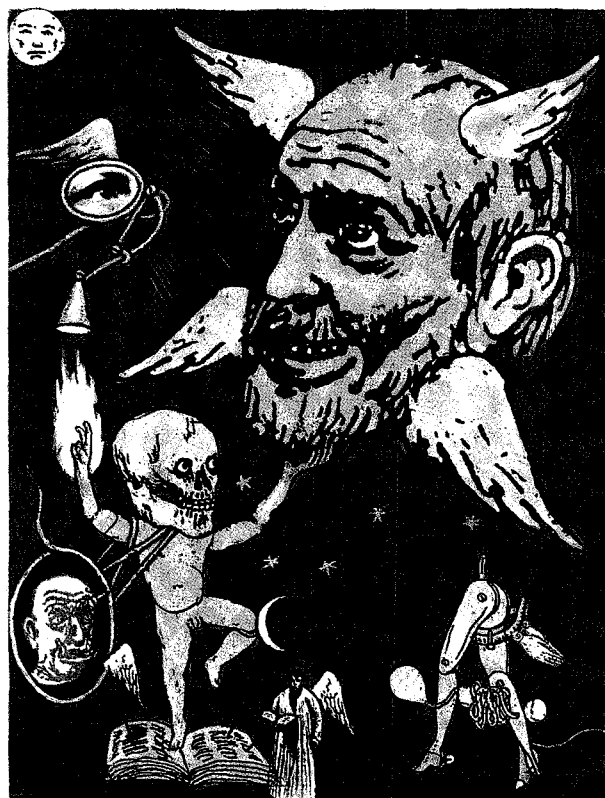
With infinite patience, a snail explores the eye socket of a skull.

Welcome to the world of Jan Švankmajer.

Over the centuries, Western etiquette has evolved into the most flexible of arts, but it has yet to come up with an attractive way to put the following question: "How about coming around to my place and watching a thirteen-minute Czech movie that contains no dialogue and a bunch of puppets?" I have tried it on friends, and they always manage to turn me down. Yet on the rare occasions when I physically take them hostage and make them watch, they get the point. "We see what you mean," they say, and stagger out into the dark, heading straight for a night of insomnia. And who would want to sleep after a dose of Švankmajer? His movies are so close to bad dreams—blood relations, you might say—that it takes very little to slip them under the door of our unconscious. Some people would balk at this invasion; others would like to risk it but have

never had the chance. For the moviegoing world is split into two unequal camps: those who have never heard of Jan Švankmajer, and those who happen upon his work and know that they have come face to face with genius.

Švankmajer was born in Prague in 1934, and turned sixty on September 4th this year. He trained at the School of Applied Arts from 1950 to 1954 and then at the Academy of Performing Arts. He has studied puppetry and graphic design, and worked at various theatres, including the Laterna Magika and the Black Light Theatre of Prague, both of which specialize in objects—puppets, peo-



Jan Švankmajer: the last great obsessive in cinema.

JONATHAN ROSEN

ple, props—moving weightlessly against a backdrop of utter darkness. (A better night out than it sounds.) In 1964, he made his first film, "The Last Trick," in which a pair of marionettes are locked in violent rivalry. His latest, a full-length movie entitled "Faust," features—among other things—marionettes locked in violent rivalry. (The movie, which is two parts Marlowe and Goethe to ten parts Švankmajer, opens at the Film Forum on October 26th.) Altogether, he has made nearly thirty films, ranging from "Flora," a twenty-second MTV promo, to "Alice," a celebrated fantasia on Lewis Carroll, which runs for eighty-four minutes and is the movie for which he is generally known in America.

Švankmajer's life has been, to all appearances, a quiet one, and you catch a precision and a patience in him which hardly suggest that he has gone in search of a wild time. Instead, he has concentrated his energies on a body of work that combines animation, collage, live action, human figures, wooden figures, trick photography, a Bach fantasia, funfair music, and some horrible squelching sounds. There is more than enough wildness—social, political, architectural—in Prague itself to satisfy the most outlandish taste, which may explain why Švankmajer has taken such deep root there and seldom strayed. If you really want to distinguish the full flavors of his achievement, you need to go to his home town. "Prague does possess a certain quality of magic," Švankmajer says. "I tried to discover the last fragments of it in 'Faust': those catacombs, those archways. . . ." Before you soak up the intangible weirdness of the place, however, there are more down-beat clues to be sought; the tendency to cannibalism in Švankmajer's work, for instance, so redolent of political rapacity, now strikes me as a purely practical measure. Given some of the dishes available in Prague, the idea of eating your neighbor seems like a tasty option. At lunch one day, I had something called a Farmer's Dream, from which I am still trying to awake; chewing on my fatty goose rump, I thought fondly of Švankmajer's 1992 film "Food," where diners tuck into a meal of limbs. (The director told me that as a boy he was considered undernourished and was packed off to a special school for forced feeding, where they gave out prizes for weight gain.)

Švankmajer has labelled himself "a militant surrealist"—Czech surrealism has always been graver than its French counterpart, less shrill and capricious—and Prague is the place that pushed him onto the attack: the city that nourished the Jewish legend of the golem, a clay man who comes alive; the city where tree roots of carved stone writhe over a tomb in the cathedral; the city where Rudolf II, sixteenth-century Holy Roman Emperor and collector of oddities, encouraged both religious tolerance and alchemical fantasy, a potent mixture that has yet to simmer down. Rudolf also furthered the career of Arcimboldo, the painter best known for his portraits of human faces constructed from fruits and vegetables—faces that reappear in Švankmajer. Arcimboldo's visual puns are little more than technical tricks, however, and they fade fast, leaving nothing but cleverness behind. Švankmajer's version is much wittier and more suggestive: the edible head that moves, chafes, and decomposes, and is soon transformed into something else entirely.

In Prague, of course, it is impossible to speak of transformation without having your elbow nudged by the spirit of Franz Kafka. The suspicion that your fellow-creatures are not to be trusted, and that your physical surroundings are not much better; the collision (and sometimes collusion) between the man-made and the softer substances of which man himself is made; the profoundly amused yet wholly unshockable realization that the same things seem to be happening, with minor variations, again and again—all these great, if unenviable, gifts were handed down from Kafka to Jan Švankmajer. Both men are far less despairing than their critics (let alone their admirers) would like them to be; when Kafka describes the infernal machine of "In the Penal Colony"—which etches into the skin of condemned men the exact law that they have violated—he knows that the only way to meet such horror is to keep a level gaze. And so it is with Švankmajer: he is not one to brandish his camera in extravagant swoops and glides, preferring to hold steady and watch hostilities break out.

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is under siege; Kafka's small house in Golden Lane, where he lived from December, 1916, to March, 1917, is barely visible above the visiting throng. Švankmajer stood firm against the forces of the old regime, but he hasn't been swept away by the new one. His city is uneasily balanced—prodded by the butt end of Communism and the sharp end of capitalist initiative. One was despised and is now burned out, the other is largely welcomed and gleams more brightly every week, but both cultures arrived from beyond; they are essentially alien to Czech soil. Young Americans show up every month in search of the laid-back life, having read one too many articles extolling the city's civilizing pleasures—Prague is to the nineties, they are told, what Paris was to the twenties. One doesn't like to point out that Paris contained a tiny number of great artists, indelibly serious and industrious, plus a vast throng of hopeless hangers-on. They were the ones who had a fine time, and who were responsible for the now wearisome myth of that age. The process will presumably repeat itself: Prague in the nineties, Americans will confide to their grandchildren, was a dead ringer for Guangzhou in 2044.

ŠVANKMAJER lives on a steep slope, halfway up a quiet street below Prague Castle. (More of Prague lives below the Castle than can possibly be good for the nerves. Only after coming here do you understand that Kafka's "The Castle" is less a parable than a guided tour.) The visitor is met at the door by the movie director—or, to be precise, by a melee of movie director and dogs. There are only two of them, but it feels like many more; they don't guard him, or guide him, or cozy up to him—they just hang out with him. As we talked, one of the pooches strolled in, nuzzled him, and then went out *backward*, sort of moonwalking. I half expected it to spin round and turn into a bowl of fruit.

You enter Švankmajer's house in a double dream. Nothing, you tell yourself, could be more homely than this, and yet nothing is more unsettling. He surrounds himself with books and objects, the flotsam of a life, as most people

do; but there the resemblance ends. Most people would not pass you a book with a hand cut out of sandpaper on the cover and wool running down the spine. Touching it, I felt like Alice, and wondered if I was supposed to open the cover, climb in, and go to sleep. Around us were heads that looked like plaster busts of the Elephant Man but were in fact fashioned from shells. There was a butterfly turned miniature carpetbeater up on the wall, and a strange red flying pig, which looked at me as if to say, "You got a problem, kid?" I had no problem; I was content to sit and drink the wine brought in by Švankmajer's wife, Eva—herself a painter and poet—and to listen to her husband in full flow. Trim and restless, neat white beard, one hand gripping his spectacles, the other frantic with gestures, as if conducting the complex score of his thoughts, Švankmajer radiates a peculiar blend of wryness and passion—a blend that survives, perhaps, only in the cultures of Middle Europe, and dies away as you move farther west, into countries that have, happily, been denied the chance to reflect at length on the meaning of unhappiness. The Hollywood that likes to breathe hopefulness and cool would barely recognize, let alone find room for, the learned and excitable pessimism that fuels Jan Švankmajer.

When I met him, his worries were focussed on "Faust": not on the movie itself but on all the gremlins that have attended it from birth. The film bristles with magic; when Faust wishes to summon Mephisto, for instance, he uses an old book of spells. The words that you hear contain original cabalistic incantations, whose effectiveness seems to be undimmed. To start with, there was the man who evicted the crew from the studio. Švankmajer's diary takes up the story: "He was walking down the road with his wife, when suddenly a strange man came up to him in broad daylight, shot him, and disappeared. The police haven't found anything yet." Then, there was the animator who slashed her wrists before the shoot even began; the carpenter, "our best technician," who went mad halfway through and was found the next day hanging in a barn; the cameraman who tripped "on completely flat ground," destroying five teeth and a





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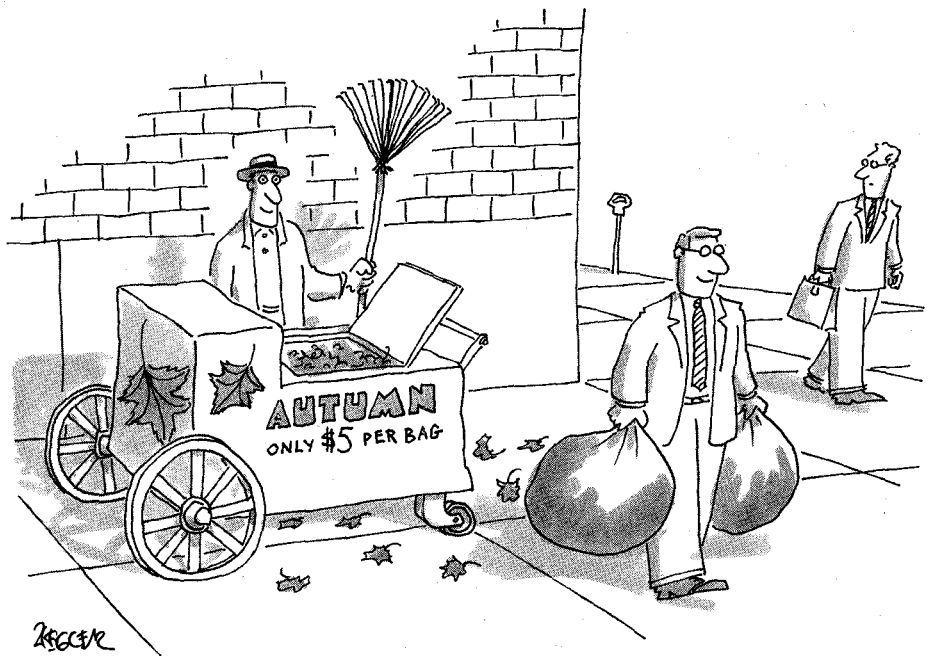
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camera; and poor old Jaromír Kallista, the producer. "Someone stole Kallista's car from outside his house in broad daylight. And ran over his dog. Let's be reasonable. We can't blame it all on Faust." Švankmajer may be superstitious, but he never relinquishes his gloomy good humor. It almost saw him through the crowning irony of the whole affair, the serious illness of Petr Čepek, a distinguished elder citizen of the Prague stage, and the film's leading man. "Čepek asked me why it was that Mephisto had planted himself in his stomach and left me alone. I replied, joking, that he was Faust, and not I—that I was only narrating it." Čepek died the week of the film's Prague release.

ALL of which is no reason to stay away from "Faust" when it comes to New York. It could easily freak you out, but its maker would probably feel hurt if it didn't. There are always moments in a Švankmajer movie when the wish to avert your gaze is only just overcome by the horrified need to see what happens next. The hero of "Faust," for instance, is confronted by a clay homunculus whose head grows old—from baby face to jaw-clicking skull—within a matter of seconds. Nothing about it is quite as nasty as the wet, sticky sound you hear whenever it blinks. This is not most people's idea of animation. However much you admire

the skill of the great Disney pictures, you can't miss their essential timidity—the way they engage (and flatter) half our faculties and leave the rest alone. The problem is not that they look cute, which is unavoidable, but that they are somehow *easy*: once the formula is in place, it can—like Aladdin's genie—conjure up almost anything you desire, with no hard reality to get in the way. Disney proves that, contrary to what you might expect, there is nothing duller than an unlicensed imagination, unless it's an imagination born of good taste. Švankmajer would probably agree. "Disney is one of the great liquidators of Western culture," he told me. "It destroys children's souls." There is something bracing in his willingness to come out with such grand pronouncements. "No art is unsuitable for children" is one of my favorites. Turn the Hays Code upside down but keep the tone of outrage, and you end up with Švankmajer.

Yet he himself is in the business of animation; how does he escape its kitschy conditions? The answer begins with technique. Disney is the home of cel animation—a sequence of two-dimensional images, drawn and colored by hand (or, increasingly, by computer). When run together, they deliver the impression of continuous action: the principle of the flip-book writ large. But Švankmajer deals almost exclusively in

stop motion, using three-dimensional objects, puppets, and even—unbelievably—real people. These are photographed by a camera that advances frame by frame; after each advance, they are given minute physical adjustments. This process cannot be computerized, or even mechanized; it is the most laborious craft in cinema, and the end result is like no other. Depending on the number of frames per second, the motion of the objects can be anything from jerky to suave, but there is always something willful and driven about them, a sense of being possessed. When, in Disney's "Beauty and the Beast," the candelabra and the cutlery start to sing and dance, the effect is charming and slightly fey; when, in Švankmajer's greatest film, "Dimensions of Dialogue," a head made of similar materials—forks, pot lids, scissors—clanks and rattles toward its opposite number, an organic monstrosity with cabbage cheeks and a lemon for a nose, you feel amazed and destabilized. Yet, as when reading Lewis Carroll—"Mentally, we're on the same side of the river," Švankmajer once said—you accept the craziness straight off. The situation is perfectly clear: a known world has awakened, surging out of control and already waging its own wars. Švankmajer doesn't appear to be making anything up, merely kicking a kitchen into life. Other filmmakers have tried this method, but without success. Even "The Nightmare Before Christmas," Tim Burton's valiant effort to bring stop motion into the mainstream, went only so far; it was lunatic enough, but not laconic. I remember coming out from an early showing of it last year, behind a couple of film buffs. "That was pretty good," said one of them. "Yeah, it was," said the other. He paused, then added, "But it wasn't as good as that Czech guy."

The best of Švankmajer reminds you, inescapably, of that Viennese guy. Watching a season of his films is like flipping through "The Interpretation of Dreams" but skipping the interpretations. Everything happens so fast that you have no time to let it settle in your brain. "Real time in the movement of a camera is very boring," Švankmajer says. "You move between two points, but between them is a dead area. What is important is where you want to get to." And what gets you there is a cut. Two

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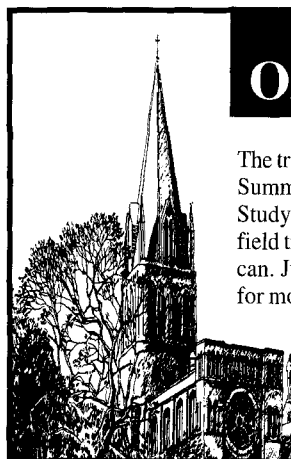
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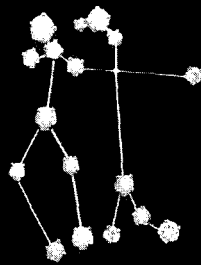
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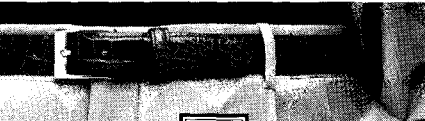
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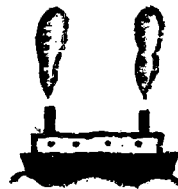
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of his finest films, "Jabberwocky" (1971) and "Punch and Judy" (1966), rise to a violent rhythm that is achieved almost entirely by editing. In both cases, we see walls lined with old newspapers and engravings (shades of Max Ernst), which come and go before us like flash memories of childhood, though whether scary or consoling it is hard to say. And what of those clay figures in "Dimensions of Dialogue," who kiss and melt? Are they twin souls, merging into oneness, or opposing forces, each bent on suppression of the other? Is this a *Liebestod* or an *Anschluss*? It's both: a great image that draws us to the heart of Švankmajer's imagination, and to a suspicion that his imagination feeds off public life more eagerly than we can ever know. He was asked once whether the movie was "a synthesis of your own moral outlook," and calmly replied, "I don't think you should underestimate the film in this respect." In the space of a few minutes, he delves further into carnal possibilities than his more fashionable compatriot Milan Kundera has done in a shelf of books. Kundera seeks refuge in the bedroom; its exertions are a relief after the intolerable pressures of life outside, in the Communist state. Švankmajer takes his camera closer, up against the tangle of limbs, and sees even there a desire to take control. Nowhere is safe.

To what extent, then, are the films of Jan Švankmajer political? The people best qualified to answer this are an extinct breed—the officials allotted the unhappy task of deciphering his work under Communist rule. It is hard to conceive of a more infuriating job: a movie such as "Dimensions of Dialogue" certainly feels offensive in all sorts of



ways, most of them having nothing to do with ideology, but if you tried to pin down where, precisely, the political danger lay, you would end up tearing your hair out—the ideal tribute to the movie, I guess, which is full of enraged domeheads. But somebody, in some graying office, plainly decided that enough was enough; that, even if the state didn't understand Jan Švankmajer, it didn't like what it saw; that anything so thoroughly incomprehensible, in fact, could only be an insult. And so from 1973 through 1980 Švankmajer "rested,"

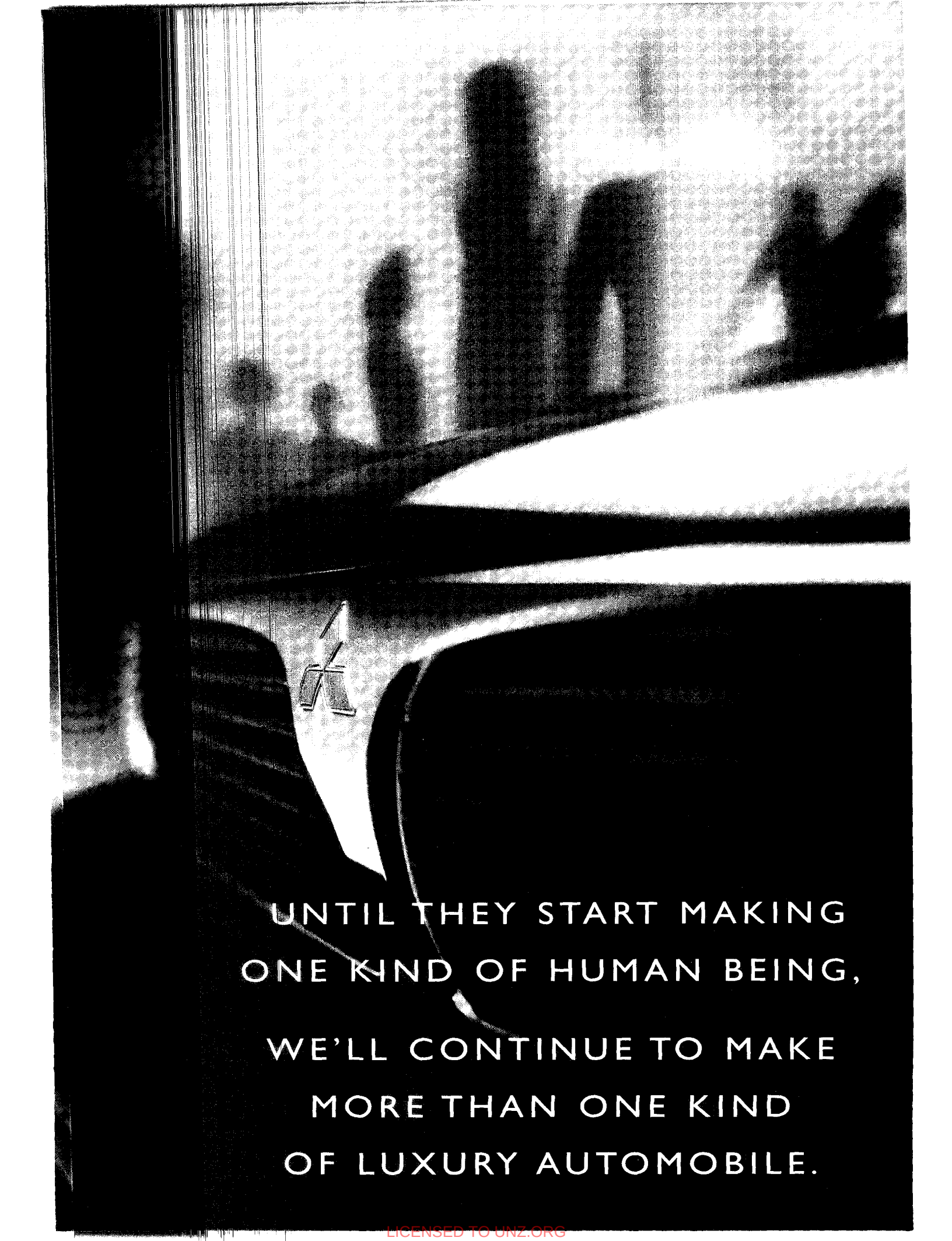
or, more specifically, *was* rested, the way South American dissidents were disappeared. He spent part of his time making tactile objects, and playing games with them. For instance: cover an object in black velvet with a hole cut in the side, then have someone put his hand in and describe what he feels. Sooner or later, the feeler "starts talking like a poet—interpretational delirium," Švankmajer says. "Watch the guy when he's touching the object; the world ceases to exist at that moment. His eyes are open, he can't see anything." Sounds like a censor watching a Švankmajer film.

Sometimes the Communists objected to particular images, like the footage of a hockey game that Švankmajer worked into his 1972 picture "Leonardo's Diary," shortly after Czechoslovakia's team defeated the Soviet Union, 4-3, in the World Championships. He was forced to change it to a soccer game; even then, the movie was condemned as "ideologically confused." There were other times, after the ban was lifted, when the ill will grew vague and insistent; he was simply denied the materials and the space for making a movie. "Alice" was shot on film stock brought in from Switzerland and processed on the quiet by a state-owned company that usually dealt in slide shows for trade fairs. It was listed as "an audio-visual demonstration of the demystification of time and space," which, come to think of it, is a pretty fair account of the movie. The real

trouble began at the sneak screening. Screenings need projectionists, and projectionists—in Communist Czechoslovakia, at least—may not like what they see. According to Švankmajer's British producer, Keith Griffiths, "when we came out of

the projection room, the film bosses were waiting for us, and immediately demanded that we go with them to discuss the making of this film, which they didn't even know was taking place." Lewis Carroll would have loved it. The situation was saved by one of the movie's backers, a Swiss, who threatened to withdraw funding. "The thought of the Czech economy losing Swiss francs was even worse than the thought of the movie going ahead," Griffiths says.

And so, by defiance or subterfuge, "Alice" and other films got made. This



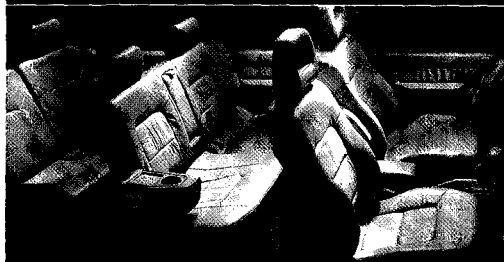
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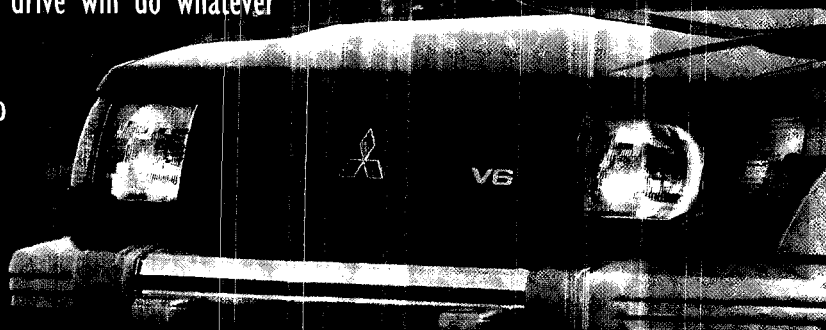
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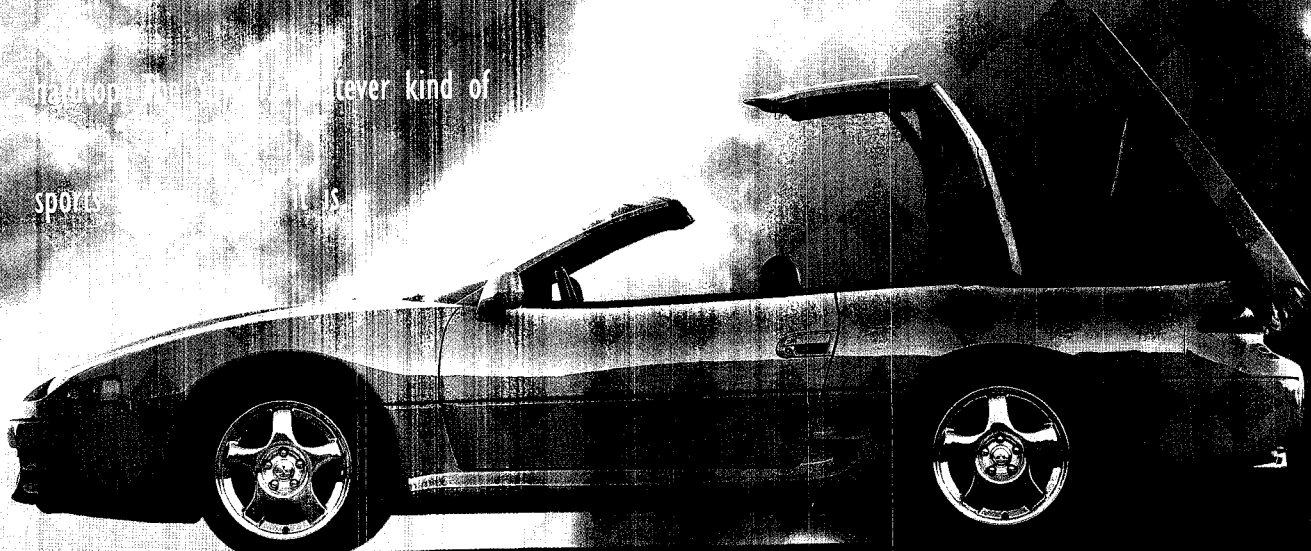
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was mildly heroic, but Švankmajer is shrewd enough to unpack such courage and inspect its contents. Hence the need for "Faust." Turn the movie so that it faces the past, and the Faustian dilemma runs as follows: Is it better to stay and work under repression, and risk the charge of complacency, or to flee the system (as Kundera did, when he left for Paris), and risk the charge of cowardice? Turn the movie toward the future, and the question becomes: Since the market is working, shall we sell ourselves? What have we to lose? And who is the real buyer? When Čepěk's Faust—a weary middle-aged man who wanders in off the street—succeeds in raising the Devil, he sees a head with horns and horrible tusks curving up from the lower jaw. There is a brief flurry, and the head changes shape. The two of them look at each other again; this time, they are identical. It is the look that matters, the look that says, "Of course it's you. Who else could it be?"

The President of the Czech Republic, Václav Havel, wrote in a letter from prison in 1981, "I am not interested in why man commits evil; I want to know why he does good (here and there) or at least feels that he ought to. . . . It seems to me that even when no one is watching, and even when he is certain no one will ever find out about his behavior, there is something in man that compels him to behave (to a degree, at least) as though someone were constantly observing him." Here is the source of the intense watchfulness that prevails in Švankmajer's movies, a sort of resigned terror that lies beyond politics. "I select my actors not for how they play but for what their eyes look like," he says. When he was casting "Alice," he tried out a lot of children before deciding on his perfect heroine. "She could have had a more interesting face, her front teeth were broken, she didn't have a nice mouth—the closeup is of another girl's mouth—but the *eyes*! She comes from a broken family, and so she has experienced things. The way the mother surrendered her to us, we could have done anything with her." It's a creepy way of putting it, and in fact the movie does quite a lot with her; but she sails through the strangeness like a miniature Hitchcock blonde. She could be a personal emissary from Švankmajer, sent into Wonderland not merely to report

back but to convey the true qualities of her creator: inquisitive, headstrong, unfazed. (Švankmajer takes the illogical very seriously, and expects you to do the same. As I was leaving, he gave me five issues of a surrealist magazine that he edits. One was a special number on eroticism. I had to abandon it; you just can't take that much penetration through Heathrow.)

Jan Švankmajer is the last great obsessive in cinema—the end of a distinguished line that goes back to Orson Welles, Luis Buñuel, and Carl Theodor Dreyer. There are plenty of fanatical craftsmen still at work today (indeed, major studios are unlikely to hire anyone else), but those who use their craft to nag away at recurring themes—who are infected, so to speak, by the pleasures of the medium—are dying out fast. Perhaps they are considered untrustworthy; obsession, after all, is trailed by oddity and excess, and it is the mark of the true obsessive that, where calmer professionals stumble and recover, he will take a wrong turning that can last for an entire film. Watch more than a handful of Hitchcocks, and you start to hear the guilt and apprehension knocking inside the director's head. He devised ever more complicated narrative geometries in which to lay the pictures out, and thus insured that they would never go away. The same is true of Švankmajer: his movies return us time and again to questions of enmity and curiosity, of closeness so intimate that it turns into violence, and of violence so rabid that it turns into farce. There is immense integrity in the determination to confront what lies just out of reach or what others would prefer to shun. Whatever happens, he never blinks.

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News of the collapse of Whittle Communications shocked many of the influential people Chris Whittle had won over to such groundbreaking enterprises as Channel One and the Edison Project. But the biggest surprise may be that it took so long for anyone to know that things had gone so wrong.

BY JAMES B. STEWART

ON Friday, August 12th, Christopher Whittle, the founder and chairman of Whittle Communications, was lunching in the Grill Room of the Four Seasons restaurant with two investors in the Edison Project, his innovative venture to privatize American education. Whittle still liked to frequent the Four Seasons, even though he'd recently been forced to vacate the luxurious offices upstairs, in the Seagram Building, that had once been his Manhattan headquarters. That Friday, while Whittle, dressed in bow tie and blue suit, was at a preferred table, and was enthusiastically discussing his vision of a school system that could deliver a quality, cost-effective education, and a profit, a waiter arrived at the table carrying a phone. Whittle was mildly embarrassed, though tableside phone calls at the Four Seasons are usually deemed a status symbol. A lawyer for Goldman, Sachs was on the line, asking if he could send a messenger with a letter of intent for Whittle to sign. The letter, which would effectively cede majority control of Whittle's major assets to a Goldman, Sachs investment partnership, was deemed so urgent that it had to be signed immediately, there at the lunch table. To his guests Whittle gave no hint of what this turn of events might mean for Whittle Communications and for Whittle's own spectacular career—one that had brought him here from the backwoods of eastern Tennessee.

From his student apartment in Knoxville in 1969, he and three friends had launched "Knoxville in a Nutshell," a guide for college students at the local campus of the University of Tennessee. Then he and his partner, Phillip Moffitt, came to New York to buy and transform a floundering *Esquire* into a bible for "the new American man" of the

eighties. Though Moffitt edited *Esquire*, Whittle was given most of the credit for its financial turnaround and its lucrative sale to the Hearst Corporation in 1986, and much of the credit for the thriving success of the pair's other businesses, all of which Whittle inherited when he and Moffitt parted company that same year. They became the launching pad for Whittle Communications, a vastly more ambitious media empire, consisting of magazines and interactive information systems for physicians; Channel One, the controversial network of advertising-supported news programs for public schools; and, most ambitious of all, the Edison Project, which unabashedly invokes the invention of the electric-light bulb as a metaphor for its reinvention of education. Whittle boasted in 1992 that Whittle Communications had more than two hundred million dollars in revenues, over half of that accounted for by Channel One alone. In 1988, he pledged to finance single-handedly the education of a hundred "Whittle scholars" a year at the University of Tennessee. All this was crowned by a tangible monument to his success: a lavish corporate headquarters in downtown Knoxville, completed in 1991 at a cost of more than fifty million dollars—a neoclassical compound dubbed Whittlesburg.

Whittle's most striking quality may be his charm. Contributing to it are youthful good looks, slightly unkempt hair, soft-spoken Southern speech, seeming candor, occasional self-deprecating remarks, a willingness to listen to others with what seems to be genuine interest, an enthusiasm for creative ideas, and an obvious intelligence. These qualities have helped him cement a reputation on Madison Avenue as a legendary salesman. They have also helped him surround himself with employees who have been

celebrated in their own right, the most prominent among them being the former Yale University president Benno C. Schmidt, Jr., who left Yale to head the Edison Project, and the former White House chief of staff Hamilton Jordan, who was vice-chairman of Whittle Communications before leaving this year. Wendy Kopp, the head of Teach for America, and one person who has eluded Whittle's efforts to hire her, says, "I was unbelievably inspired by him. I was literally blown away. I think he's a total visionary." And these qualities have caused him to be often mentioned as a possibility for high political office, most recently for governor of Tennessee.

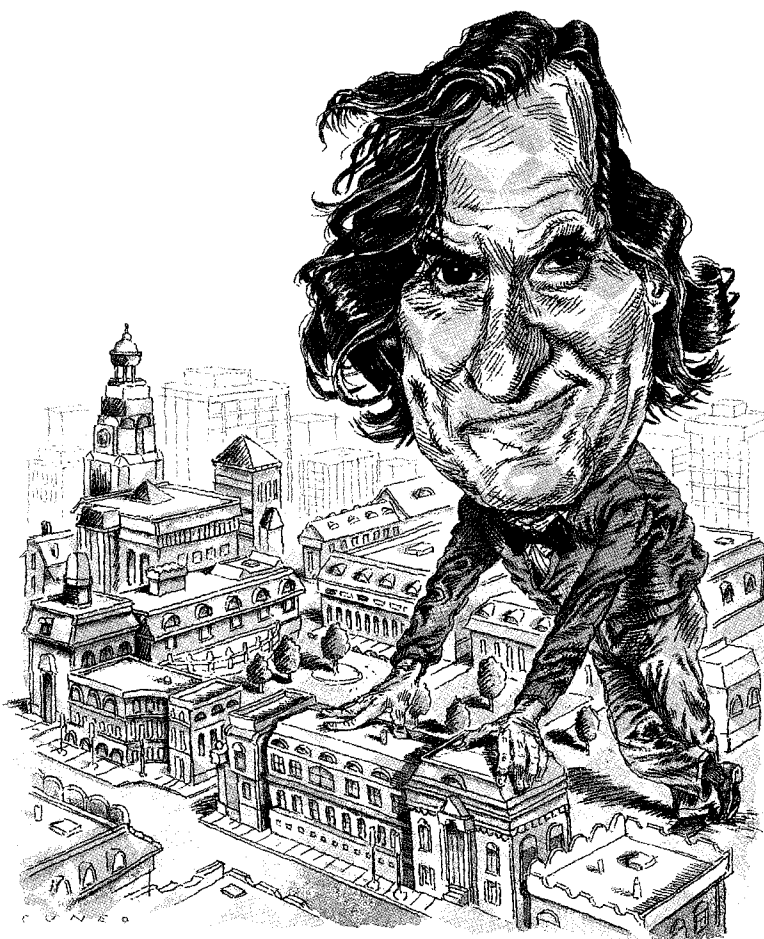
It is thus all the more astonishing that by the time of the phone call at the Four Seasons this summer Whittle was in desperate straits. His partners—Time Warner, Philips Electronics, and the Associated Newspapers group—had turned against him, in effect ordering the liquidation of Whittle Communications to stop a hemorrhaging of cash. In contrast to Whittle's own rosy comments to the press, he was losing millions of dollars a week. Time Warner and Philips were already facing the write-off of their total investments—a hundred and eighty-five million dollars and a hundred and seventy-five million, respectively (Philips' had vanished in just over two years)—and were continuing to dig into their pockets just to meet the company's payroll. That had cost them sixty million dollars more since the previous November. The losses had led Reginald K. Brack, Jr., the chairman of Time, Inc., to describe it as Time, Inc.'s Vietnam. The partnership was also in default on a hundred and four million dollars in loans from a group of banks, led by the Bank of New York, and the banks were demanding a plan for

prompt repayment. Members of an internal Whittle Communications task force that had been organized to determine the company's actual financial condition were shocked to discover questionable accounting practices that inflated revenues. Even worse information was lurking in Whittle Communications' books. Despite the potentially immense political consequences, especially for someone like Whittle, who was courting educators for both Channel One and the Edison Project, Whittle Communications had not paid state personal-property taxes in the many states that impose them. It hadn't even filed returns.

Still more startling was Whittle's own financial plight. Although he had reaped about thirty million dollars from the sale of *Esquire* and parts of his other early enterprises, and had hauled down forty million more when Time, Inc., made its investment, in 1988, he had since then amassed about thirty-five million dollars in personal loans, about twenty-eight million of them from Morgan Guaranty Trust. Last year, Whittle's salary of a million and a quarter dollars was cut in half, along with that of every top executive of Whittle Communications. He was in default on his loans, and Morgan was threatening imminent legal action. And when the time came last summer for Whittle to contribute his six hundred thousand dollars of annual support for Whittle scholarships, he didn't make the payment, and instead donated some real estate, which the University of Tennessee is liquidating to meet his pledge.

In desperation, the partners had turned to Goldman, Sachs, and, rightly sensing a company in dire distress, the bankers had driven a hard bargain. In return for raising about two hundred million dollars in a debt offering, a

Goldman fund would gain fifty-five per cent of the equity in Whittle. In the deal's most recent incarnation, Goldman, Sachs had all but cut Whittle out, deeming him more a liability than an asset in any future operations. Worse, a payment due Whittle on closing—money he needed to keep the Morgan bankers at bay—had been made contingent on future performance. None of Whittle's partners liked the deal, but, since they were eager to contain their own losses, all had signed.



*"You can't be both a visionary and a huckster," Whittle says.
"A huckster has an intent to mislead."*

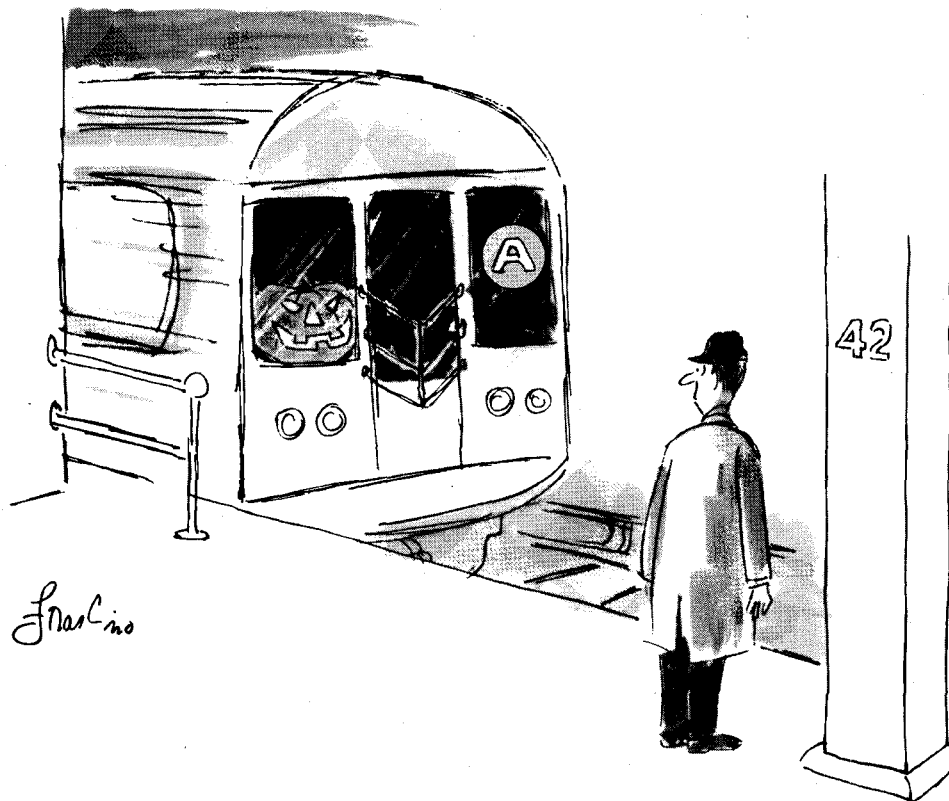
Now, with the letter of intent awaiting him, Whittle decided to gamble one more time. As the Edison investors looked on, he coolly told the caller not to send the document—he'd call him back. Then, hours later, Whittle refused to sign, effectively scuttling the Goldman, Sachs deal after months of negotiations. With his partners near despair, Whittle felt a characteristic surge of optimism. He'd once brought *Esquire* back from the brink, and he felt he worked best with his back to the wall. Could he

do a better deal? Could he at least save the Edison Project and, with it, his own reputation? Could he rejuvenate the myth that he had so assiduously created?

I HAD no idea how dire Whittle's plight was when I arrived at his offices in the Edison Project's headquarters, on Fifth Avenue, at the end of August. To this day, only a handful of people besides Whittle have had access to Whittle Communications' financial records, among them its auditors at Coopers & Lybrand; bankers at Dillon, Read and Goldman, Sachs and other Wall Street firms; and the members of the internal task force, which included representatives of Philips and Associated Newspapers. And not even all of them have seen the complete and disturbing picture contained in these records.

Whittle himself greeted me, dressed, as he almost always is, in a sweater and bow tie. He showed no sign of being engaged in the struggle of his career, and, at forty-seven, seemed to have aged remarkably little since I first bumped into him, years ago, at *Esquire*'s former offices. Except for a few oddly out-of-place pieces of upholstered furniture, which looked as if they might have been salvaged from the set of "The Age of Innocence," the offices seemed spartan. The office looked makeshift, with partitions dividing desks and few, if any, personal touches.

Like many people I've discussed Whittle with, I had liked him almost as soon as I met him, and while our paths had rarely crossed over the years, I'd watched his rise with considerable interest. Whittle had never seemed just another eighties-style mogul. He is part of the forty-something generation that was targeted by *Esquire* under his and Moffitt's direction, and both his ap-



proach and his success had seemed very much a generational achievement. He had avowedly set out not just to make money but to shape the minds of new generations through information and education. He was brash, and willing to challenge conventional wisdom and authority—another generational characteristic. Even his lavish creature comforts, which *were* characteristic of the eighties, reflected a level of taste that stamped him more as a connoisseur, a modern-day Medici, than as a vulgar consumer.

Recently, however, I'd heard from friends in Tennessee that something seemed to be going seriously wrong inside the Whittlesburg compound. And the week before my visit to his Edison Project offices Whittle had announced a three-hundred-million-dollar sale of Channel One to K-III Communications, an investment partnership, backed by Henry Kravis, that owns, among other media properties, the magazines *New York*, *Seventeen*, and *New Woman*. The press had generally lauded the sale as another Whittle coup, but following the shutdown of two other Whittle operations, Special Report and Medical News Network, it looked more like a liquidation. *Business Week* wondered

whether the K-III deal was Whittle's "last hurrah."

At a time when "vision" is seemingly in such scant supply, I wondered how someone like Whittle, who has often been hailed, even by detractors, as a visionary, could have arrived at such a juncture. Whittle, too, seemed to have been reflecting on that question. At our first meeting, Whittle had placed on the table a piece of paper on which he had written a series of paired words followed by question marks: "visionary/huckster?" and "success/failure?" and "finished/unfinished?" and "missionary/capitalist?" He seemed to be pondering which of these terms described him, and I asked him whether all of them might. He paused, appearing not to have considered that possibility. "I guess you can be a missionary and a capitalist," he said. "But you can't be all of them. I know that some people think I'm a huckster. I've been called a good salesman. But that's a limited view. These people don't understand me." Then, in a firm voice, he said, "You can't be both a visionary and a huckster. A huckster has an intent to mislead."

ONE night in 1983, Chris Whittle and Phillip Moffitt took over Lincoln Center's Avery Fisher Hall for

a lavish black-tie affair to celebrate *Esquire's* fiftieth anniversary. It was a remarkable achievement that the recently moribund *Esquire* had survived, let alone that it had anything to celebrate. When Whittle and Moffitt had arrived in Manhattan four years earlier to announce their purchase of the magazine, their Southern accents, blow-dried hairdos, and vaguely New Age talk about "the new American man" made them easy targets for ridicule. *Esquire* employees dubbed Knoxville "Nutsville," and Whittle and Moffitt "the Muppets." The magazine's financial plight was so bad—it was losing more than half a million dollars each month—that even the congenitally optimistic Whittle was plunged into despair, some days barely able to get out of bed. But he and Moffitt rallied. As Whittle recalls, "This was a

battle we could not afford to lose."

By the time of the Lincoln Center gala, the magazine had moved into the black, albeit barely, kept on a financial respirator by income from the sale of pieces of 13-30, the company Whittle and Moffitt had founded while still students at the University of Tennessee, and by Whittle's sales acumen.

Whittle made *Esquire's* editorial vision come to life for advertisers: he had an uncanny ability to anticipate their needs, to target his message, and to leave them longing to say yes to his proposals. Many people have remarked over the years on his ability to adapt himself to a wide array of personalities, making each person he targets feel that he or she has much in common with him. Whittle eschewed traditional selling techniques, which still relied on golf outings and socializing with clients and ad-agency executives.

"If I had a forty-five-minute sales meeting, I'd spend thirty or forty hours preparing," Whittle says. "Most of this time, I'd be thinking. I'd try to structure a transaction that worked for buyer and seller, and maybe I'd come up with twenty iterations. Once I settled on an approach, I'd figure out how to present it. That's an art. There are crescendos,

drumrolls, and cymbal crashes. A well-crafted presentation is almost musical. You have to startle the audience. There's a little bit of Broadway."

The success of *Esquire* cemented Whittle's reputation as a near-legendary salesman and turnaround artist, and everything about the anniversary celebration was calculated to reinforce that image. *Esquire* published a six-hundred-and-sixteen-page, advertising-filled special issue, "50 Who Made a Difference." The Lincoln Center audience was packed with some of the fifty and also other luminaries, many of them former skeptics. Standing at opposite ends of the stage, Whittle and Moffitt lauded their achievement before large-screen projections of some of *Esquire's* memorable covers.

But the physical separation onstage was more than symbolic. The once close friends who had often finished each other's sentences were hardly speaking to each other and soon stopped altogether, and the breach never healed. They avoided each other at the *Esquire* offices in New York and at the headquarters in Knoxville, and eventually they could barely stand to attend monthly executive-committee meetings together, communicating, when they had to, through memos or intermediaries. It was the dissolution of a remarkably close business and personal relationship, one rooted in their Tennessee origins.

Chris Whittle grew up in Etowah, Tennessee, the son of a prominent local doctor and his wife. He once described himself to an interviewer as "shy and too skinny, especially in high school," and went on to say, "I hardly dated until I got to college, and then not until my last two years." Though he started out at the university as a pre-med student (following in his father's footsteps), he was also developing an interest in architecture. These interests quickly gave way to political ambitions, however, especially after he met Phillip Moffitt, who was a year

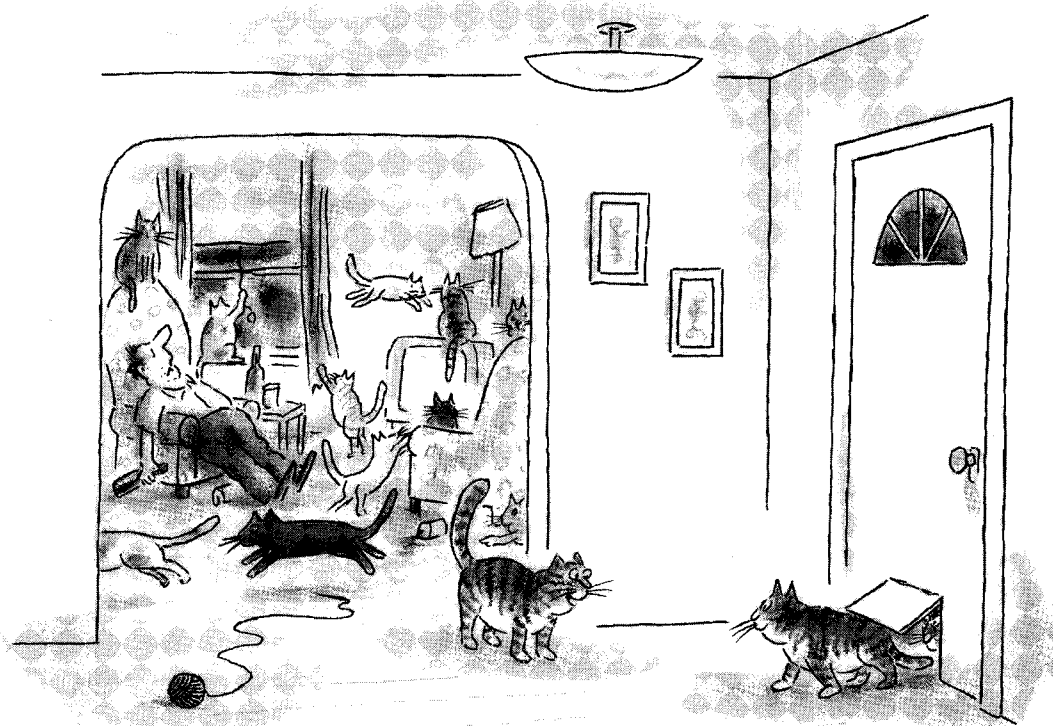
ahead of him at the university. Moffitt was the student-body president his senior year and nurtured Whittle's interest in politics. Under Moffitt's tutelage, Whittle was elected president the following year, and the pair developed the kind of intense bond that can flourish in a college setting. Though Whittle seemed more poised and sophisticated than Moffitt, who was mop-haired and sometimes awkward, Moffitt had a stronger sense of purpose. And they had much in common: a vigorous drive to succeed, a willingness to work prodigiously hard, a longing for material comforts. They were best friends.

"It was a mentor-and-protégé relationship," Whittle recalls. "I was the freshman, he was the sophomore. He was in touch with different levels, he was psychodynamic. I'd never met anyone like him. He could be extremely magnetic. I'd always been curious about why we do what we do. We had these long philosophical conversations all through college."

Based on the success of "Knoxville in a Nutshell," Whittle and Moffitt launched 13-30, named for the target age group of their publications, to expand the concept to other college campuses and,

eventually, other settings. They rented space in a pillow factory in Knoxville, stocked it with low-cost student labor, and divvied up management responsibilities. In the "Nutshell" series and other 13-30 publications, Whittle sees the underpinnings of most of his later publishing ventures. At a time when others still dreamed of mass markets and national audiences, these publications were aimed at specific readers and places, easily defined and efficient for advertisers, and distributed free. Editorial quality was secondary.

As 13-30 began to take off, Whittle and Moffitt laid the foundation for their future legend as self-made men by moving into neighboring two-room log cabins. Though rustic and charming, these were not rude structures. Whittle's amateur interest in architecture now manifested itself in a taste for antiques and Oriental carpets, and his cabin looked like something out of a Ralph Lauren ad. In December of 1976, Whittle and Moffitt sold an interest in 13-30 to Sweden's Bonnier Group, and the sale netted each of them several hundred thousand dollars. The pair flew all hundred and fifty of 13-30's employees to Sweden to celebrate the deal. Some of



"Welcome to the Kit-Kat Club."

them had never before been on an airplane. Whittle and Moffitt bought matching Porsches.

But almost as soon as they arrived in New York, the two men began to move apart in ways large and small. Indeed, after the first year Whittle's presence was barely felt at *Esquire*, for Moffitt was acting as both its editor and its chief executive, even though Whittle retained the titles of publisher and chairman. Moffitt's editorial product defied the skeptics, becoming the guidebook of the yuppie, baby-boom generation by means of articles that celebrated getting ahead. Because Moffitt had retained veto power over all decisions and was continuing to act as chief executive/father/mentor, Whittle began to chafe.

Whittle sees the breach as the inevitable evolution of a protégé into an equal, or even someone who surpasses the mentor. "This process took five years," Whittle says of their deteriorating relationship. "There was no single event, no revelation. Phillip is smart, creative, controlling. We wanted our own space. We had an unsteady peace as equal partners; really, he was more equal. I didn't want to continue." Nor did Moffitt. They were no longer communicating; each had lost touch with what was important to the other. Occasionally, Moffitt would try to give Whittle advice, and Whittle—who almost never loses his temper—would yell at him or storm out of the office. Finally, they lapsed into silence. For all their talk of being "new" men, in touch with their feelings, they proved no more adept at sharing them, nor were they more mature, than most people their age.

In any event, Moffitt was preoccupied with matters other than his relationship with Whittle. In early 1982, some *Esquire* readers and their guru had visited Moffitt at his *Esquire* office. (Moffitt has been studying and practicing yoga for twenty years.) Praising the magazine, and especially Moffitt's Editor's Letter, the group told him that he was their "voice." Moffitt replied, "No, I'm not." Pointing to a cigarette ad in one issue, he said, "I'm selling cancer sticks."

The visit prompted a crisis of confidence in Moffitt—a crisis that also helped make the split with Whittle inevitable. Moffitt recalls, "I realized I had a credibility problem with myself. It

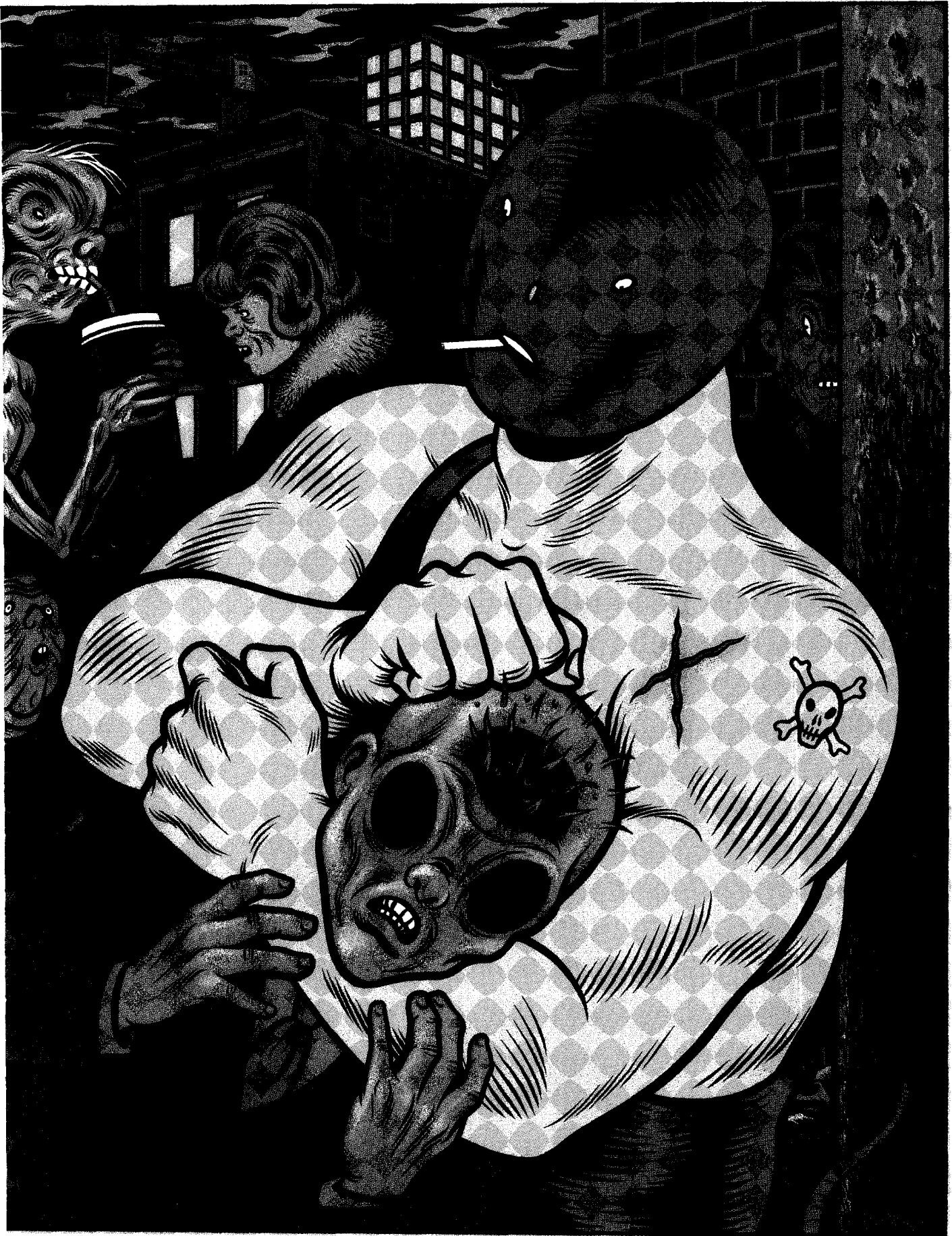
freaked me out. Was all this just talk? Where was I? What was most important?" Among other things, Moffitt plunged into the study of Jungian psychology and embarked on an increasingly absorbing inward journey—one that Whittle paid little attention to, and certainly wasn't a participant in. Nearly everyone who worked at *Esquire* during this period has a favorite Moffitt story. There was the time he interviewed Adam Moss (now an editor at the *Times Magazine*) and said, "I'm just going to sit here and watch your brain work." And the time he demonstrated his ability to pour water in one nostril and have it emerge from the other, a yoga ritual of purification which he said was good for congestion.

As Moffitt turned inward, Whittle seemed to be moving in the other direction. Some people close to the two men trace their growing estrangement to the time in Whittle's life when he befriended Peter Marino. Like Whittle, Marino, who grew up in Queens, is largely self-made. A decorator-architect to the exceptionally wealthy, he has been a particular favorite of the nouveau-riche Wall Street types of the eighties, designing lavish apartments and houses. If any one adjective characterizes his work, it is "opulent." Nothing about a Marino interior seems quite genuine. It is hard to picture anything as messy as real life taking place on such exquisite stage sets.

Whittle and Marino, acquaintances say, struck up an almost instant rapport. Whittle concedes that he was an easy convert, given his longtime interest in architecture. In 1981, he moved from a two-room Park Avenue apartment into the Dakota, and eventually occupied ten rooms there. The apartment was totally done over in Victorian style, with such attention to detail that Whittle's sock drawers were lined with hand-tooled leather.

This quality—a certain distance between image and reality—seems to have surfaced even in the most intimate aspect of Whittle's life: his quest for love and marriage. In December, 1980, *Esquire* ran a cover story by Lee Eisenberg, "Looking for a Wife." Though the case study used in the story didn't include real names, the "thirty-four-year-old investment banker," who was "attractive, intelligent, modest, soft-spoken," and had "just returned from a solitary trip to





SCARY, SCARY NIGHT: *Ghouls and ghosts and long-legged beasts and things that go bump in the night.*

Colorado," where he had pondered the process of searching for a wife, was Whittle. The following dialogue ensued:

"When I went away to think, [the "investment banker" begins] I found myself approaching the issue as logically as I would anything else in my life. I made endless notes. And why not? I think best when I can write things down and refer back to them. So I wrote down what was going through my head, adding the positives and the negatives, trying to come to a reconciliation."

"Did you write down a list of qualities you are looking for in a wife?"

"I certainly did. . . ."

"Then tell us what you are looking for."

"There's no way around the fact that she will have to be attractive. She just will. I'll admit that what's attractive to me is to some extent defined by what's attractive to my peers. It's important to me to be with a woman that others find appealing, to be utterly frank. Yet there are other aspects to attractiveness that are more personal to me. She has to have *life*, energy, enthusiasm."

A colleague recalls later advising Whittle to marry a wealthy European woman, preferably Italian, because such women were independent and were accustomed to absent husbands. In any event, Whittle found someone who met all these criteria. Through Peter Marino and his ties to the Agnellis, Whittle met

Priscilla Rattazzi, an accomplished Italian photographer, and in 1990 they were married. She is undeniably attractive, gracious, warm, and intelligent. Her mother is an Agnelli, and Gianni Agnelli, the family patriarch and Fiat magnate, is her uncle.

WHEN the final break between Whittle and Moffitt came, in 1986, it was bitter. "It was not an easy parting," Whittle says. "It was hard fought. It was adversarial. The division of assets became very contentious." For Whittle, however, the split meant the freedom he'd been longing for. Though he had partners—primarily Associated Newspapers—they were distant ones. No longer could Moffitt act as a check, vetoing his aspirations. Now Whittle could prove that it was he who would, in *Esquire's* terms, make a difference. In anticipation, he rechristened the company Whittle Communications.

"I said, 'Let's take this talent and capacity to a new level,'" Whittle says of a decision he made to chart the company in a radical new direction. "Let's raise the level, not just in a business sense but to develop a mission." He be-

lieved there was ample room for a mission—and profits—in the two principal areas where the company was already doing business: education and health. He also concluded that print, as exemplified by magazines like *Esquire*, was becoming a thing of the past. Successful media would have to embrace the electronic era.

Special Report, which was the first of these big ventures, was the closest of them to Whittle's existing projects. Launched in 1988, it consisted of a series of monthly publications for doctors' waiting rooms. Whittle aggressively marketed the publications—each of which minimized "clutter," addressing a single topic and a single kind of advertiser in each issue—by bypassing traditional advertising agencies and going directly to high-ranking executives, at the large pharmaceutical companies, for example, and by using Special Report as a vehicle to attack traditional media. And Whittle planned to convert Special Report into an electronic format, providing programming that would be shown on television sets in doctors' waiting rooms.

In 1988, amid the excitement of reinventing the company and launching new ventures, Whittle approached

Time, Inc., and made what would prove to be the shrewdest sales pitch of his career. Time, which had not yet merged with Warner Communications to become Time Warner, was the embodiment of the stodgy, hidebound approach to publishing that Whittle was attacking. Now Whittle offered his arch-rival the opportunity to convert the Whittle-led revolution to Time's own purposes by buying half of Whittle Communications, with a contract to acquire the rest in 1993. At a meeting in Time's boardroom, Whittle also gave his target a peek at his next big idea, what would become the company's first major venture into the electronic age. On a poster board



BOOTH

"I'm going to get my old dog, get an old pickup, a double-barrelled shotgun, get my old pink cotton print dress, and get back on Route 66!"

was a display devoted to Channel One, a television network for the public schools.

Channel One had been conceived the previous year, at a routine focus group to discuss one of the Whittle publications distributed in schools. A group of teachers had been assembled at a Holiday Inn in Knoxville, and after talking about the magazine one of the teachers volunteered that she'd really like to see a "Today" show for teen-agers that would be shown in the schools. Whittle then envisioned installing televisions in the nation's schools, and at the Time meeting he proposed that, in return for the technology and an hour each week of news programming, provided by Whittle, the schools would carry advertising targeted at the school-age population. From Time, Whittle was able to extract a hundred and eighty-five million dollars for a fifty-per-cent interest in Whittle Communications.

Time must have had extraordinary confidence in Whittle when it made the investment. Whittle Communications clearly needed major capital to expand—Channel One alone would be capital-intensive, given the need for hundreds of thousands of television sets, television studios, and broadcasting equipment, and so would Special Report once it moved to an electronic format, yet *none* of Time's investment was allocated to working capital. All of it was distributed to the partners; Whittle himself was paid forty million dollars of it. Nor did Time extract any management concessions; Time, Associated Newspapers, and Whittle were all general partners and retained veto power over any significant decision. In practice, Time exercised virtually no management control, despite the enormous size of its investment in the new venture.

With such capital, Whittle was free to indulge his Medici impulses. He bought a sixteen-acre estate in the Hamptons, with ocean views and

At the pool he writes
letters in the shade.
There is little news to report.
Overhead Judas trees
shed red petals.
The air is scented
with body lotion.
Bathers with blue lips
shiver in the springwater.
Three guards with silver
crosses at their throats
are playing cards
in a shaft of light.
The prognosis is not good.
But what a sight he is!—
digging into a basket
of raspberries.
The briny bottled water
soothes his eroded mouth
as he speaks of his boyhood,
which was not so long ago,
in the cornfields of Illinois.
After strolling through
the ancient quarter,
he is out of breath,
so we sit beneath a plane tree
which is like a big stone church
in whose dark murals

CARNATIONS

I see that I will lose him.
If only I could say Go back! Go back!
As in Delacroix's
little masterpiece
where a Natchez child
is born in haste
on a bend of the Mississippi.
The young parents—
he in feathered headdress
and she but a necklace
of orange and green beads—
had been fleeing an army
when the labor pains began.
If only I could run a black comb
through the fatigued mother's
black hair and warn them,
You must go back!
But the little shallop,
awaiting their flight upriver,
stays parked in sand.
The sky, as if flesh,
grows black and blue.
Art, like life, is pitiless.
It is All Saints' Day.
Flower venders are selling
carnations to adorn the dead.
Far off, an ambulance
wails on the horizon.

—HENRI COLE

shingled-style buildings, which were renovated by Marino. He bought seventy prime acres on the Tennessee River in Knoxville in anticipation of building a country estate that would provide a base should he decide to run for office there. He accelerated his art collecting, accumulating nineteenth-century works and placing them on exhibit in a Knoxville museum. He bought a twelve-million-dollar East Side Manhattan town house, which Marino was also slated to refurbish.

Of greater significance than what Whittle did with his own money, however, was what he did with the company's—most remarkably, in the new headquarters building he proposed for downtown Knoxville. Whittle had often likened his businesses to an Indian encampment: by the time his rivals arrived, all that could be found was smoldering campfires. But now he wanted to pitch a tent that would cover two full city blocks—this at a time when a sky-

scraper was standing empty in Knoxville, a relic of the savings-and-loan crisis. Though Whittle Communications had seven hundred employees at the time, Whittlesburg was designed for a workforce of a thousand.

The complex opened its doors in the fall of 1991, celebrating by inviting all of Knoxville to an open house. By the standards of Knoxville, both the building and the way of life within it were palatial. The four-story building imposed a rigid new hierarchy on a company formerly known for its informal, egalitarian atmosphere. Executive offices were on the fourth floor, and they were huge. Some employees referred to that floor as Versailles. Top executives parked in an underground garage and took an elevator to the top floor, with the result that they never had to pass through the employee quarters. There were both an elegant executive dining room for executive meetings and a large company cafeteria, but many executives opted to



have lunch brought to them at their desks. Nor did employees take kindly to the periodic visits of Marino, who swept through the premises cradling a lap dog and accompanied by a team of decorators and architects. On one such inspection tour, many Whittle employees recall, Marino discovered pussy willows in the executive-floor floral display, pulled them out of the arrangement, and hurled them to the floor, shouting, "No more pussy willows!" (Marino says the story is apocryphal.) The tab for the headquarters came to at least fifty million dollars; some say the total was closer to seventy million dollars.

Whittle now had everything that Moffitt had refused to let him have—and more. He leased not one but two company jets, at an annual cost of eight million dollars, one of which often ferried him not only from Knoxville to New York but from New York to East Hampton. Whittle says the trips to East Hampton were at his own expense.

Whittle concedes that expenses soared out of control and that the headquarters building turned out to be a serious mistake, as Whittle Communica-

tions essentially relocated to New York and Los Angeles. But, ever optimistic, he says he was convinced that revenues would always grow to cover cost overruns. It wasn't in his nature to deny top employees what they wanted, he says, especially when he so obviously indulged himself; and there was something deep inside that made him want to erect a monumental headquarters in the city closest to his home town. That the building had no rational connection to the business's needs seems never to have occurred to him. It did serve at least one tangential purpose, though: several employees recruited by Whittle say they assumed that a company that could support a headquarters on such a scale had to be financially sound, and felt reassured about taking jobs there. In that sense, the building was an illusion on a far greater scale than anything Whittle had yet wrought.

WITH the Time deal behind him, Whittle continued to launch new ventures. Out of Special Report's emphasis on doctors' waiting rooms and Channel One's innovative use of televi-

sion came an even bigger and more innovative idea: Medical News Network. This would be an interactive electronic system for physicians, giving doctors a computer/TV screen on their desks which they could use for continuing education and to order pharmaceuticals. MNN would also feature medical advertising.

On the education front, however, Channel One quickly ran into controversy. Practically the entire educational establishment, shocked by the intrusion of commercials into the classroom, rose up to oppose him. California and New York initially banned commercial television in public schools, effectively lopping off twenty per cent of the potential market.

Yet, despite a hundred and sixty-five million dollars in start-up costs, Whittle remained optimistic: he was confident that free technology and decent programming would prove more potent to money-starved public schools than any high-minded concern over advertising. He told the *Wall Street Journal* at the time, "If commercials were overall a negative force, we as a society would have dealt with them." Energized by the crisis, Whittle dug in and embarked on tireless rounds of visits to school officials to sell the system. It was Whittle at his most effective, working under intense pressure, selling an innovative product against entrenched attitudes, and it worked. California eventually relented, allowing Channel One in its schools, and Whittle says the station's programming now reaches forty per cent of the high-school students in the country.

Immersed as he suddenly was in the public schools, Whittle began to envision a way to participate in public life without running for public office. "That's when I thought of Edison," Whittle recalls. "This would be better than public life: A mission and free enterprise. A blend of capitalism and mission. This goes to the heart of the debate: Should capitalism be in the public sector? I felt this as a real calling." The more Whittle talked, the more enthusiastic he became. He recognized that he would have to give up his dreams of a career in politics, but if he succeeded with Edison, that could be a much bigger contribution. Though he doesn't acknowledge it, someone as eager as Whittle was for the approval of others must have been, on some level, stung by

the criticism aimed at Channel One. The Edison Project, by contrast, seemed noble.

Whittle began tossing his idea out for discussion, using friends as a sounding board, sometimes introducing the subject at dinner parties. His idea was to reinvent schools in the technology age, then build them, then earn a profit charging fees that would be the same as the government was already spending on average per pupil. "Let's do this in a complete, holistic way," Whittle says of his approach. "Few people said it was too ambitious. No one said I was a madman."

Certainly his partners didn't. In 1990, Whittle went to what by now was Time Warner to renegotiate their contract to buy the rest of Whittle Communications, which they were willing to forgo, and Time Warner acquiesced to involving the partnership in the new project, even though Whittle was already in the midst of two other new capital-intensive ventures, Channel One and Medical News Network. And Special Report, the company's cash cow, had already begun showing signs of faltering. Whittle responded with characteristic bravado: a full-page ad in the *Times* and other newspapers that belittled traditional media and boasted that Special Report reached a hundred million readers.

But inside the company some employees were wondering whether Whittle's inherent optimism, a quality that had undeniably carried him far, was obscuring reality. Gary Belis, Whittle's former director of media relations, says that by the time of the Special Report ad "not a week went by when someone didn't ask, 'Are these real numbers or Whittle numbers?'" He goes on to say, "This applied to the number of schools receiving Channel One and to the number of people who read a publication. It's a very defining part of the company. People be-

come part of the culture. They forget it's not normal. They were swept up in it. Advertisers were disillusioned." In fact, Whittle Communications later conceded that the estimate of a hundred million readers for Special Report was nothing but an optimistic guess. Whittle says that there were problems measuring the audience of his "new media" but that he responded to the accusations of inflating the figures by hiring reputable third-party auditors, like the Nielsen Company.

Belis, who left Whittle Communications in 1991, was often asked by reporters how many schools were wired for Channel One, and in his reply he used numbers he obtained from weekly printouts generated by the company. One day, he says, a Channel One ad executive called and instructed him to use the numbers that were being given to prospective advertisers—numbers that turned out to be significantly higher. (Today, no one I spoke with can recall what the justification for the higher numbers was.) Belis says he was so suspicious that, rather than disseminate the higher numbers, he stopped releasing the number of wired schools altogether.

Whittle says he knows nothing about Belis's recollection but points out that "it didn't matter what we said," because "the number of schools and audiences were audited by outside companies" and that was what advertisers relied on. In any event, doubts about Whittle's accuracy were confined to people in the company and in the advertising community. To the outside world, Whittle remained even more the visionary—an impression that helped him recruit the kind of star talent he felt his ventures needed. His thinking about personnel was as creative as his business ideas. Swept into his fold were Hamilton Jordan, the former White House chief of staff, even though he had no known expertise in any of Whittle's businesses; William Rukeyser, a former editor of *Fortune*, who was to be the company's editor-in-chief (a position copied from that of the much larger Time, Inc.); Dominique Browning, a top *Newsweek* editor; and an array of distinguished businesspeople.

Among those smitten was Michael Kinsley, the well-known host of "Crossfire" and a writer for many magazines, including *The New Yorker*, whom Whittle almost hired to direct Channel



"Thank God we were only house-sitting."

One's programming. Kinsley is the former editor of *The New Republic*, and if anyone might be expected to be skeptical by nature it is he. Yet Kinsley's description of the courtship he received is echoed by many. "When he first called, I was curious," Kinsley says. "He's extremely charming, and he communicates enthusiasm fantastically. I have some experience with eccentric media millionaires. I was taken aback by how different he is. He seemed very, very shrewd. It seemed as if everything he touched had turned to gold. He had a beautiful wife, a beautiful house. He seemed to be engaged in a business that was doing good for the world and making a ton of money. He led me to believe I'd be paid far more than ever before. Others say they had the same experience. You meet people who have made a lot of money in business, you think, They're no smarter than I am. You meet Chris Whittle, and you think, This guy is smarter than I am."

Kinsley decided that he would be willing to accept a job from Whittle, even though it meant moving to Knoxville; and Whittle, with architecture never far from his mind, had driven Kinsley around town to show him the kind of Southern mansion he'd be able to afford. "I'd have given up 'Crossfire' and *The New Republic* and run Channel One. I would have done it," Kinsley says, but Whittle ultimately called to say that he couldn't offer him the job, because someone else in the company insisted he hire a director with more business experience. "I may have been kidding myself," Kinsley says now. "I thought it would be fun. The whole thing was an absurd fantasy."

When Whittle did succeed in hiring a star, the event was usually announced with great fanfare. Surely few such moves have garnered the kind of front-page story that ran in the *Times* in May of 1992, announcing that Benno Schmidt, the president of Yale, was joining Whittle to run the Edison Project. Schmidt had been a lawyer and a First Amendment expert and then had served for two years as the dean of Columbia Law School. He had scant experience in elementary or secondary education, but his prominence, Whittle

believed, was such as to give the Edison Project instant credibility. "At first, frankly, I thought the notion that I would leave the presidency of a 300-year-old institution for something so new and risky was outlandish, like leaping into the abyss," Schmidt told the *Times*. "But if this venture succeeds, there's nothing, there's nothing, that could be done, aside from changing human nature, that would be more constructive for our society."

The *Times* story continued:

Mr. Schmidt and Mr. Whittle, who was also present at the interview, talked grandly of the historical importance of their project, placing their potential "revolution" in education in the context of world history.

"You have to have a West Berlin for East Berlin to fall, and what we're really doing here is building West Berlin," Mr. Whittle said.

Whittle had first approached Schmidt in 1991. "I was impressed by his vision and intelligence, and the degree to which he was committed to the public good," Schmidt told me recently. He was sitting at a small conference table in Edison's New York offices, where the halls are festooned with congratulatory posters hailing cities that have committed their schools to Edison. "I liked him. He's immensely gifted, a classic American entrepreneurial type." Schmidt had already been pondering the possibilities of education reform, and Whittle's approach, "if it worked, would produce very large gains for our society," he said. Still, Schmidt turned Whittle down, only to have him broach the subject again a year later.

This time, having recently completed contentious contract negotiations at Yale, and having successfully launched a new fund-raising campaign, Schmidt accepted.

Schmidt's six-year tenure at Yale had been, at the very least, controversial. Some of the controversy was inevitable, given the nature of academic politics and the fact that Schmidt had a mandate to cut costs, but things had got to the point where the arts-and-sciences faculty was in all but open revolt. Schmidt, though pleasant and personable, was deemed by some on the faculty to be autocratic and capricious. He was often absent, preferring Manhattan, where he maintained a residence, to New Haven. For the first

time in decades, the Yale faculty set up a committee on governance to review the president's powers. In the decorous world of faculty politics, that move was an implicit rebuke of Schmidt. Schmidt concedes that some members of the arts-and-sciences faculty were "unhappy," but says he had the solid backing of the Yale board of trustees. He notes that he was the most successful fund-raiser in Yale's history and was a staunch defender of freedom of expression and academic values.

Although cost-consciousness was supposed to be one of the selling points of the Edison Project, landing a star of Schmidt's calibre required lavish inducements, including a salary reported to be eight hundred thousand dollars. He was granted access to a private jet whenever he wanted it. The Edison Project is subletting expensive office space, previously leased by Whittle, on Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street. But Schmidt says that Edison now has "an ethic of real frugality."

Whittle concedes that many of his stars didn't work out. Jordan, in particular, is bitter about his experience, which ended early this year. Now living in Atlanta, Jordan says, "I wasted three years with Whittle Communications. They were the most unproductive years of my life."

BY 1992, the company's financial picture was fast deteriorating, but Whittle kept assuring colleagues that the company would "grow" its way out of trouble and that he'd find new capital. Much to the amazement of some inside the company, he managed to do just that, selling a one-quarter stake in Whittle Communications for a hundred and seventy-five million dollars to Philips Electronics, the huge Dutch conglomerate that had the contract for Channel One and had sold more than three hundred thousand television sets to Whittle. The following year, when Philips exercised an option to acquire a further eight-percent stake, the event was ballyhooed as a vote of confidence in Whittle. What wasn't disclosed was that as part of the original deal Philips had been given the option to acquire the additional stake for a dollar if certain targets weren't met, and that Whittle had failed to meet the targets.

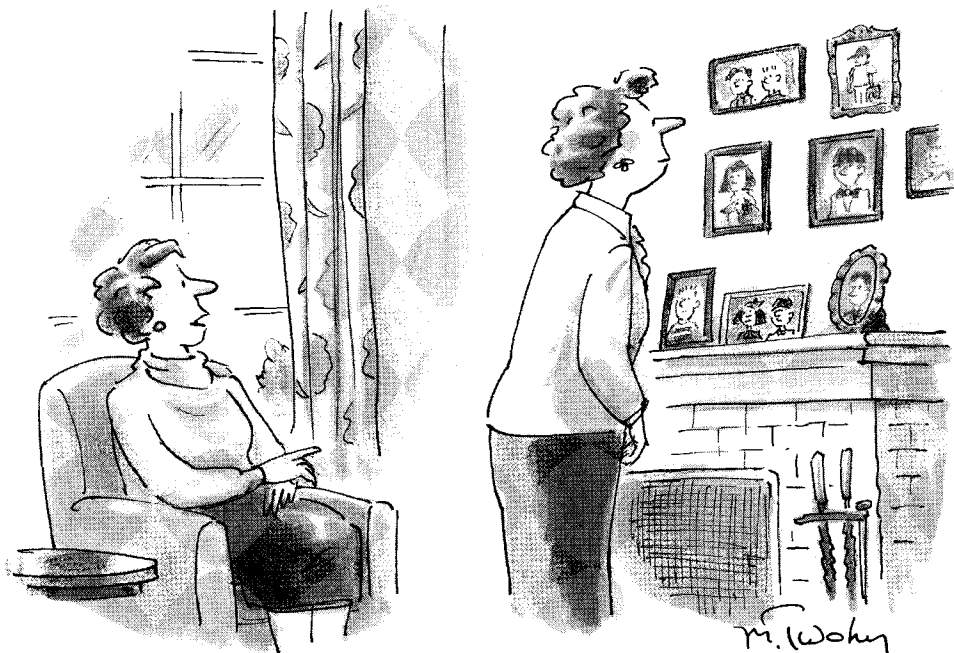
Don Johnstone, who was then the chief executive of Philips Consumer



Electronics, defends the investment, which valued the entire company at more than seven hundred and fifty million dollars. The move *was* strategic, in the sense that it preserved a large potential customer for Philips products, but Johnstone denies that that was the primary motive. He says that Philips hoped to benefit from a "synergy" between hardware and software. On the basis of the numbers and projections that Whittle showed him, "it looked terrific," he says. "Special Report looked O.K. MNN looked great. There were no clouds on the horizon. It seemed a very solid investment. His track record was impeccable. For twenty-five years, every year was better. It looked as if we were buying A.T. & T. at two dollars a share." Indeed, Philips was so charmed by Whittle that in the summer of 1993 it agreed to invest in Edison, even though Time Warner had turned that opportunity down. Along with Associated Newspapers, Philips sank forty million dollars into the new venture, which was spun off into its own company.

The Philips investment in Whittle Communications and Edison was another sales coup for Whittle. But in this deal, unlike the one with Time, Inc., no money went into his or the other partners' pockets. Philips required that what fresh capital it contributed had to stay in the business. Within a matter of months after Philips' investment, there could be no denying that the rosy projections Whittle had given Philips weren't going to be met. In 1990, Whittle Communications had taken on a big bank debt, largely to fund the expansion of Channel One. Since then, a group led by Manufacturers Hanover had been replaced by a consortium led by the Bank of New York, which agreed to extend a hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar line of credit. In return, the banks had obtained various covenants, including revenue targets, and now Whittle was in danger of missing the targets; that threatened to put him in technical default. In May, 1993, the banks and Whittle had signed an additional explicit agreement that if Special Report didn't meet stated revenue targets by September, he would shut it down.

By summer, with the banks breathing down his neck, Whittle conceived a



"It hasn't been easy, but I'm very proud of their low recidivism rate."

grandiose new rescue operation: he would sell Channel One and Edison as a package, pay off the banks, and retire Time Warner's investment. The price tag was seven hundred and fifty million dollars. He hired Salomon Brothers to try to sell the two businesses, which he named Edco. The prime target was Disney, since it was cash rich. "They're in the media business and they're about to open their first school, in a town they're building in Florida near one of their theme parks," Whittle explains.

According to people who have examined Whittle Communications' financial statements during that period, it was about then—in the late spring of 1993—that Whittle Communications' aggressive accounting practices resulted in a significant overstatement of Channel One's revenue. Advertisers on Channel One, such as M&M Mars and Pepsi, to name two of the largest, had entered into multiyear contracts providing for the broadcast of a number of ads per year. Because not all the advertising time was sold, Channel One began to broadcast more than the allotted number of those ads. On the ground that this was simply accelerating the terms of the contract, Whittle Communications accounted for the additional ads as current revenue. Pepsi, for example, which was scheduled to receive eighty-four ads

in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1993, actually received a hundred and six, and revenue was calculated accordingly, even though no additional cash was ever received. That was an overstatement of actual revenue by nearly twenty per cent. The practice seems to be in keeping with the atmosphere Whittle created. Executives report that his badgering was what had led to the tactic. "Get the numbers up, up, up, so we can sell to Disney" was Whittle's message, one executive recalls.

Whittle denies that there was anything improper about the accounting, and says the company was simply following practices approved at the time by its auditors, Coopers & Lybrand. Lou Testoni, the partner at Coopers & Lybrand in charge of the Whittle account, says that client confidentiality precludes him from commenting in detail, but "based on the facts and circumstances that were available to me at the time, the accounting was appropriate." Asked how it could be appropriate given that no money was paid for the additional ads, he said, "The facts and circumstances were changing over time," and adds, "No revenue was ever recognized for free ads."

It is a measure of Whittle's persuasiveness that Disney became interested: Disney's chairman, Michael Eisner, flew to Knoxville for Whittle's sales pitch. Yet

this time the Whittle magic failed. Whittle says that, while Disney expressed interest in buying Channel One, it was cool to Edison. In the end, Salomon Brothers found no takers—a dénouement that Whittle attributes to the boldness of his idea. "It was a big concept, a big financial package," Whittle says. "People found it fascinating, but it was too much for them to get their hands around."

Other setbacks were more difficult to paper over. Medical News Network was running up huge development costs—close to a hundred million dollars—but they were always justified, in Whittle's rosy view, by the enormous revenue potential. Whittle was looking for commitments from individual pharmaceutical companies of anywhere from twenty-five to seventy-five million dollars. But then came the election of Bill Clinton and the emergence of major proposals to overhaul the health-care system, and seismic shifts began occurring in the health-care industry. While the industry pondered the new climate of uncertainty, no revenues were coming in.

Although cost-cutting efforts officially began in 1993, spending at Whittle continued at a frenetic pace. Though Special Report was floundering, the entire New York sales department and their families had been flown to Knoxville for a retreat and the 1993 Christmas party. Whittle normally used the private jet, but when some Knoxville businessmen decided, in 1993, that it would behoove the city to have a non-stop Delta flight to New York, Whittle Communications pledged five hundred thousand dollars in guarantees to Delta. (The flight was a disaster, attracting only about twenty per cent of capacity, and was soon scrapped.) Channel One's studios were situated in Los Angeles, not Knoxville, and, with Edison in New York, Whittlesburg was operating nowhere near capacity. Edison, for its part, recognizing that building new schools from scratch would require billions of dollars in capital, had shifted its emphasis to obtaining contracts to operate schools for public systems. But this shift made the spending at Edison seem even less politically shrewd. Wouldn't underpaid school administrators faced with a tax-conscious citizenry look askance at the arrival of the Whittle company jet? And even some participants in Edison were

baffled that one of the earliest school systems targeted was in Honolulu—an arrangement that seemed to keep Schmidt on planes an inordinate amount of time. Nor were any expenses spared at the July, 1993, board meeting of Whittle Communications, held at the Hotel Bel-Air, in Los Angeles.

By the October board meeting, which was held in New York, the company was in serious trouble. Revenues from Special Report were plunging as disillusioned advertisers cut back on the magazine format, and the television replacement was proving a flawed substitute. Unlike magazines, which can be read silently, by one person at a time, everyone in the waiting room had to listen to the televised report. Some receptionists were turning down the volume or shutting the TV off altogether, as a repetitious and annoying intrusion. September of 1993 had come and gone, with Special Report woefully short of the target demanded by the banks. Yet Whittle took no action to close Special Report. Now the banks, which had already lent Whittle a hundred and four million dollars, refused to extend any more credit, and threatened to declare Whittle in default for reneging on his promise to close the operation. They were so angry that they refused to negotiate further with Whittle himself.

Whittle now acknowledges that the banks had a commitment from him to shut down Special Report, but says, "I wasn't clear on that." Asked if there was, in fact, such a written agreement signed by him, he says, "I was told, after the fact, that I had done this. I didn't understand that was part of our deal."

WITHOUT capital from the banks, Whittle had to turn to his partners to fund all current operations, including the company payroll. Not only did the partners suddenly have to confront the possibility of writing off their enormous investments but they were going to have to contribute more capital just to keep the operation alive. Finally, they woke up. For almost two years,



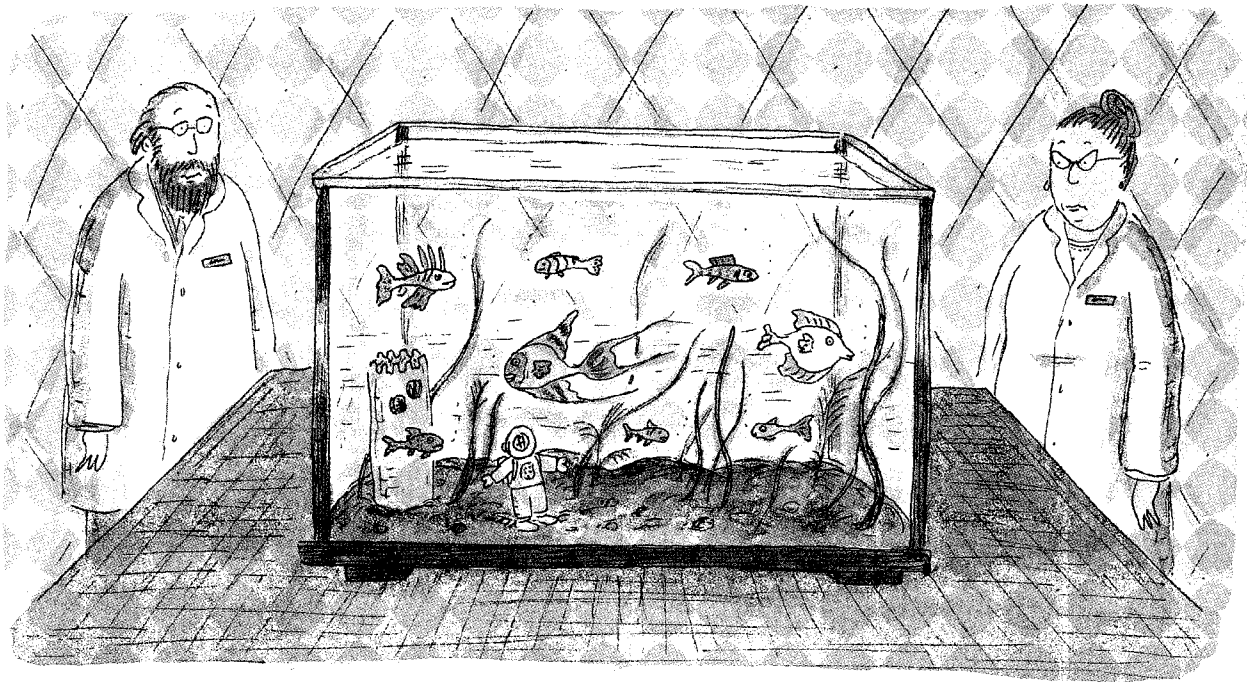
Whittle had been operating with no chief financial officer. Now, in contemplation of taking parts of the company public, the partners insisted that Whittle hire one. And they created a task force of their own to get to the bottom of the company's financial plight.

Still, by the time of the October board meeting the situation seemed more puzzling than catastrophic. At that very meeting, Whittle told his partners that he thought the company as a whole would be just over break-even, with net income of about six million dollars on revenues of two hundred million dollars. He projected revenues for Channel One alone at a hundred million dollars. Special Report should not be closed, he said, for it would produce revenues of forty-seven million dollars. And he maintained that Medical News Network was on the brink of a major breakthrough: he said he would obtain commitments from advertisers for two hundred million dollars by January.

Randy Greves, a specialist in corporate debt, was brought in as the new chief financial officer, and began working with the task force, whose members included Don Johnstone, representing Philips. As the investigation went on, Whittle's projections seemed almost wholly divorced from reality. The task force soon discovered the problems in the accounting for Channel One's revenues. Channel One's fiscal-1993 revenues, which had been represented at about a hundred million dollars, were in fact closer to sixty million. Whittle had obtained from advertisers only a hundred and fifty million dollars in commitments to MNN, and they were in fact so contingent as to be meaningless, requiring, for example, that Whittle sell seventy per cent of the ad time on the network. Greves insisted that revenues be re-stated downward, and threatened to resign if they weren't.

Whittle says that it was only because the company anticipated going into the public-debt market that Greves demanded a stricter accounting standard than the one that had been approved by Coopers & Lybrand. "It doesn't mean our accounting policies were incorrect," he adds. People familiar with the affair say Whittle made a similar argument to partners at Goldman, Sachs who later raised the issue, saying that the accounting practices simply reflected the difference between "your way and my

RESULTS OF THE Tropical Fish Sex Survey

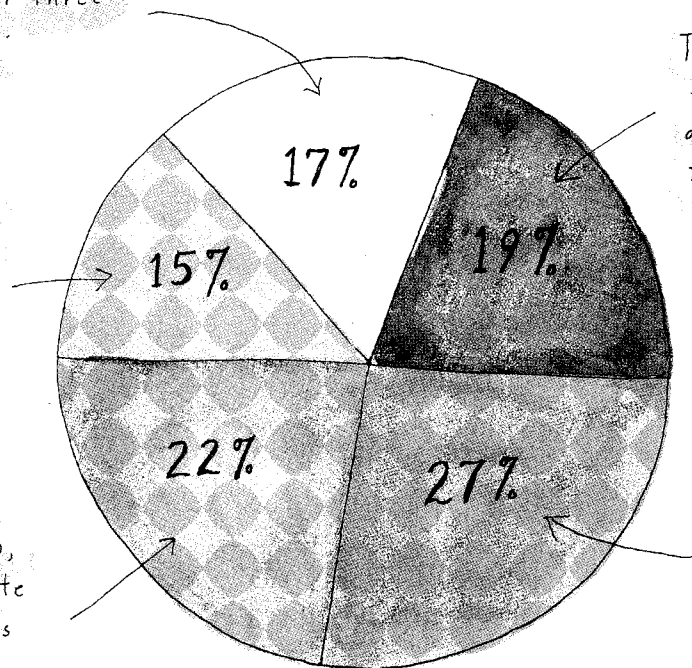


Tropical fish who claim to mate two or three times a day.

Tropical fish who, for some strange reason, are under the impression that they never mate.

Tropical fish who would have us believe that they mate two or three times a week.

Tropical fish who, in their words, mate two or three times a month.



Tropical fish who think, apparently, that they mate two or three times a year.

R. CWJ

THE WINGED ONES

No birthday gift whiter or stranger
than this large pair of wings
my son bought on Amsterdam Avenue.
Pressed from celluloid, thick
as a toenail; two basins
that crease the morning light
in deeply stamped feathers.
A fossil from heaven. The tag
warns: "Not intended for flight."

"One size fits all," you assure me,
and unfold the intricate harness
and buckle the wings to my body
that never sprang from a sill
or plotted the air through a thicket
or turned on the lathe of a wind
that could snuff out the breath in me
and toss me out of my garden.
There's no finer sight in summer

than yourself wearing them,
making the rounds in Eden,
inspecting the spotted throat
of the lily, the fern's plumage,
stepping behind your girl
quiet as mint on the move
in the woods where the owl lives
and hugging her where the gate was,
angel who forgives.

—NANCY WILLARD

way." "No," a Goldman partner shot back, "there's the accurate way and the inaccurate way." Whittle doesn't dispute that account of the conversation, though he maintains that if Goldman is the expert, "then Goldman should just put out the rule book and we don't need the Big Eight accounting firms."

Testoni, the Coopers & Lybrand partner, disagrees that the accounting change was motivated by any decision to tap the public-debt market. "The facts and circumstances changed," he says. "Contractual relationships"—between Whittle and its advertisers—"were constantly changing." He says the client decided, appropriately, to change its revenue-recognition policy, "and we agreed with that decision."

There was an even worse problem that had served to overstate Channel One's results: Whittle Communications' failure to pay state personal-property

taxes in the many states that impose them. The hundreds of thousands of television sets and VCRs owned by Channel One, and by its studios in Los Angeles, all made it subject to tax. Odd as this failure to meet a requirement so elementary may seem, such tax returns had never been filed. The amount in taxes and penalties that may eventually be owed can't now be determined, but it could exceed ten million dollars.

Whittle says that while he is now aware of the problem, he knew nothing about it at the time and again points to Coopers & Lybrand. "Our own accounting firm told us to do this," he says. "We paid every tax bill that we thought we should pay. We have no existing disputes, no unpaid taxes. For years and years, they've been saying, 'Do it this way.' There are fifteen thousand tax jurisdictions out there. Can I say that fifty won't call up and say we owe some tax?

I can't say that. All I can say is we did what we think is right. We paid our taxes and we don't have any current disputes."

Testoni, of Coopers & Lybrand, vigorously disputes Whittle's account. He says he advised Whittle "from the beginning about the property-tax issue. We explained why we thought tax was potentially due. We deny telling them not to file the returns. I would never advise a client not to file returns."

K-III Communications, the new owner of Channel One, was so concerned about the potential liability that it sought and obtained indemnification from Whittle's partners before agreeing to close on the deal. K-III is now paying state personal-property taxes for Channel One.

Obviously, both the accounting matters and failure to pay taxes are serious issues. Recognizing that, Whittle says, "I have made it a practice to operate at the strictest standards on issues like that. It's just who I am. I don't do stuff like that. Period. I'm not saying that mistakes haven't been made. I'm more than willing to admit that. Improprieties I will not admit."

In any event, Whittle adds, showing the first sign of impatience at this line of questioning, "at the end of the day, our difficulties were caused by two things: two of our businesses didn't make it. Everything after that is secondary. If just MNN had made it, we wouldn't be having these discussions. You can do post mortems on how we did this or how we did that, and there were plenty of mistakes. But two of our businesses didn't make it. That's what happened. This is part of what entrepreneurship is about. You strike out at bat sometimes."

By the time the revenues were reviewed and re-stated downward, in February of this year, the partners had lost confidence in Whittle and were moving swiftly to try to limit their continuing losses. They installed Johnstone as chief executive of Whittle Communications and he immediately began to slash costs: he came up with an astounding forty million dollars in savings over a two-month period. (Eventually, the Seagram Building offices were closed, the airplanes were given up, the executive dining room and the cafeteria in Knoxville were closed, and the headquarters was put up for sale.) Essentially, in August

the partners told Whittle that they would be liquidating the company. The original plan was to issue junk bonds to retire the bank debt and keep Channel One alive. Edison would remain a separate company. Special Report and MNN were hopeless and would be folded. The smattering of other businesses left over from the original 13-30 would be liquidated. Still, in the Whittle culture reality was slow to sink in. Even after the decision was reached, in February, to close MNN, salesmen for the venture took a group of potential customers on a ski weekend in Colorado—and submitted the bill to the company.

"It was a shock to Chris," Johnstone says of the final decision to shut down the operations. "But he reacted in a mature way. He said he hasn't lost his temper in ten years. Chris is nonconfrontational. He is very good in this way. But Chris cannot and will not be the guy to take your costs down. 'I'm going to get more sales,' he said. I said, 'Fine. But I'll apply my expertise and handle the costs.' It's a shame that someone like me hadn't come in sooner. He doesn't lack self-confidence. The Lord gave that man an awful lot of brain power. He's so smart he has trouble thinking he could be wrong. His reality—that's what people call it. He'll just keep sailing ahead."

Indeed, even now Whittle suggests that the decision to liquidate was a mistake. "It's not the route I would have chosen," he says. "Now the huge gains on Channel One will be made by someone else."

WHITTLE'S October, 1993, projections proved wildly inaccurate. Instead of six million dollars in net income, the company had actually lost more than a hundred million dollars. The partners began to negotiate with Goldman, Sachs for the debt offering. The deeper the Goldman, Sachs investment bankers got into the company, however, the more they extracted in return. And the more they learned about Whittle himself, the less they wanted him involved in the deal. When they saw his personal balance sheet, showing liabilities of about thirty-five million dollars and hard assets—consisting entirely of real estate, art, and antiques—in the same amount, not counting his stake in Whittle Communications, they

knew that they were looking at someone in financial distress. (Illiquid, hard-to-value assets such as Whittle's rarely realize their stated value, especially if they are sold under duress.) Ultimately, they offered Whittle just five hundred thousand dollars a year for two years, plus stock options and a percentage of future revenues he would generate through ad sales. This is the draconian agreement that Whittle refused to accept that afternoon in the Four Seasons.

Whittle's decision was shrewd. Even though Goldman believed it had an exclusive arrangement with Whittle Communications, by August investment bankers at Dillon, Read had got in touch with K-III, the media partnership backed by Henry Kravis, which was launched by the former Macmillan Publishing executive William Reilly. K-III's immediate reaction was that if Goldman

had found a seller in distress, then this was a sweet deal for the buyer. With the partnership's editorial emphasis, K-III felt comfortable offering substantially more than Goldman, Sachs could.

When, on August 5th, Whittle arrived for the start of negotiations, he had an air of desperation about him. He said flatly that he needed a personal payment of seven and a half million dollars or the deal wasn't worth doing. He put particular stress on the word "need." With his veto power, he could wreck the deal, as he would soon wreck the deal with Goldman. While he was never explicit about why he needed seven and a half million, the K-III negotiators got the sense that he needed it to keep Morgan from moving against him. From K-III's perspective, it didn't matter how much Whittle was paid as long as the total was acceptable. They soon had an agreement



"More nicotine."

in principle to buy Channel One for a reported three hundred million dollars.

Whittle declines to discuss his personal financial situation (though he confirms that he did submit an analysis to Goldman, Sachs). He insists that "I've met every obligation I've ever had, not only to the University of Tennessee but to everybody," including Morgan Guaranty. He insists that the real estate he gave the university will, when liquidated, more than cover his annual pledge. He adds, "Have the last couple of years been a happy financial experience? They have not."

As K-III looked into Whittle's finances, it learned of the questionable accounting practices and the failure to pay state taxes. For those and other reasons, K-III steadily reduced its offer, ending up at about two hundred and forty million dollars for the assets of Channel One. In the end, when Whittle was paid the seven and a half million dollars he wanted, it was in return for a noncompete agreement. He will also be retained as a consultant for three years, at an annual salary of one and a quarter million dollars. That contract can be renewed for an additional two years, but the likelihood of such a renewal is remote. While Whittle can expect an occasional phone call from his new employers, the calls are expected to be minimal.

WHITTLE has never been a person to look back, and what he wants to talk about now is the Edison Project. Edison has recently published a hundred-and-six-page book describing its mission in detail and outlining how it proposes to carry it out. "The Edison Project," the book begins, in an introduction by Benno Schmidt, "was developed to create schools where creativity, technological sophistication, high motivation, accountability, responsiveness, and other elements that contribute to excellence are the norm. We aim to create schools that achieve quantum gains in students' academic performance and in the quality of their lives, schools that serve the diverse needs of all students. . . . We believe we can do all this spending the same amount per student as the average school district now spends." Edison has embraced a variety of innovative techniques, including a

"team" approach in which teachers and students stay together beyond the usual single year. It embraces technology, promising not only access to computers in school but to "a computer in every student's home." As for the school buildings themselves, Edison promises "a new entrance decor, bright lighting, gleaming floors, and bold graphic displays."

Whittle says there are two "cornerstones" to Edison: First, "it's as close as you can get to a start-over level of research and development on how schooling should be designed." At Edison, "research and development should never be shut down" but "should be a continuing process." Even as he continues the quest for funds for Edison, Whittle says, he is planning what he calls E2, an even more innovative successor to the Edison schools. The second cornerstone is free enterprise. "I don't say it is the only way to do it, but it may be a plus," he says. "It can bring capital to the situation in a different way; it can bring incentives into the arena; it can attract different types of people into it. It certainly has an accountability factor that is different. It offers a freedom that is different."

Whittle has delivered variations of this message on countless occasions. As he talks, his enthusiasm, his commitment, his faith in the merits of Edison seem fresh and genuinely heartfelt. His logic sounds compelling. He says that now that the woes of Whittle Communications' other ventures are behind him he can spend more of his time working directly on Edison. Indeed, he says he has accelerated his schedule for the opening of the first schools, from 1996 to 1995. He boasts that Edison already has thirteen signed letters of intent to operate twenty-one schools in seven states. And he hints that an announcement of a major new investment in Edison could come any day.

Whittle, more than in any venture before, has clearly staked his reputation, his future, and his dreams on the fate of Edison. His enthusiasm is so appealing that it is all the sadder that Edison might turn out to be the greatest of his illusions. Irrespective of its educational merits, which have generated controversy and also garnered much praise, and

of its economic feasibility—a far shakier proposition—the likelihood at this juncture of major investors' trusting their capital to Whittle seems remote. Even if existing public-school facilities might be used, the capital requirements of placing a personal computer in every home and "bold graphics" in every school are vast. Despite public statements of support, Whittle's two major investors—Philips and Associated Newspapers—are in no mood to sink more capital into the venture. Indeed, their last investment was made only after Whittle personally guaranteed loans of twenty-four million dollars—money he is obligated to repay if Edison fails. Despite Whittle's optimism, people familiar with his fund-raising efforts say that numerous potential investors have declined to contribute to Edison, and that current negotiations are for amounts far smaller than are needed to get Edison through the next year. An even more fundamental drawback is that once the public-school administrators of America have absorbed the magnitude of Whittle's failure with his other ventures they are hardly likely to trust him with their tax dollars, let alone their children.

WHEN I arrived at the Edison offices not long ago, Whittle and Schmidt were finishing up a conversation. Despite outward geniality, they seemed like a couple trapped in a bad marriage, their mutual antipathy barely suppressed. Whittle did not introduce me to Schmidt. Nor in our many discussions of Edison on other occasions did he offer any praise of Schmidt's work. Perhaps that is understandable. Schmidt is also now seeking capital for Edison on his own. At the Edison board meeting just before the K-III deal, Schmidt told the board, with Whittle present, that Whittle should be removed from Edison.

Whittle declines to discuss the meeting, but about his relationship with Schmidt he says, "My role will be to do what I do best—vision, strategy, capital formation. I'm the entrepreneur; he's the educator. That in and of itself is an uneasy marriage. But that joining is a critical part of the venture. Our partners know that. The relationship will survive. Does it have its bumps? Sure."

Schmidt says he won't discuss what goes on at board meetings, but confirms



that he has sought some financing on his own, some with Whittle. He adds that, "after six months or so, it was obvious there were problems at Whittle Communications. It was clear that Edison had to be independent. We had already created a separate budget and reporting structure. Chris has had very little involvement for the last year." Still, Whittle remains chairman of Edison, and, as for Whittle's vow that he will now spend more time on day-to-day operations, Schmidt says, "I've told Chris and the partners what I believe his role should be. I can't comment publicly on what I told them.

I'm confident Chris will see his way clear to do what is necessary for Edison to go forward."

Schmidt won't say so, but it seems obvious that what some people inside Edison hope is that Whittle will resign. Given Whittle's current identification with the project, that seems unlikely. Within the past month, he extracted a new multiyear contract from his partners confirming his status as chairman of Edison.

IN the aftermath of the collapse of Whittle Communications, countless explanations have been offered, some of them detailed and related to specific business decisions, and others more general. Nearly everyone agrees that Whittle tried to do too much at once, that he was spread too thin, that he failed to heed signs of trouble, that he overpaid executives and didn't fire them when they failed to perform, and that the company lacked management controls and discipline. Everyone agrees that costs soared out of control.



"Please help us reduce our garbage and improve our energy efficiency and our water quality. Help us to be eco-wise and—above all—to empower others."

In a letter to employees written just after the K-III deal, Whittle himself tried to come to grips with his mistakes, citing many of the same deficiencies, though he defended his hiring of costly star talent and his loose control over expenses, noting, "Efficiency comes *after* you invent something, not before. And the benefits of invention far outweigh the wastes inherent in the process."

What few people discuss publicly, however, is the simplest explanation for the failure of Whittle Communications: Whittle himself. In its dreams and ambitions, its weaknesses and failings, its brilliance and hubris, and, above all, its emphasis on appearance as opposed to reality, the company seems to have mirrored to a remarkable degree the personality, character, and integrity of Chris Whittle. Johnstone, the former Philips executive who oversaw the liquidation, offers this assessment of Whittle: "He has such a belief in things that it is extremely difficult to talk him out of anything. He's a good listener—he smiles, then he goes right back and does what

he believes in. People say he creates his own reality, and thus can do things other people can't. But the flip side is: reality is just that. Chris has difficulty accepting any kind of defeat. He can't even visualize losing. It's a hell of a damn trait."

There is no mention of this in Whittle's mea culpa, a version of which ran as a letter to the editor in the Knoxville *News-Sentinel* on Sunday, October 2nd. Toward the end, Whittle posed the question "What's to be taken away from all this?" and offered this reply: "That one's too big for me, at least now. It rubs up against that much larger question of 'What's the meaning of all this?' Surely I'm not prepared to answer that. But perhaps I can contribute just one thing: I hope you'll remember and ponder the start as much as the finish. There was reality, indeed, truth in both. . . . I was 22 when I began all this. As I sit here over my PC searching for a concluding comment, emotion blots out thought. That's surely as it should be—and perhaps exactly where to leave it." ♦

LIFE AND LETTERS

BETWEEN THE ACTS

Kenneth Tynan didn't just write about the theatre, he lived it, as excerpts from his letters show.

KENNETH TYNAN, whose letters are just now appearing in England, in an edition prepared by his widow, Kathleen (they will be published in America next year by Random House), cut a wide swath through the cultural landscape of the sixties and seventies. When he came down from Oxford in 1948 he was cast as the next enfant terrible of the British theatre, and he didn't disappoint. His first book of essays, published when he was twenty-three, had an introduction by Orson Welles, and moved reviewers to compare him to Hazlitt and Shaw. Tynan became the resident theatre critic of the Observer, with a self-imposed mandate to shake up a nation "fearful of bad taste." Then, in the fall of 1958, he and his first wife, Elaine, left for New York, where Tynan had been taken on as guest theatre critic of The New Yorker at the invitation of its editor, William Shawn. The Tynans had a crowded social life, with friends who included Norman Mailer, Allen Ginsburg, James Baldwin, Terry Southern, George Plimpton, and Jules Feiffer. Their domestic life was correspondingly volatile. Mailer recalls that Tynan and his wife would "hit each other shots that you'd just sit there and applaud like you would at a prizefight." In May, 1959, Tynan set out alone for Europe to report on French, German, and English theatre.

• To Elaine Tynan

Hotel am Steinplatz
West Berlin
June 13, 1959

Dear Skip,

At last a relatively free moment to write—which is what, by the way, I've discovered I absolutely can't do without you. It's now three days since I left Paris, and the desire to put it on paper is nil. It's as if it happened only to half of me, to half a machine that can't run without the other half. However: Paris. . . .

An evening with Gene Kelly when we went to a Montparnasse place called the Epiclub which is the centre of the Sagan set. Met the pensive little creature and told her the Dietrich story about her [a lesbian saga concocted by Dietrich], which she denied outright and was much amused by. Couldn't see her again because she left for St. Tropez next day. Took Janet Flanner out several times, once to see Josephine Baker at the Olympia—who is marvellous, Judy Garland plus Lena Horne and a personality (and figure) as stunning as her voice. Janet stood up and applauded, hands over head; she had been at Baker's Paris opening thirty-odd years ago when she appeared upside down doing the splits wearing a banana-peel. No Mulligan, but Bud Powell the pianist was playing at the Blue Note, a weighty coloured zombie who strums like a robot (dope). . . . Janet fixed for me to interview Malraux at the new Ministry for Cultural Affairs, which I did, with a stenotypist, for two hours. He is dapper, crackling with energy, has a sinus snort and an eye tick [*sic*]; but he was terrifically intelligent—said the reason why all French plays were either stylised tragedy or stylised comedy was because all the French writers had an unconscious desire to "retrouver le palais"; i.e. become part of the court again. . . .

I saw a good deal of Jim and Gloria Jones; best meal was with them and their German publisher (Fischer), who took us to the Grand Véfou—toast au crevettes followed by ortolans. I said I was going to Germany and Fischer suggested Jim should go. ("The Pistol" has just been published there.) He said he would arrange everything, provide car and guide, etc. Jim and Gloria said yes, so here they both are, and it's getting mildly unbearable. The car is nice to have, of course, but those bulldozing

conversations, and the way Jim tracks down every casual, lighthearted remark to its lair. . . . It gets fatiguing, e.g.

Gloria: Everybody here seems to be living in the past.

Me: Well, as Noël Coward said, there's nothing as contemporary as the past. Incidentally, Martin Held—the actor I was talking about—plays all the Coward parts as well as Molière and . . .

Jim: What?

Gloria: He says the actor we saw to-night plays . . .

Jim: No. I mean what Ken said about Noël Coward. Is he here now?

Me: I don't think so.

Gloria: Ken just quoted a remark he made. Kind of funny. About the past.

Jim: Now we're getting somewhere.

Me: He said there was nothing as contemporary as the past. That's all. I was just telling . . .

Jim: Nothing as contemptible as the past, huh? I thought he was very big for the queen and all that horse-shit.

Me: No—nothing as *contemporary*.

Jim: He said that to this actor?

Me: No—to me.

Jim: Is this actor an old guy or something?

Gloria: Let's all drop the whole thing.

Jim: Don't say that, honey, it makes me look so fucking stupid.

Gloria: Awww.

(They nuzzle and kiss for three minutes.)

Gloria: Go on about the actor, Ken. What's his name?

Me: Martin Held. He . . .

Jim: Who ordered these goddamned dumplings? Go ahead, Ken.

Me: Anyway, Held is the best actor in West Berlin, and . . .

Jim: How the fuck do you spell that?

Me: H. E. L. D.

Jim: Says here on the menu it's

Kenneth Tynan, photographed by David Bailey in London, 1968.



schnumpelfroodles or some goddamn thing. I know one thing, I never ordered them. Hey, *garçon* . . .

Gloria: Don't yell at the man, honey.

Me: And if you must yell at him, don't yell at him in French.

Jim: I'm not making any trouble. I haven't had a fistfight in fifteen years. It's just this horse-shit we're eating . . .

Gloria (quickly): Well, I think it's a perfectly lovely place and I'm damn glad Ken brought us.

Jim (atoning): Sure, it's great. Go right ahead about Noël Coward, Ken. He's a homosexual, isn't he? . . .

• *To Elaine Tynan*

Connaught Hotel, London
June 26, 1959

Dear Skip—

The fact that it's eight-fifteen and I'm sitting in a hotel room writing should tell you a little about the state of things. I got your letter two hours ago as I was leaving to have drinks with Irene Selznick and read it concurrently with the Salinger piece, which has just arrived in England. I came back to the hotel and had two martinis. . . . Shawn cabled today, tactfully asking how I was, but really meaning where's the stuff.

Nowhere; inside but not wanting to come out, to be said to anybody. David Astor took me and the Kilmartins and the reptile Lucian Freud to Bernard Miles' theatre last night; the show is a musical revamp of a tart little play by Fielding, done all clever-coy and whoops-dear, but the theatre is beautiful, wide-staged and equipped with revolve, ideal for Brecht.

And that's part of the trouble. I spent most of Berlin with the Ensemble and nearly defected. In fact they said if I wanted to join them as a dramaturg (play-chooser and semi-director) I'd be

welcome, and they weren't actually laughing. They're rehearsing the "Dreigroschenoper" and the nostalgia was enormous, because it's the same theatre that housed the original production, and Engel the director directed it then; to stroll in from the street and hear the Mackie Messer song was incredibly touching. . . .

I'm beginning to sit alone in bars and drink, which I've never done before. No sex, except occasional melancholy sessions of self-help to induce sleep. . . . Irene S[elznick] said that purple rain fell on cars in an English village yesterday. These are hilarious times. Did you see what a scientist of the Naval Radiological Laboratory said to the Atomic Energy sub-committee the other day? His opinion is that an H-war might be a good thing for the race. We can draw, he said, "an ideal picture of the survivors of world-wide radiation emerging as a bigger, stronger, wiser, gentler, healthier race than would otherwise have developed." There might not be many of them but by God they'd be gentle. . . .

I didn't vastly like the Salinger story, by the way—seemed to me self-conscious, self-indulgent on the whole, and I got nothing like a clear picture of Seymour. It read like an interminable gushing telephone monologue with one or two moments of excitement relieving a cascade of sheer philosophical gossip. I mention it because it made me want to be with you, to look at you and to say: "Whatever he's getting at and roaming round, whatever this quality of uncompetent contact between souls is—we had it, and we have it, if we want it." And I do, my love. Salinger would want to apologise for a sentence like that, and he'd go off into a frenzy of parentheses to explain that he didn't really mean to be sentimental, except, of course, that he did, and it doesn't matter, anyway, because Seymour would have apprehended (not understood—that's square) and his teeth would have glimmered ochre as he dropped them, let them lovingly submerge in, the mug he kept for them, the mug that was never more beautiful than in the moment of drab (not in *their* sense, but as opposed to garish) enlightenment when he dropped it from the window on 176th Street and hit the lady taxi-driver on the head with it, not trying to or willing to, yet it hit her, and it



Dwight Macdonald

would need Zooey's kind of illuminating memory to explore why, when Seymour smiled (if you can forgive, or even partially condone, the expression) as they stuck six inches of bandaid on the beautiful, hideous Irish lady's scalp, she let him have it square in the chops with a left-arm jab. He still smiled, and she hit him again, this time however with a sort of regretful accuracy, and if it were not four o'clock in the afternoon and I were not writing flat on my back in the cellar I might remember whether or not he had combed his hair that week. (Is this still, as I hubristically tell myself it up to now has been, and may be again, interesting to anyone? The hell with it if it isn't, because Seymour had hair that was plain god-like, stiff short warrior hairs, all of which were counted, and all of which, one by one, at a dollar a word, we'll sure as Nirvana count.)

It's 9:38, actually, and I think I'm hungry enough to go out and eat. Please cable me that you'll come to Spain; as you know, *The New Yorker* will pay (I'll make arrangements there when I hear from you). We won't regret it.

Ever
K.

• To Dwight Macdonald

The New Yorker
March 3, 1960

Dear Dwight,

I'd noticed you'd been using words like "montage" lately. You want to be careful; those who live by montage perish by montage. I thought you might be interested in "The Cry of Jazz" as an his-

torian of ideas, not as a film critic. It's the first black supremacist movie. This doesn't mean that it's a good movie, merely that it's an historic one.

See you in Bronxville.

Yours,
Ken

Tynan returned to London to write for the *Observer* in 1960. Two years later, Laurence Olivier was appointed artistic director of the newly formed Royal National Theatre, and Tynan, a vociferous campaigner for such a state-subsidized institution, offered his services as dramaturg. "Anything to get you off that damned *Observer*," Olivier responded. Tynan became the architect of the National's repertory and its spokesman. Their first production went up on October 22, 1963. The previous winter, Tynan had fallen in love with Kathleen Halton, the London-born daughter of a Canadian foreign correspondent. In 1964, Elaine obtained a Mexican divorce, and Kathleen left her husband and moved in with Tynan. A huge party in their apartment provided Michelangelo Antonioni with material for the *Swinging London* portrayed in "Blow-Up."

Early in November, 1965, Tynan agreed to become a regular contributor to *The New Yorker*, based in London. In the next few years, he also put together "Oh! Calcutta!," an erotic revue of his own invention, and worked on the script for a film of "Macbeth," directed by Roman Polanski.

• To George Devine

The National Theatre
March 31, 1964

Dear George:

Forgive me for writing, but I feel I must try to explain more clearly to you and Larry what is worrying me about [Samuel Beckett's] "Play" [which Devine was directing at the National]. I wouldn't do so if I didn't feel that many of my qualms were shared by others.

To recap: before Sam B. arrived at rehearsals, "Play" was recognisably the work we all liked and were eager to do. The delivery of the lines was (rightly) puppet-like and mechanical, but not wholly dehumanised and stripped of all emphasis and inflections. On the strength of last weekend, it seems that Beckett's advice on the production has changed all that—the lines are chanted in a breakneck monotone with no in-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM RACHTEL

flections, and I'm not alone in fearing that many of them will be simply inaudible. I suspect that Beckett is trying to treat English as if it were French—where that kind of rapid-fire monotony is customary.

The point is that we are not putting on "Play" to satisfy Beckett alone. It may not matter to him that lines are lost in laughs; or that essential bits of exposition are blurred; but it surely matters to us. As we know, Beckett has never sat through any of his plays in the presence of an audience: but we have to live with that audience night after night! . . .

Please understand me: I trust the play completely, and I trust your production of it—up to the advent of the author. What I don't especially trust is Beckett as co-director. If you could see your way to re-humanising the text a little, I'll bet that the actors and the audience will thank you—even if Beckett doesn't!

Yours,
Kenneth Tynan

• *To Robert Graves*

The National Theatre
August 25, 1964

Dear Robert—

You remember the idea I broached about revising the text of "Much Ado" for the National Theatre—replacing dead similes, archaisms, and words of changed meaning with *living* Elizabethan words and images? I've now discussed this at length with Olivier. He



Robert Graves

likes the notion—though he wishes the play were one of the less intelligible Shakespeares so that you could rewrite the whole thing! Before signing a contract he wonders if you would consider revamping a specimen act for him to look at. In the hope that you will, I'm enclosing a script in which I've marked the bits that I personally find dead and/or unclear. You may not agree with my choice, and certainly you're in no way bound to it; but I thought you might like some idea of the sort of thing I had in mind. What we want is to sweep away the dry cobwebs of text so that full understanding of the words isn't confined to academics. We look to you to

inject the needed juice into the dead passages. Would you consider doing a draft of the first act or so? It would take you all of forty-five minutes.

Love to Beryl—
Ken

• *To Kathleen Tynan*

20 Thurloe Square,
London
July, 1968

Darling—

There were many people in the thirties who went to lunch at Cliveden with von Ribbentrop. [Kathleen had been invited to a lunch for Lynda Bird Johnson at the American Embassy.] They were not necessarily pro-Hitler; many of them were liberals who knew the Astors, like their other friends, and saw no harm in taking the opportunity of urging Ribbentrop to turn his master's mind against war. Whatever their motives, they are not remembered with honour, and they do not thank those diarists who recorded their names as guests at Cliveden.

I suppose there are people who turn up at a lunch in honour of Marshal Ky's son. It would be interesting to argue whether it is more desirable to pay indirect tribute to a puppet than to pay it to his pay-master. Myself, I think there is an element of farce in the former tribute that almost excuses it; but to attend the latter without feeling slightly soiled and compromised seems to me almost impossible. Opponents of capital punishment do not, I hope, raise their glasses to the executioner's daughter.

Unless, of course, they are going to tax the girl with her father's idiotic savagery. And that would only be worth doing if it was likely to have even the smallest effect on her father's behaviour. Which, I think you will agree, it will not. So the choices open to any decent person attending the lunch are two in number—either to provoke a scene by means of political argument (which will be ineffective), or to acquiesce in the idea that homage to brutality is not wicked as long as it is private. And if they take the second course, I am not sure that they continue to be decent people. Helene Weigel was once asked to a dinner in West Berlin at which one of the guests was the son of a Nazi judge who had just become a judge himself. She sent a polite refusal, to which she

attached the death certificate of her sister, who died in Auschwitz. If your parents had been born a few hundred miles further south, you might have sent Lynda Bird your brother's draft card.

It isn't a big thing, but it isn't so small that we shan't sometimes remember it. Please think of what we would like to stand for, and find some quiet way out of that silly lunch tomorrow.

K.

• *To Tennessee Williams*

The National Theatre
August 20, 1968

Dear Ten,

Bless you for sending that piece [a sketch for "Oh! Calcutta!" about an unhappily married couple who can make love only after fighting]—I wish it was four times as long. I have sent a copy off to Jacques Levy, the Director, and I will write again when I hear from him.



Tennessee Williams

I hope, by the way, that I did not give you a false impression. The show is not meant to satirize sex: in fact most of the material is serious to the point of obsession. It will, I hope, be a sort of playground for private fantasies.

All love,
Ken

• *To Laurence Olivier*

20 Thurloe Square
April 28, 1970

Dear Larry,

This is just to thank you not only for giving by far the best performance of Shylock I've ever seen but also for the privilege of watching some of it take shape.

I think it is one of the most astonishing things you have ever done—and, as always, you do something with the part so shatteringly and obviously right that one wonders why nobody has thought of it before. *You show us Shylock turning into a Jew before our eyes.*

The man at the beginning of the play is a businessman first and foremost, only secondarily a Jew. When the Christians steal his daughter, he begins to realise what it means to be Jewish, and by the

end of the trial he knows it through and through—so indelibly that no-one in the theatre will ever forget it.

You do not need luck or prayers or good wishes tonight. All you need is an audience.

Love
Ken

• *Memo to Roman Polanski*

20 Thurloe Square
October 27, 1970

Re-reading the first witches' scene with Macbeth and Banquo, I had a thought which I'd like to pass on.

Although the witches should look bizarre, there is no reason for them to be frightening or sinister. *They are bringing good news*, and neither Banquo nor Macbeth expresses the least fear of them. If they are obviously evil—cackling old crones,



Roman Polanski

leering and rolling their eyes—then Macbeth is clearly a fool to act on their prophecies. I think they should be presented in such a way that any sensible person in the audience might also find them trustworthy. They are more like spiritualist mediums than demons—morally neutral creatures who may inspire us with a faint twinge of unease but certainly should not make us shudder with revulsion. Hindu holy men in loin cloths with matted hair, Japanese seers like the one in "Rashomon"—these are the sort of images that come to mind.

• *To Emilie Jacobson (Tynan's agent)*

20 Thurloe Square
November 23, 1970

Dear Emilie,

The piece I want to write about the Macbeth film is mostly a piece about Polanski—this extraordinary survivor, a child of the Warsaw ghetto, losing his mother in Auschwitz, then a boy in Stalin's Poland, then penniless in Paris, teaching himself French in a few weeks, then crossing to London with hardly a word of English, finally successful, suddenly and horribly bereaved, and then starting all over again not with an easy melodrama or a farce, but one of the greatest tragedies ever written. I want to

write about working with him and what it taught me about cinema—Roman's passion for concrete detail, his hatred of anything vague or imprecise, his ability to draw ideas from the most unlikely sources (some of the sequences in Macbeth were inspired by comic strips), his genial contempt for actors, whom he calls "the comics," and causes to be fed bananas every morning before shooting, his feudal distaste for Women's Lib, which goes so far that if a girl so much as volunteers to make a cup of coffee he grumbles, "What are you—some kind of militant?" (Roman's women must either sit down or lie down. To stand up except when commanded is an act of insurrection.)

Like some of the greatest generals, he won't let his actors do anything he wouldn't do himself. One hot afternoon last summer, we both stripped to the waist and rehearsed the brutal murder of King Duncan by Macbeth, in Polanski's bedroom, alternating the roles. For several hours we rolled about on the floor, brandishing daggers, until we discovered that our wrestling was being watched from across the courtyard by a group of middle-aged English party-goers sipping sherry on a balcony. I have no doubt that they thought we were two raving queers engaged in some sado-masochistic ritual. . . .

Love
Ken

• *Memo to Laurence Olivier*

The National Theatre
December 4, 1970

Re: Germaine Greer's piece in the "Mrs. Warren" programme

I've already cut 200 words of her piece, including two other uses of the word "fuck," the word "cunt," a reference to the anal practices of prostitutes and to the amount of semen in a prostitute's vagina. I've blackmailed her into doing this by saying that the printers refused to print the offending passages. At first she saw no reason to agree to any cuts, saying that it would be ludicrous and contemptible for someone like myself, who has always fought against censorship, to insist on censoring others.

I finally wore her down in the course of three long phone calls, but she insisted on retaining one four-letter word simply because she loathes the pedantry of words like "copulation."



Laurence Olivier

If we bring any further pressure on her she will either despise me, tell the story to the papers or both. Please bear in mind that she is a highly respected authoress and a university teacher.

K.T.

In 1972, Laurence Olivier learned that he was to be replaced by Peter Hall as artistic director of the National Theatre. That winter, Tynan went to Tunisia for his health and to work on a book on Wilhelm Reich. In 1976, eager to leave England (he had been hospitalized with emphysema on several occasions and advised to seek a warm climate), he accepted a contract to write Profiles for The New Yorker, and he and his family moved to California.

• *To Kathleen Tynan*

Sidi Bou Said, Tunisia
November 15, 1972

Dear 1

. . . Last night was a terrible cheat. Miraculously I fell asleep with no hacking and was dreaming all sorts of delights when, at 2 a.m., I woke up for a two-hour spasm which left me limp. I had been to Tunis for the first time and eaten at a superb restaurant called Le Malouf (strange eggy peppery dish to start with, followed by half a lamb carcass). . . . On the way back I had one of those medically-minded cabbies, who heard me coughing and said this was the best climate for bronchitis, had I tried "piqûres chaque quinze jours contre

l'asthme" [injections] etc.—finally he took me to an all-night chemist with the result that I'm now loaded with rhumicides and bronchodilatory suppositories and sinus-expectorants . . . No piqûres yet, though.

Today the same driver took me on a little tour of Sidi Bou and district. The blue-and-white village is beautiful; so, even more, is the La Marsa area beyond, with a really splendid sea-side hotel called the Baie des Singes. "Why don't you live here?" he said. I murmured about work, wife, children. . . . "What use are they without health?" he said. "Same use as food to a man without teeth." It would be nice to come back here WITH YOU. In the village I bought a photomagazine that has some pictures of women by Lartigue—one of them, incredibly sexy, shows his first wife, Bibi, sitting coyly on the loo in 1920—"Elle n'était pas très consentante et m'a dit: 'Tu exagères un peu . . .'"

One of the two couples in the hotel has left, leaving us a threesome. In the mornings a strange dyky-looking fortyish woman lies on the beach but does not appear to belong to the hotel. It is all faintly spooky. Tonight I shall go back to Le Malouf. Chest seems easier today. I have finished Craft's "Stravinsky" (much under-rated: I was moved and much amused—he really is near-Goncourt level) and started on C. P. Snow's "Last Thoughts" [*sic*]
—yes, I'm already forced back to local paperbacks. . . .

I try to imagine and anticipate your comments and get the illusion of contact. I do love you so.

Now I must be ruthlessly unself-pitying and start typing after breakfast.

In saying that I am merely trying to demonstrate how well I understand my faults.

And in saying *that* I am merely demonstrating my unswerving candour.

And in saying *that* I am merely showing you that I am capable of cynical self-observation.

And in saying *that* . . .

The aim is always and only to make you love me.

The next letter will be wildly erotic. . . .

I squeeze your bum.

Love

1

A final word before licking the envelope, *please*, on receiving this, send me a cable employing the word "love."

• To Laurence Olivier

765 Kingman Avenue

Santa Monica

January 27, 1977

Dear Larry,

This may not be an altogether welcome piece of information, but I thought I had better warn you that I am going to write an enchanting profile of you for *The New Yorker*. . . . The fact is that I'm so pleased with my piece on Ralph [Richardson]—soon to appear—that I couldn't resist going on to do you. It won't, of course, be a full biography or anything like it; chiefly I shall deal with the years at the National.

I'm therefore coming to London at the end of February in the hope of seeing you—not for long, and not with a tape-recorder, but just for memory-refreshing purposes. . . . Will you be in England during March? And, if so, could we meet for a chat?

Life is cloudless here in every sense. Your name crops up frequently, as you might expect, especially in dentists' waiting rooms and at Swifty Lazar's parties—which

have a great deal in common. The other night the following conversation took place between me and Miss Tatum O'Neal (who cannot be a day over 38):

KT (breaking the ice): Good evening, Tatum.

Tatum: Mnnnh.

KT: I suppose you know everyone in this room, don't you.

Tatum: Yrnnnh.

KT: Is there anyone in the world that you don't know who you'd like to meet? Anybody at all?

Tatum: Nah. (Pause.) Maybe Laurence Olivier? (She ponders deeply for a moment. Long pause. Then she shakes her head.) Nah.

Still, you *almost* made it.

Kathleen sends love, as does

Yours ever,

Ken

• To Bill Davis

765 Kingman Avenue

December 7, 1977

Dear Bill,

I just got back from Madrid [Davis, an American friend, lived in Spain] where I was amazed to find myself treated as a sort of cultural hero because of the success of "Oh! Calcutta!" which is the biggest hit in the city. It seems that they read political implications into the nudity. One reporter asked me whether I saw myself as leading a heterosexual revolution in Spain, to which I replied that most of the nightclub shows I had attended were inclined to be homosexual. The result of this was a headline the next day: "KENNETH TYNAN SAYS ALL SPANISH MEN HOMOSEXUALS." The concierge at the Suecia was very frosty with me after that and positively threw my keys across the desk at me. Another little journalist kept saying that to him I represented "might." I told him I did not believe in might, but he persisted and it took me nearly half an hour to discover that he meant that to him I was a "myth."

All in all, though, I find the situation rather lacking in dynamism. It's as if the gates of the Bastille were open, but nobody wanted to storm it. Forty years of Franco and the tourist boom have really anaesthetized the Spanish people. It seems to me that nobody wants a revolution because it would frighten the tourists away and destroy the economy beyond repair. After all, Franco died in his bed: nobody pushed him. My gloomiest prediction is that in five years Madrid will be Düsseldorf with bullfights. . . .

Love,

Ken

• To Marlene Dietrich

765 Kingman Avenue

January 13, 1978

Dearest M—

Much as I'd love to come to Paris, my *New Yorker* work will keep me here until at least April; and in any case my health won't let me return to Europe before then. But I'm usually awake and functioning by 10 a.m. California time, which is 7 p.m. your time, so after that hour you can normally reach me.

A few more notes on what you sent me [a manuscript of her autobiography], some important, some trifling, in no particular order:

A. Insist on your \$50,000 immedi-



Kathleen Tynan

ately. Tell [Louis] Nizer [Dietrich's lawyer] that if he won't, you will, and shoot off a firm note to Putnam's asking why they have failed to fulfill their obligation. (Has Nizer done anything, by the way?)

B. Page 1 of preface: "I, personally, am not interested to tell about my life. But as there seems to be a vast interest . . ." Dear Marlene, please do not sound so grudging. You really cannot start out a book by saying you have no interest in writing it. The reader's reaction will be: "So why should I be interested in reading it?" Also, if you'll pardon the expression, it sounds a touch arrogant.

C. AVOID PRINTING WORDS IN CAPITAL LETTERS. It's too melodramatic. If you want to add emphasis, just underline the key words or put them in quotes. (E.g. "fame," not FAME; no diaries, not NO DIARIES.) This is important.

D. Contrary to what you say, the facts (not FACTS) do matter. Part of your purpose in writing the book is to set the record straight.

E. Page 2 of preface: ". . . the white skin that is the red-head's priority." I think you mean something like "birth-right." I mention this because there are hundreds of little wrong notes of this kind in the text, all of which could easily be put right by a good editor. (Same goes for spellings like "Marocco.")

F. Try not to have paragraphs that are only one or two sentences long. Run them together into longer blocks of prose. It looks less scrappy. Here again, any competent editor could do this for you with no difficulty.

G. You say you "hate anecdotes." Please don't. One's life is an extended anecdote. And you can tell good anecdotes very well, such as the story about the Texan and the crabs.

H. A personal note: I'm sorry you admire Richard Burton's writing so much. I promise you it's really flabby, like Dylan Thomas with all of the alcohol and none of the genius. However . . .

I. Childhood section: I liked all this very much. It was new to me and beautifully remembered. But there are certain essential facts we need to know from the beginning—what city we are in, what your father's job was, and (yes) when you were born.

J. Page 43: "I often think that being revolutionary is just a matter of no opinion at all." This simply doesn't hold wa-

ter. Whatever you may think of Lenin or Brecht or Rosa Luxemburg, they certainly had very strong and precise opinions, and not just negative ones, either. This passage makes you sound politically a bit naive, which is a pity. You say: "Don't just destroy what you don't like." But surely it would have been worthwhile to "just destroy" Hitlerism in 1939? This brings me to a general point. Later on, when you describe how you always did exactly what the dictator von Sternberg told you, and how the actor's job is to obey the supreme commander, people may draw a parallel between your *artistic* obedience and the *political* obedience the German nation gave to Hitler. I think you should be careful of this. Perhaps add something to the effect that the German quality of respect for authority has its bad side.

K. When you decided to go on the stage, didn't your socially well-connected family raise any objections?

L. Similar to (C): never use more than one ! or ? at a time. It's over-emphatic.

M. About the matter of "no trespassing" (on your private life). I know you want to protect your husband and Maria [her daughter]; and I am *not* suggesting detailed descriptions of erotic wrestling matches, etc. But there are discreet ways of indicating that your relationships with (say) von Sternberg, Remarque and Gabin were different from your relationship with (say) Paustovsky. You tell me: "Nobody of any stature ever related with whom they slept." Well, Stendhal did; and so did Boswell and Samuel Pepys and Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Ber-

trand Russell. It's true that some of these were writing private journals, not intended for publication; all the same, their candour has not injured their reputations. You will help us to understand you if we know the kind of men who attracted you physically as well as intellectually. You will also help us to *like* you. Otherwise we wonder: why so much space on a writer like Remarque? What is she hiding? And we may start to imagine things much worse than the plain romantic truth. "He attracted me because" is just as respectable as "I admired him because . . ." So why not say it? I remember one evening you told me the depth of your feeling for Gabin and how much you agonised over his demand that, if you were to stay together, your career must come second to his. It was a very moving story. Your book needs it.

N. I stupidly stopped making notes of page numbers, but somewhere you name Phyllis Haver, Evelyn Brent and Georgia Hale among the "stars" created by von Sternberg. I've never heard of any of them. Another trivial point: you describe Orson as "young" when in fact, incredible as it may seem, he is now 62!

O. Elsewhere you launch a tough attack on "bookworms" and "professors." I've forgotten the context; but the attack sounds somehow unpleasant, especially coming from someone like you, who admires intelligence so whole-heartedly. One of the best editors I ever worked for once warned me: "Never take the anti-intellectual side in an argument. You'll find that most of the people who applaud you will be people you hate." He was quite right.

P. Tiny point: I didn't understand why you were so scared by dancing with Walter Wanger at the speakeasy. This isn't clear.

Q. The whole portrait of von Sternberg is superb and definitive. Your picture of him is better than the one in his own book.

R. I can't recall whether you mention the Lubitsch film "Angel." (I mention this for no other reason than that I'm going to see it again next week. There's a Dietrich movie playing somewhere in L.A. every night of the week.)

S. Putnam's may be worried about what you say *à propos* of the G.I.s feeling let down by the country to which they came back after the war. Don't let them influence you on this. It's a powerful argument and well worth stating,



Marlene Dietrich

even though it may not endear you to the great American public.

Finally: a little more about people you didn't like or admire would not come amiss! A pantheon of gods is very nice, but there's room for a rogue's gallery as well. (The portrait of Jannings, for instance, is wickedly good.) I know you didn't dislike Garbo, but a word or two about her would be very illuminating: the pair of you reigned side by side, and to leave her out would be like a book by Duse that didn't mention Bernhardt.

No more to say, except that I can't wait to read Part Two.

If I can find a reasonable villa, I hope to spend May-to-October in Southeast Spain. Perhaps I could pass through Paris en route.

Meanwhile, continue to hit those keys, avoiding only the capital shift-lock and restraining the temptation to multiply ? into ???

Kathleen joins me in sending megatons of love.

Ever,
Ken

• *To William Shawn*

Almería, Spain
June 26, 1978

Dear Mr. Shawn—

A word to explain my delay in completing [the Profile of] Mel Brooks. The idea of isolating myself to work in this remote part of Spain has temporarily backfired. The strain of driving down here from Paris (around 1600 miles, I think) with two punctures and one total breakdown en route was greater than I expected, on me as well as the car. I wrote my way to within 4000 words or so of the end and then emphysema forced me to bed for recuperation. Last week, during the day, as I slept, thieves entered my bedroom and took all my valuables—camera, gold pen, about \$800 dollars in cash, and a handbag containing my passport, other personal documents, driver's license, car log-book, a sheaf of credit cards and \$11,000 dollars in traveller's cheques. The Spanish police are busily investigating, but my hopes are not high. On the same day my electric typewriter—a model unknown in Spain—suddenly emitted clouds of smoke and ceased to function, owing to an ancient voltage transformer I had borrowed in the neighborhood: hence this hand-written letter. The nearest city

that might be able to handle the repair job is over a hundred miles away—and spare tires for my Jaguar are unobtainable any nearer than Madrid. Finally, my wife and children arrive at the end of this week, expecting to find me with work completed and ready to spend four weeks' holiday with them. . . .

All of which may serve to explain why Mel Brooks is unlikely to be polished off before mid-July. I shall devote August to Louise Brooks (with whom I struck up a life-time friendship when we met in May). My apologies, and hopes that you will understand. I'll be back in the States some time in September.

Yours sincerely,
Kenneth Tynan

• *To Johnny Carson*

1500 Stone Canyon Road
Bel Air
April 22, 1979

Dear John,

What follows is sheer impertinence on my part; all I can say in its defence is that it is well-meant. When I read in the paper that you might be quitting "The Tonight Show" in the fall, I felt a twinge of quite definite grief, and suddenly realized how much it had meant to me, when contemplating a trip to this country, to reflect that whatever else might have dried up or degenerated, one sparkling fountainhead of pleasure would still remain—Carson at 11:30. Here at least was something I couldn't get anywhere else in the world. I cannot tell you how many bad days you have saved, and good days you have improved, by simply being there on Channel 4, doing what nobody else can do anything like as well.

And I now hear talk of Specials. Dear John, *all* your shows are Specials. I hear, too, that you are bored. Was Dickens bored after writing novels for seventeen years? Did Matisse burn his brushes after seventeen years' daubing? Did you never hear the great remark of the painter Delacroix: "Talent does whatever it wants to do: genius only what it *can* do"? What other T.V. format would give you the freedom to improvise, to take off and fly, to plunge into the unpredictable? Carson scriptbound would

be Carson strait-jacketed. We all know you are like a great dish that combines all your flavours. It resembles the pressed duck at the Tour d'Argent in Paris: the recipe hasn't changed in my lifetime, yet it tastes as inimitably fresh every time I order it.

Was it unadventurous for Astaire to stick to tap-dancing instead of venturing into ballet? On the contrary: it was brave, and it was what made him (and will keep him forever) a classic. Similarly, I honour Cary Grant for never having played "Macbeth" and Muhammad Ali for staying out of the Wimbledon championships.

I wouldn't insult you by supposing that you haven't thought along these lines yourself. I'm sure you are convinced that there is a new Carson ready to emerge from the old and to stagger us all once again. And your track record is such that you may well be right. But I beseech you—as Oliver Cromwell said on a famous occasion—to consider in the bowels of Christ whether ye may not be wrong. (I may have misquoted Cromwell but I hope ye get my drift.)

No need for a reply. This is an impulse letter that I simply had to get off my chest. In terms of entertainment, to lose Carson would be like erasing a star from the flag.

Yours sincerely,
Kenneth Tynan

• *To Harold Hobson*

1500 Stone Canyon Road
May, 1980

Dear Harold,

What a warm and welcome letter! [Hobson was an old friend and fellow London theatre critic.]

I had hoped that working in the Californian sun would miraculously revive my lungs. Alas, I was too optimistic. But I shall be out of hospital soon; the merry hum of an electric typewriter will once again be heard in the depths of Bel Air. . . .

I certainly miss our duelling days—The trouble with our successors is that nothing seems *at stake* for them.

Once again, thank you for writing.
Yours ever,
Ken

Kenneth Tynan died of emphysema in Santa Monica on July 26, 1980. ♦



William Shawn

SHOWCASE

JONATHAN FIRTH

BY JULIE KAVANAGH

TWO drama-school contemporaries with "Middlemarch" as their show reel have joined the cavalcade of romantic young English actors. Jonathan Firth (he played Fred Vincy) and his ex-flatmate Rufus Sewell (Will Ladislaw) have both been typecast lately as Byronic poet-dreamers. The twenty-seven-year-old Firth, making his debut with the Royal Shakespeare Company, is Henry VI, the "easy-melting King," last played on the R.S.C. stage by Ralph Fiennes. Like a flower child, with his Lancastrian-rose bangle, and his dark hair curling over a slender headband of a crown, Firth brings a sweet serenity to the role. "He has a delicacy, a fragility, and an interesting inner life," Katie Mitchell, the director, says.

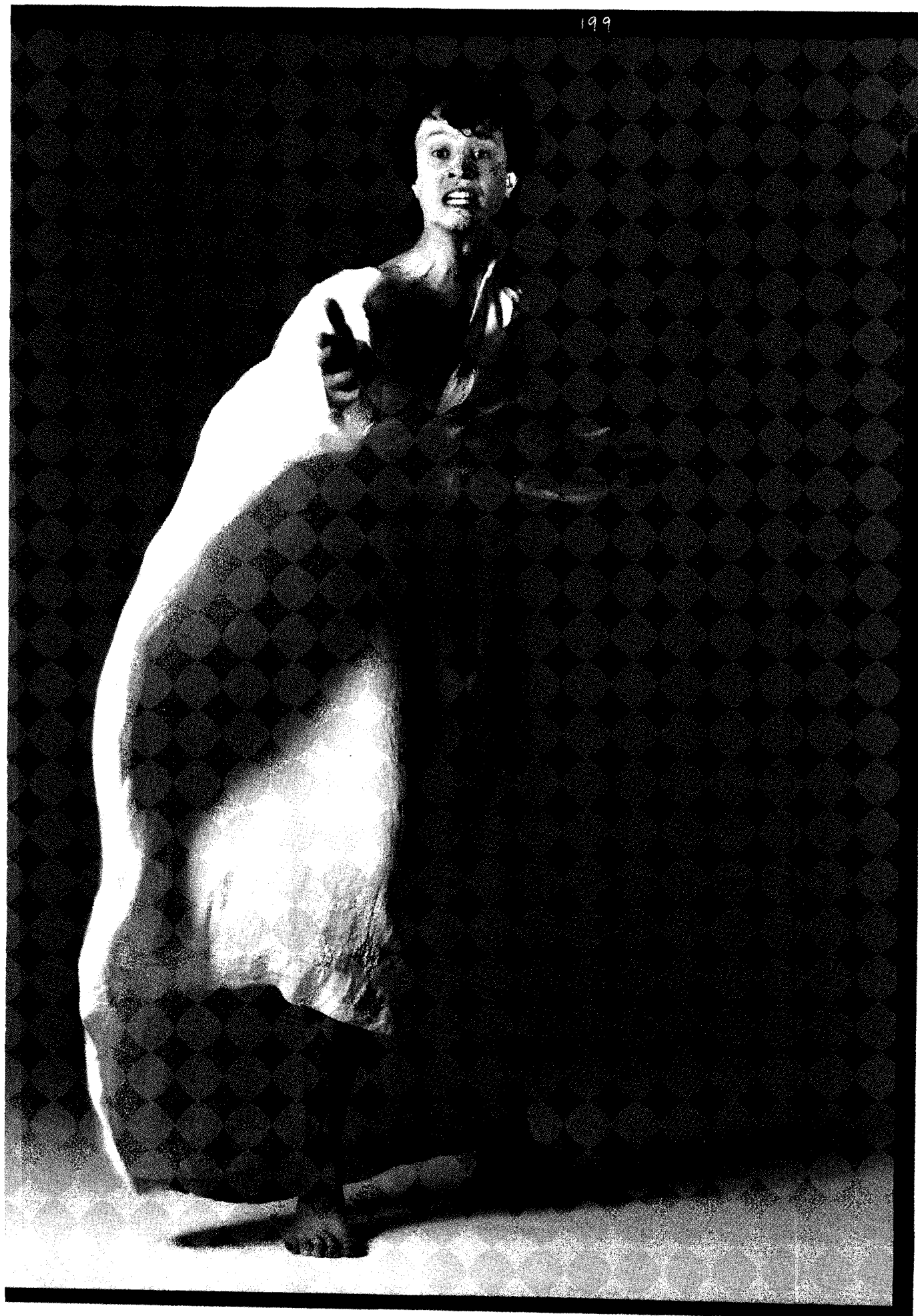
Mitchell, who, at twenty-nine, is one of London's most innovative new directors, is

also tackling Shakespeare for the first time. Known for an uncompromising approach to theatre, she uncovers the bones of the play, heightening rather than trying to disguise its emblematic, morality-play crudeness. Almost all the actors are new to Shakespeare, and Mitchell sees this as a way of testing herself, but it also enhances the apprenticeship quality of the work. Even the liveliest character, Richard, son of the Duke of York, is an Old Vice caricature, and is played with leering, one-track intensity by Tom Smith as a fifteenth-century skinhead with a nail-chewing habit. Henry seems shadowy by contrast—until his final, impassioned speech, when "at last," Firth says, "he cuts loose and unleashes all his pent-up feelings." "Henry VI: The Battle for the Throne" opens on November 2nd in Los Angeles. ♦



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD AVEDON

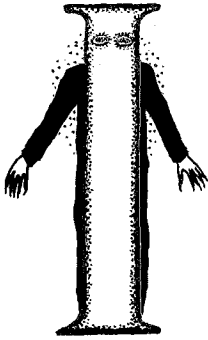
Jonathan Firth in London, September 25, 1994.



FICTION

THE MAN IN THE BLACK SUIT

BY STEPHEN KING



AM now a very old man and this is something that happened to me when I was very young—only nine years old. It was 1914, the summer after my brother, Dan, died in the west field and not long before America got into the First World War. I've never told anyone about what happened at the fork in the stream that day, and I never will. I've decided to write it down, though, in this book, which I will leave on the table beside my bed. I can't write long, because my hands shake so these days and I have next to no strength, but I don't think it will take long.

Later, someone may find what I have written. That seems likely to me, as it is pretty much human nature to look in a book marked "Diary" after its owner has passed along. So, yes—my words will probably be read. A better question is whether anyone will believe them. Almost certainly not, but that doesn't matter. It's not belief I'm interested in but freedom. Writing can give that, I've found. For twenty years I wrote a column called "Long Ago and Far Away" for the *Castle Rock Call*, and I know that sometimes it works that way—what you write down sometimes leaves you forever, like old photographs left in the bright sun, fading to nothing but white.

I pray for that sort of release.

A man in his eighties should be well past the terrors of childhood, but as my infirmities slowly creep up on me, like waves licking closer and closer to some indifferently built castle of sand, that terrible face grows clearer and clearer in my mind's eye. It glows like a dark star in the constellations of my childhood. What I might have done yesterday, who I might have seen here in my room at the nursing home, what I might have said to them or they to me—those things are gone, but the face of the man in the black suit grows ever clearer, ever closer, and I remember every word he said. I don't

want to think of him but I can't help it, and sometimes at night my old heart beats so hard and so fast I think it will tear itself right clear of my chest. So I uncap my fountain pen and force my trembling old hand to write this pointless anecdote in the diary one of my great-grandchildren—I can't remember her name for sure, at least not right now, but I know it starts with an "S"—gave to me last Christmas, and which I have never written in until now. Now I will write in it. I will write the story of how I met the man in the black suit on the bank of Castle Stream one afternoon in the summer of 1914.

THE town of Motton was a different world in those days—more different than I could ever tell you. That was a world without airplanes droning overhead, a world almost without cars and trucks, a world where the skies were not cut into lanes and slices by overhead power lines. There was not a single paved road in the whole town, and the business district consisted of nothing but Corson's General Store, Thut's Livery & Hardware, the Methodist church at Christ's Corner, the school, the town hall, and half a mile down from there, Harry's Restaurant, which my mother called, with unfailing disdain, "the liquor house."

Mostly, though, the difference was in how people lived—how *apart* they were. I'm not sure people born after the middle of the century could quite credit that, although they might say they could, to be polite to old folks like me. There were no phones in western Maine back then, for one thing. The first one wouldn't be installed for another five years, and by the time there was a phone in our house, I was nineteen and going to college at the University of Maine in Orono.

But that is only the roof of the thing. There was no doctor closer than Casco, and there were no more than a dozen houses in what you would call town. There were no neighborhoods (I'm not even sure we knew the word, although we had a verb—"neighboring"—that

described church functions and barn dances), and open fields were the exception rather than the rule. Out of town the houses were farms that stood far apart from each other, and from December until the middle of March we mostly hunkered down in the little pockets of stove warmth we called families. We hunkered and listened to the wind in the chimney and hoped no one would get sick or break a leg or get a headful of bad ideas, like the farmer over in Castle Rock who had chopped up his wife and kids three winters before and then said in court that the ghosts made him do it. In those days before the Great War, most of Motton was woods and bog—dark long places full of moose and mosquitoes, snakes and secrets. In those days there were ghosts everywhere.

This thing I'm telling about happened on a Saturday. My father gave me a whole list of chores to do, including some that would have been Dan's, if he'd still been alive. He was my only brother, and he'd died of a bee sting. A year had gone by, and still my mother wouldn't hear that. She said it was something else, *had* to have been, that no one ever died of being stung by a bee. When Mama Sweet, the oldest lady in the Methodist Ladies' Aid, tried to tell her—at the church supper the previous winter, this was—that the same thing had happened to her favorite uncle back in '73, my mother clapped her hands over her ears, got up, and walked out of the church basement. She'd never been back since, and nothing my father could say to her would change her mind. She claimed she was done with church, and that if she ever had to see Helen Robichaud again (that was Mama Sweet's real name) she would slap her eyes out. She wouldn't be able to help herself, she said.

That day Dad wanted me to lug wood for the cookstove, weed the beans and the cukes, pitch hay out of the loft, get two jugs of water to put in the cold pantry, and scrape as much old paint off the cellar bulkhead as I could. Then, he said, I could go fishing, if I didn't mind go-

ing by myself—he had to go over and see Bill Eversham about some cows. I said I sure didn't mind going by myself, and my dad smiled as if that didn't surprise him so very much. He'd given me a bamboo pole the week before—not because it was my birthday or anything but just because he liked to give me things sometimes—and I was wild to try it in Castle Stream, which was by far the troutiest brook I'd ever fished.

"But don't you go too far in the woods," he told me. "Not beyond where the water splits."

"No, sir."

"Promise me."

"Yessir, I promise."

"Now promise your mother."

We were standing on the back stoop; I had been bound for the springhouse with the water jugs when my dad stopped me. Now he turned me around to face my mother, who was standing at the marble counter in a flood of strong morning sunshine falling through the double windows over the sink. There was a curl of hair lying across the side of her forehead and touching her eyebrow—you see how well I remember it all? The bright light turned that little curl to filaments of gold and made me want to run to her and put my arms around her. In that instant I saw her as a woman, saw her as my father must have seen her. She was wearing a housedress with little red roses all over it, I remember, and she was kneading bread. Candy Bill, our little black Scottie dog, was standing alertly beside her feet, looking up, waiting for anything that might drop. My mother was looking at me.

"I promise," I said.

She smiled, but it was the worried kind of smile she always seemed to make since my father brought Dan back from the west field in his arms. My father had come sobbing and bare-chested. He had taken off his shirt and draped it over Dan's face, which had swelled and turned color. *My boy!* he had been crying. *Oh, look at my boy! Jesus, look at my boy!* I remember that as if it were yesterday. It was the only time I ever heard my dad take the Saviour's name in vain.

"What do you promise, Gary?" she asked.

"Promise not to go no further than where the stream forks, Ma'am."

"Any further."

"Any."

She gave me a patient look, saying nothing as her hands went on working in the dough, which now had a smooth, silky look.

"I promise not to go any further than where the stream forks, Ma'am."

"Thank you, Gary," she said. "And try to remember that grammar is for the world as well as for school."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Candy Bill followed me as I did my chores, and sat between my feet as I bolted my lunch, looking up at me with the same attentiveness he had shown my mother while she was kneading her bread, but when I got my new bamboo pole and my old, splintery creel and started out of the dooryard, he stopped and only stood in the dust by an old roll of snow fence, watching. I called him but he wouldn't come. He yapped a time or two, as if telling me to come back, but that was all.

"Stay, then," I said, trying to sound as if I didn't care. I did, though, at least a little. Candy Bill *always* went fishing with me.

My mother came to the door and looked out at me with her left hand held up to shade her eyes. I can see her that way still, and it's like looking at a photograph of someone who later became unhappy, or died suddenly. "You mind your dad now, Gary?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I will."

She waved. I waved, too. Then I turned my back on her and walked away.

THE sun beat down on my neck, hard and hot, for the first quarter-mile or so, but then I entered the woods, where double shadow fell over the road and it was cool and fir-smelling and you could hear the wind hissing through the deep, needled groves. I walked with my pole on my shoulder the way boys did back then, holding my creel in my other hand like a valise or a salesman's sample case. About two miles into the woods along a road that was really nothing but a double rut with a grassy strip growing up the center hump, I began to hear the hurried, eager gossip of Castle Stream. I thought of trout with bright speckled backs and pure-white bellies, and my heart went up in my chest.

The stream flowed under a little wooden bridge, and the banks leading

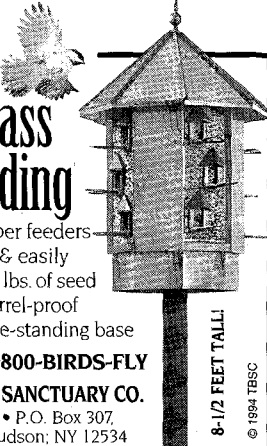
down to the water were steep and brushy. I worked my way down carefully, holding on where I could and digging my heels in. I went down out of summer and back into mid-spring, or so it felt. The cool rose gently off the water, and there was a green smell like moss. When I got to the edge of the water I only stood there for a little while, breathing deep of that mossy smell and watching the dragonflies circle and the skitterbugs skate. Then, further down, I saw a trout leap at a butterfly—a good big brookie, maybe fourteen inches long—and remembered I hadn't come here just to sightsee.

I walked along the bank, following the current, and wet my line for the first time, with the bridge still in sight upstream. Something jerked the tip of my pole down once or twice and ate half my worm, but whatever it was was too sly for my nine-year-old hands—or maybe just not hungry enough to be careless—so I quit that place.

I stopped at two or three other places before I got to the place where Castle Stream forks, going southwest into Castle Rock and southeast into Kashwakamak Township, and at one of them I caught the biggest trout I have ever caught in my life, a beauty that measured nineteen inches from tip to tail on the little ruler I kept in my creel. That was a monster of a brook trout, even for those days.

If I had accepted this as gift enough for one day and gone back, I would not be writing now (and this is going to turn out longer than I thought it would, I see that already), but I didn't. Instead I saw to my catch right then and there as my father had shown me—cleaning it, placing it on dry grass at the bottom of the creel, then laying damp grass on top of it—and went on. I did not, at age nine, think that catching a nineteen-inch brook trout was particularly remarkable, although I do remember being amazed that my line had not broken when I, netless as well as artless, had hauled it out and swung it toward me in a clumsy tail-flapping arc.

Ten minutes later, I came to the place where the stream split in those days (it is long gone now; there is a settlement of duplex homes where Castle Stream once went its course, and a district grammar school as well, and if there is a stream it goes in darkness), dividing



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around a huge gray rock nearly the size of our outhouse. There was a pleasant flat space here, grassy and soft, overlooking what my dad and I called South Branch. I squatted on my heels, dropped my line into the water, and almost immediately snagged a fine rainbow trout. He wasn't the size of my brookie—only a foot or so—but a good fish, just the same. I had it cleaned out before the gills had stopped flexing, stored it in my creel, and dropped my line back into the water.

This time there was no immediate bite, so I leaned back, looking up at the blue stripe of sky I could see along the stream's course. Clouds floated by, west to east, and I tried to think what they looked like. I saw a unicorn, then a rooster, then a dog that looked like Candy Bill. I was looking for the next one when I drowsed off.

Or maybe slept. I don't know for sure. All I know is that a tug on my line so strong it almost pulled the bamboo pole out of my hand was what brought me back into the afternoon. I sat up, clutched the pole, and suddenly became aware that something was sitting on the tip of my nose. I crossed my eyes and saw a bee. My heart seemed to fall dead in my chest, and for a horrible second I was sure I was going to wet my pants.

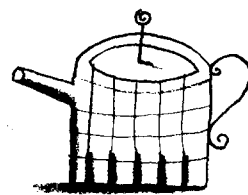
The tug on my line came again, stronger this time, but although I maintained my grip on the end of the pole so it wouldn't be pulled into the stream and perhaps carried away (I think I even had the presence of mind to snub the line with my forefinger), I made no effort to pull in my catch. All my horrified attention was fixed on the fat black-and-yellow thing that was using my nose as a rest stop.

I slowly poked out my lower lip and blew upward. The bee ruffled a little but kept its place. I blew again and it ruffled again—but this time it also seemed to shift impatiently, and I didn't dare blow anymore, for fear it would lose its temper completely and give me a shot. It was too close for me to focus on what it was doing, but it was easy to imagine it ramming its stinger into one of my nostrils and shooting its poison up toward my eyes. And my brain.

A terrible idea came to me: that this was the very bee that had killed my brother. I knew it wasn't true, and not

only because honeybees probably didn't live longer than a single year (except maybe for the queens; about them I was not so sure). It couldn't be true, because honeybees died when they stung, and even at nine I knew it. Their stingers were barbed, and when they tried to fly away after doing the deed, they tore themselves apart. Still, the idea stayed. This was a special bee, a devil-bee, and it had come back to finish the other of Albion and Loretta's two boys.

And here is something else: I had been stung by bees before, and although the stings had swelled more than is perhaps usual (I can't really say for sure), I had never died of them. That was only for my brother, a terrible trap that had been laid for him in his very making—a trap that I had somehow escaped. But as I crossed my eyes until they hurt, in an effort to focus on the bee, logic did not exist. It was the *bee* that existed, only that—the bee that had killed my brother, killed him so cruelly that my father had slipped down the straps of his overalls so he could take off his shirt and cover Dan's swollen, engorged face. Even in the depths of his grief he had done that, because he didn't want his wife to see what had become of her firstborn. Now the bee had returned, and now it would kill me. I would die in convulsions on the bank, flopping just as a brookie flops after you take the hook out of its mouth.



As I sat there trembling on the edge of panic—ready to bolt to my feet and then bolt anywhere—there came a report from behind me. It was as sharp and peremptory as a pistol shot, but I knew it wasn't a pistol shot; it was someone clapping his hands. One single clap. At that moment, the bee tumbled off my nose and fell into my lap. It lay there on my pants with its legs sticking up and its stinger a threatless black thread against the old scuffed brown of the corduroy. It was dead as a doornail, I saw that at once. At the same moment, the pole gave another tug—the hardest yet—and I almost lost it again.

I grabbed it with both hands and gave it a big stupid yank that would have made my father clutch his head with both hands, if he had been there to see. A rainbow trout, a good bit larger than either of the ones I had already caught, rose out of the water in a wet flash, spray-

ing fine drops of water from its tail—it looked like one of those fishing pictures they used to put on the covers of men's magazines like *True* and *Man's Adventure* back in the forties and fifties. At that moment hauling in a big one was about the last thing on my mind, however, and when the line snapped and the fish fell back into the stream, I barely noticed. I looked over my shoulder to see who had clapped. A man was standing above me, at the edge of the trees. His face was very long and pale. His black hair was combed tight against his skull and parted with rigorous care on the left side of his narrow head. He was very tall. He was wearing a black three-piece suit, and I knew right away that he was not a human being, because his eyes were the orangey red of flames in a woodstove. I don't mean just the irises, because he *had* no irises, and no pupils, and certainly no whites. His eyes were completely orange—an orange that shifted and flickered. And it's really too late not to say exactly what I mean, isn't it? He was on fire inside, and his eyes were like the little isinglass portholes you sometimes see in stove doors.

My bladder let go, and the scuffed brown the dead bee was lying on went a darker brown. I was hardly aware of what had happened, and I couldn't take my eyes off the man standing on top of the bank and looking down at me—the man who had apparently walked out of thirty miles of trackless western Maine woods in a fine black suit and narrow shoes of gleaming leather. I could see the watch chain looped across his vest glittering in the summer sunshine. There was not so much as a single pine needle on him. And he was smiling at me.

"Why, it's a fisherboy!" he cried in a mellow, pleasing voice. "Imagine that! Are we well met, fisherboy?"

"Hello, sir," I said. The voice that came out of me did not tremble, but it didn't sound like my voice, either. It sounded older. Like Dan's voice, maybe. Or my father's, even. And all I could think was that maybe he would let me go if I pretended not to see what he was. If I pretended I didn't see there were flames glowing and dancing where his eyes should have been.

"I've saved you a nasty sting, perhaps," he said, and then, to my horror, he came down the bank to where I sat with a dead bee in my wet lap and a bamboo fishing

pole in my nerveless hands. His slick-soled city shoes should have slipped on the low, grassy weeds dressing the steep bank, but they didn't; nor did they leave tracks, I saw. Where his feet had touched—or seemed to touch—there was not a single broken twig, crushed leaf, or trampled shoe-shape.

Even before he reached me, I recognized the aroma baking up from the skin under the suit—the smell of burned matches. The smell of sulfur. The man in the black suit was the Devil. He had walked out of the deep woods between Motton and Kashwakamak, and now he was standing here beside me. From the corner of one eye I could see a hand as pale as the hand of a store-window dummy. The fingers were hideously long.

He hunkered beside me on his hams, his knees popping just as the knees of any normal man might, but when he moved his hands so they dangled between his knees, I saw that each of those long fingers ended in not a fingernail but a long yellow claw.

"You didn't answer my question, fisherboy," he said in his mellow voice. It was, now that I think of it, like the voice of one of those radio announcers on the big-band shows years later, the ones that would sell Geritol and Serutan and Ovaltine and Dr. Grabow pipes. "Are we well met?"

"Please don't hurt me," I whispered, in a voice so low I could barely hear it. I was more afraid than I could ever write down, more afraid than I want to remember. But I do. I do. It never crossed my mind to hope I was having a dream, although it might have, I suppose, if I had been older. But I was nine, and I knew the truth when it squatted down beside me. I knew a hawk from a hand-saw, as my father would have said. The man who had come out of the woods on that Saturday afternoon in midsummer was the Devil, and inside the empty holes of his eyes his brains were burning.

"Oh, do I smell something?" he asked, as if he hadn't heard me, although I knew he had. "Do I smell something . . . wet?"

He leaned toward me with his nose stuck out, like someone who means to smell a flower. And I noticed an awful thing; as the shadow of his head travelled over the bank, the grass beneath it turned yellow and died. He lowered his head toward my pants and sniffed. His glaring

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eyes half closed, as if he had inhaled some sublime aroma and wanted to concentrate on nothing but that.

"Oh, bad!" he cried. "Lovely-bad!" And then he chanted: "Opal! Diamond! Sapphire! Jade! I smell Gary's lemonade!" He threw himself on his back in the little flat place and laughed.

I thought about running, but my legs seemed two counties away from my brain. I wasn't crying, though; I had wet my pants, but I wasn't crying. I was too scared to cry. I suddenly knew that I was going to die, and probably painfully, but the worst of it was that that might not be the worst of it. The worst might come later. *After* I was dead.

He sat up suddenly, the smell of burnt matches fluffing out from his suit and making me feel gaggy in my throat. He looked at me solemnly from his narrow white face and burning eyes, but there was a sense of laughter about him, too. There was always that sense of laughter about him.

"Sad news, fisherboy," he said. "I've come with sad news."

I could only look at him—the black

suit, the fine black shoes, the long white fingers that ended not in nails but in talons.

"Your mother is dead."

"No!" I cried. I thought of her making bread, of the curl lying across her forehead and just touching her eyebrow, of her standing there in the strong morning sunlight, and the terror swept over me again, but not for myself this time. Then I thought of how she'd looked when I set off with my fishing pole, standing in the kitchen doorway with her hand shading her eyes, and how she had looked to me in that moment like a photograph of someone you expected to see again but never did. "No, you lie!" I screamed.

He smiled—the sadly patient smile of a man who has often been accused falsely. "I'm afraid not," he said. "It was the same thing that happened to your brother, Gary. It was a bee."

"No, that's not true," I said, and now I *did* begin to cry. "She's old, she's thirty-five—if a bee sting could kill her the way it did Danny she would have died a long time ago, and you're a lying bastard!"

I had called the Devil a lying bastard. I was aware of this, but the entire front of my mind was taken up by the enormity of what he'd said. My mother dead? He might as well have told me that the moon had fallen on Vermont. But I believed him. On some level I believed him completely, as we always believe, on some level, the worst thing our hearts can imagine.

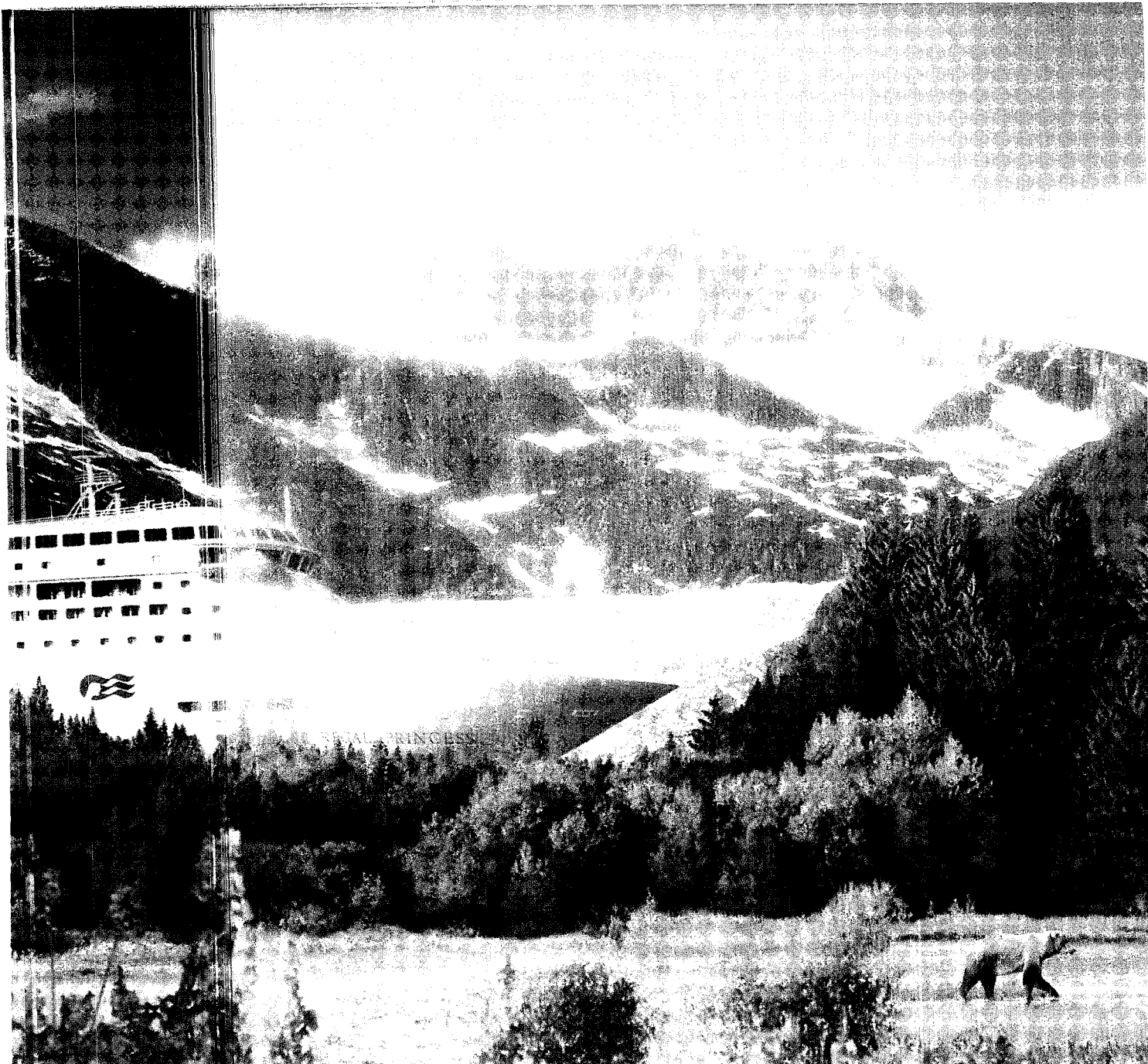
"I understand your grief, little fisherboy, but that particular argument just doesn't hold water, I'm afraid." He spoke in a tone of bogus comfort that was horrible, maddening, without remorse or pity. "A man can go his whole life without seeing a mockingbird,

you know, but does that mean mockingbirds don't exist? Your mother—"

A fish jumped below us. The man in the black suit frowned, then pointed a finger at it. The trout convulsed in the air, its body bending so strenuously that for a split second it appeared to be snapping at its own tail, and when it fell back into Castle Stream it was floating lifelessly. It struck the big gray rock where the waters divided, spun around twice in the whirlpool eddy that formed there, and then floated away in the direction of Castle Rock. Meanwhile, the terrible stranger turned his burning eyes on me again, his thin lips pulled back from tiny rows of sharp teeth in a cannibal smile.

"Your mother simply went through her entire life without being stung by a bee," he said. "But then—less than an hour ago, actually—one flew in through the kitchen window while she was taking the bread out of the oven and putting it on the counter to cool."

I raised my hands and clapped them over my ears. He pursed his lips as if to whistle and blew at me gently. It was only a little breath, but the stench was



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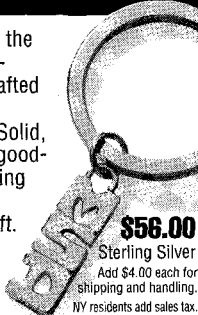
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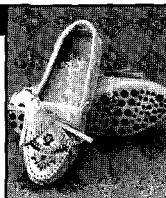
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foul beyond belief—clogged sewers, out-
houses that have never known a single
sprinkle of lime, dead chickens after
a flood.

My hands fell away from the sides of
my face.

"Good," he said. "You need to hear
this, Gary; you need to hear this, my little
fisherboy. It was your mother who passed
that fatal weakness on to your brother.
You got some of it, but you also got a
protection from your father that poor
Dan somehow missed." He pursed his
lips again, only this time he made a cru-
elly comic little *tsk-tsk* sound instead of
blowing his nasty breath at me. "So al-
though I don't like to speak ill of the
dead, it's almost a case of poetic justice,
isn't it? After all, she killed your brother
Dan as surely as if she had put a gun to
his head and pulled the trigger."

"No," I whispered. "No, it isn't true."

"I assure you it is," he said. "The bee
flew in the window and lit on her neck.
She slapped at it before she even knew
what she was doing—you were wiser
than that, weren't you, Gary?—and the
bee stung her. She felt her throat start
to close up at once. That's what hap-
pens, you know, to people who can't tol-
erate bee venom. Their throats close and
they drown in the open air. That's why
Dan's face was so swollen and purple.
That's why your father covered it with
his shirt."

I stared at him, now incapable of
speech. Tears streamed down my cheeks.
I didn't want to believe him, and knew
from my church schooling that the Devil
is the father of lies, but I *did* believe him
just the same.

"She made the most wonderfully aw-
ful noises," the man in the black suit
reflectively, "and she scratched her face
quite badly, I'm afraid. Her eyes bulged
out like a frog's eyes. She wept." He
paused, then added: "She wept as she
died, isn't that sweet? And here's the
most beautiful thing of all. After she was
dead, after she had been lying on the
floor for fifteen minutes or so with no
sound but the stove ticking and with that
little thread of a bee stinger still poking
out of the side of her neck—so small,
so small—do you know what Candy
Bill did? That little rascal licked away
her tears. First on one side, and then on
the other."

He looked out at the stream for a mo-
ment, his face sad and thoughtful. Then

he turned back to me and his expression
of bereavement disappeared like a dream.
His face was as slack and as avid as the
face of a corpse that has died hungry. His
eyes blazed. I could see his sharp little
teeth between his pale lips.

"I'm starving," he said abruptly. "I'm
going to kill you and eat your guts,
little fisherboy. What do you think
about that?"

No, I tried to say, *please no*, but no
sound came out. He meant to do it, I
saw. He really meant to do it.

"I'm just so *hungry*," he said, both
petulant and teasing. "And you won't
want to live without your precious
mommy, anyhow, take my word for it.
Because your father's the sort of man
who'll have to have some warm hole to
stick it in, believe me, and if you're the
only one available, you're the one who'll
have to serve. I'll save you all that dis-
comfort and unpleasantness. Also, you'll
go to Heaven, think of that. Murdered
souls *always* go to Heaven. So we'll both
be serving God this afternoon, Gary.
Isn't that nice?"

He reached for me again with his
long, pale hands, and without thinking
what I was doing, I flipped open the top
of my creel, pawed all the way down to
the bottom, and brought out the mon-
ster brookie I'd caught earlier—the one
I should have been satisfied with. I held
it out to him blindly, my fingers in the
red slit of its belly, from which I had re-
moved its insides as the man in the black
suit had threatened to remove mine. The
fish's glazed eye stared dreamily at me,
the gold ring around the black center re-
minding me of my mother's wedding
ring. And in that moment I saw her
lying in her coffin with the sun shining
off the wedding band and knew it
was true—she had been stung by a bee,
she had drowned in the warm, bread-
smelling kitchen air, and Candy Bill
had licked her dying tears from her swol-
len cheeks.

"Big fish!" the man in the black suit
cried in a guttural, greedy voice. "Oh,
biig fiish!"

He snatched it away from me and
crammed it into a mouth that opened
wider than any human mouth ever could.
Many years later, when I was sixty-five
(I know it was sixty-five, because that
was the summer I retired from teaching),
I went to the aquarium in Boston and
finally saw a shark. The mouth of the

man in the black suit was like that shark's mouth when it opened, only his gullet was blazing orange, the same color as his eyes, and I felt heat bake out of it and into my face, the way you feel a sudden wave of heat come pushing out of a fireplace when a dry piece of wood catches alight. And I didn't imagine that heat, either—I know I didn't—because just before he slid the head of my nineteen-inch brook trout between his gaping jaws, I saw the scales along the sides of the fish rise up and begin to curl like bits of paper floating over an open incinerator.

He slid the fish in like a man in a travelling show swallowing a sword. He didn't chew, and his blazing eyes bulged out, as if in effort. The fish went in and went in, his throat bulged as it slid down his gullet, and now he began to cry tears of his own—except his tears were blood, scarlet and thick.

I think it was the sight of those bloody tears that gave me my body back. I don't know why that should have been, but I think it was. I bolted to my feet like a Jack released from its box, turned with my bamboo pole still in one hand, and fled up the bank, bending over and tearing tough bunches of weeds out with my free hand in an effort to get up the slope more quickly.

He made a strangled, furious noise—the sound of any man with his mouth too full—and I looked back just as I got to the top. He was coming after me, the back of his suit coat flapping and his thin gold watch chain flashing and winking in the sun. The tail of the fish was still protruding from his mouth and I could smell the rest of it, roasting in the oven of his throat.

He reached for me, groping with his talons, and I fled along the top of the bank. After a hundred yards or so I found my voice and went to screaming—screaming in fear, of course, but also screaming in grief for my beautiful dead mother.

He was coming after me. I could hear snapping branches and whipping bushes, but I didn't look back again. I lowered my head, slitted my eyes against the bushes and low-hanging branches along the stream's bank, and ran as fast as I could. And at every step I expected to feel his hands descending on my shoulders,

pulling me back into a final burning hug.

That didn't happen. Some unknown length of time later—it couldn't have been longer than five or ten minutes, I suppose, but it seemed like forever—I saw the bridge through layerings of leaves and firs. Still screaming, but breathlessly now, sounding like a teakettle that has almost boiled dry, I reached this second, steeper bank and charged up.

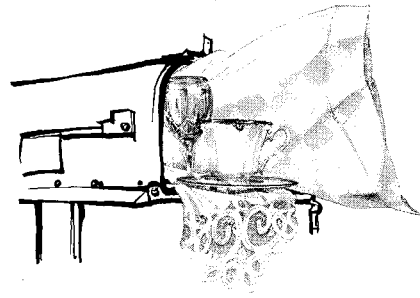
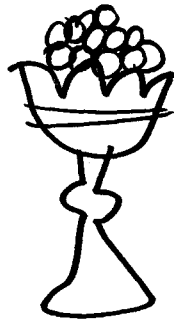
Halfway to the top, I slipped to my knees, looked over my shoulder, and saw the man in the black suit almost at my heels, his white face pulled into a convulsion of fury and greed. His cheeks were splattered with his bloody tears and his shark's mouth hung open like a hinge.

"Fisherboy!" he snarled, and started up the bank after me, grasping at my foot with one long hand. I tore free, turned, and threw my fishing pole at him. He batted it down easily, but it tangled his feet up somehow and he went to his knees. I didn't wait to see any more; I turned and bolted to the top of the slope. I almost slipped at the very top, but managed to

grab one of the support struts running beneath the bridge and save myself.

"You can't get away, fisherboy!" he cried from behind me. He sounded furious, but he also sounded as if he were laughing. "It takes more than a mouthful of trout to fill *me* up!"

"Leave me alone!" I screamed back at him. I grabbed the bridge's railing and threw myself over it in a clumsy somersault, filling my hands with splinters and bumping my head so hard on the boards when I came down that I saw stars. I rolled over on my belly and began crawling. I lurched to my feet just before I got to the end of the bridge, stumbled once, found my rhythm, and then began to run. I ran as only nine-year-old boys can run, which is like the wind. It felt as if my feet only touched the ground with every third or fourth stride, and, for all I know, that may be true. I ran straight up the right-hand wheel rut in the road, ran until my temples pounded and my eyes pulsed in their sockets, ran until I had a hot stitch in my left side from the bottom of my ribs to my armpit, ran until I could taste blood and something like metal shav-



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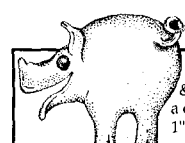
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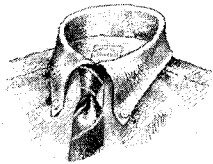


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ings in the back of my throat. When I couldn't run anymore I stumbled to a stop and looked back over my shoulder, puffing and blowing like a wind-broken horse. I was convinced I would see him standing right there behind me in his natty black suit, the watch chain a glittering loop across his vest and not a hair out of place.

But he was gone. The road stretching back toward Castle Stream between the darkly massed pines and spruces was empty. And yet I sensed him somewhere near in those woods, watching me with his grassfire eyes, smelling of burned matches and roasted fish.

I turned and began walking as fast as I could, limping a little—I'd pulled muscles in both legs, and when I got out of bed the next morning I was so sore I could barely walk. I kept looking over my shoulder, needing again and again to verify that the road behind me was still empty. It was each time I looked, but those backward glances seemed to increase my fear rather than lessen it. The firs looked darker, massier, and I kept imagining what lay behind the trees that marched beside the road—long, tangled corridors of forest, leg-breaking deadfalls, ravines where anything might live. Until that Saturday in 1914, I had thought that bears were the worst thing the forest could hold.

A MILE or so farther up the road, just beyond the place where it came out of the woods and joined the Geegan Flat Road, I saw my father walking toward me and whistling "The Old Oaken Bucket." He was carrying his own rod, the one with the fancy spinning reel from Monkey Ward. In his other hand he had his creel, the one with the ribbon my mother had woven through the handle back when Dan was still alive. "Dedicated to Jesus" that ribbon said. I had been walking, but when I saw him I started to run again, screaming *Dad! Dad! Dad!* at the top of my lungs and staggering from side to side on my tired, sprung legs like a drunken sailor. The expression of surprise on his face when he recognized me might have been comical under other circumstances. He dropped his rod and creel into the road without so much as a downward glance at them and ran to me. It was the fastest I ever saw my dad run in his life; when we came together it was a wonder the impact

didn't knock us both senseless, and I struck my face on his belt buckle hard enough to start a little nosebleed. I didn't notice that until later, though. Right then I only reached out my arms and clutched him as hard as I could. I held on and rubbed my hot face back and forth against his belly, covering his old blue workshirt with blood and tears and snot.

"Gary, what is it? What happened? Are you all right?"

"Ma's dead!" I sobbed. "I met a man in the woods and he told me! Ma's dead! She got stung by a bee and it swelled her all up just like what happened to Dan, and she's dead! She's on the kitchen floor and Candy Bill... licked the t-t-tears... off her... off her..."

Face was the last word I had to say, but by then my chest was hitching so bad I couldn't get it out. My own tears were flowing again, and my dad's startled, frightened face had blurred into three overlapping images. I began to howl—not like a little kid who's skinned his knee but like a dog that's seen something bad by moonlight—and my father pressed my head against his hard flat stomach again. I slipped out from under his hand, though, and looked back over my shoulder. I wanted to make sure the man in the black suit wasn't coming. There was no sign of him; the road winding back into the woods was completely empty. I promised myself I would never go back down that road again, not ever, no matter what, and I suppose now that God's greatest blessing to His creatures below is that they can't see the future. It might have broken my mind if I had known I *would* be going back down that road, and not two hours later. For that moment, though, I was only relieved to see we were still alone. Then I thought of my mother—my beautiful dead mother—and laid my face back against my father's stomach and bawled some more.

"Gary, listen to me," he said a moment or two later. I went on bawling. He gave me a little longer to do that, then reached down and lifted my chin so he could look down into my face and I could look up into his. "Your mom's fine," he said.

I could only look at him with tears streaming down my cheeks. I didn't believe him.

"I don't know who told you different, or what kind of dirty dog would want to

put a scare like that into a little boy, but I swear to God your mother's fine."

"But . . . but he said . . ."

"I don't care *what* he said. I got back from Eversham's earlier than I expected—he doesn't want to sell any cows, it's all just talk—and decided I had time to catch up with you. I got my pole and my creel and your mother made us a couple of jelly fold-overs. Her new bread. Still warm. So she was fine half an hour ago, Gary, and there's nobody knows any different that's come from this direction, I guarantee you. Not in just half an hour's time." He looked over my shoulder. "Who was this man? And where was he? I'm going to find him and thrash him within an inch of his life."

I thought a thousand things in just two seconds—that's what it seemed like, anyway—but the last thing I thought was the most powerful: if my Dad met up with the man in the black suit, I didn't think my Dad would be the one to do the thrashing. Or the walking away.

I kept remembering those long white fingers, and the talons at the ends of them.

"Gary?"

"I don't know that I remember," I said.

"Were you where the stream splits? The big rock?"

I could never lie to my father when he asked a direct question—not to save his life or mine. "Yes, but don't go down there." I seized his arm with both hands and tugged it hard. "Please don't. He was a scary man." Inspiration struck like an illuminating lightning bolt. "I think he had a gun."

He looked at me thoughtfully. "Maybe there wasn't a man," he said, lifting his voice a little on the last word and turning it into something that was almost but not quite a question. "Maybe you fell asleep while you were fishing, son, and had a bad dream. Like the ones you had about Danny last winter."

I *had* had a lot of bad dreams about Dan last winter, dreams where I would open the door to our closet or to the dark, fruity interior of the cider shed and see him standing there and looking at me out of his purple strangulated face; from many of these dreams I had awakened screaming, and awakened my parents as well. I had fallen asleep on the bank of

the stream for a little while, too—dozed off, anyway—but I hadn't dreamed, and I was sure I had awakened just before the man in the black suit clapped the bee dead, sending it tumbling off my nose and into my lap. I hadn't dreamed him the way I had dreamed Dan, I was quite sure of that, although my meeting with him had already attained a dreamlike quality in my mind, as I suppose supernatural occurrences always must.

But if my Dad thought that the man had only existed in my own head, that might be better. Better for him.

"It might have been, I guess," I said.

"Well, we ought to go back and find your rod and your creel."

He actually started in that direction, and I had to tug frantically at his arm to stop him again and turn him back toward me.

"Later," I said. "Please, Dad? I want to see Mother. I've got to see her with my own eyes."

He thought that over, then nodded. "Yes, I suppose you do. We'll go home first, and get your rod and creel later."

So we walked back to the farm together, my father with his fish pole propped on his shoulder just like one of my friends, me carrying his creel, both of us eating folded-over slices of my mother's bread smeared with black-currant jam.

"Did you catch anything?" he asked as we came in sight of the barn.

"Yes, sir," I said. "A rainbow. Pretty good-sized." *And a brookie that was a lot bigger*, I thought but didn't say.

"That's all? Nothing else?"

"After I caught it I fell asleep." This was not really an answer but not really a lie, either.

"Lucky you didn't lose your pole. You didn't, did you, Gary?"

"No, sir," I said, very reluctantly. Lying about that would do no good even if I'd been able to think up a whopper—not if he was set on going back to get my creel anyway, and I could see by his face that he was.

Up ahead, Candy Bill came racing out of the back door, barking his shrill bark and wagging his whole rear end back and forth the way Scotties do when they're excited. I couldn't wait any longer. I broke away from my father and ran to the house, still lugging his creel and still convinced, in my heart of hearts, that I



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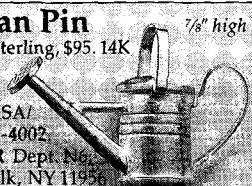
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was going to find my mother dead on the kitchen floor with her face swollen and purple, as Dan's had been when my father carried him in from the west field, crying and calling the name of Jesus.

But she was standing at the counter, just as well and fine as when I had left her, humming a song as she shelled peas into a bowl. She looked around at me, first in surprise and then in fright as she took in my wide eyes and pale cheeks.

"Gary, what is it? What's the matter?"

I didn't answer, only ran to her and covered her with kisses. At some point my father came in and said, "Don't worry, Lo—he's all right. He just had one of his bad dreams, down there by the brook."

"Pray God it's the last of them," she said, and hugged me tighter while Candy Bill danced around our feet, barking his shrill bark.

"YOU don't have to come with me if you don't want to, Gary," my father said, although he had already made it clear that he thought I should—that I should go back, that I should face my fear, as I suppose folks would say nowadays. That's very well for fearful things that are make-believe, but two hours hadn't done much to change my conviction that the man in the black suit had been real. I wouldn't be able to convince my father of that, though. I don't think there was a nine-year-old who ever lived would have been able to convince his father he'd seen the Devil walking out of the woods in a black suit.

"I'll come," I said. I had come out of the house to join him before he left, mustering all my courage to get my feet moving, and now we were standing by the chopping block in the side yard, not far from the woodpile.

"What you got behind your back?" he asked.

I brought it out slowly. I would go with him, and I would hope the man in the black suit with the arrow-straight part down the left side of his head was gone. But if he wasn't, I wanted to be prepared. As prepared as I could be, anyway. I had the family Bible in the hand I had brought out from behind my back. I'd set out just to bring my New Testament, which I had won for memorizing the most psalms in the Thursday-night Youth Fellowship competition (I managed eight, although most of them ex-

cept the Twenty-third had floated out of my mind in a week's time), but the little red Testament didn't seem like enough when you were maybe going to face the Devil himself, not even when the words of Jesus were marked out in red ink.

My father looked at the old Bible, swollen with family documents and pictures, and I thought he'd tell me to put it back, but he didn't. A look of mixed grief and sympathy crossed his face, and he nodded. "All right," he said. "Does your mother know you took that?"

"No, sir."

He nodded again. "Then we'll hope she doesn't spot it gone before we get back. Come on. And don't drop it."

HALF an hour or so later, the two of us stood on the bank at the place where Castle Stream forked, and at the flat place where I'd had my encounter with the man with the red-orange eyes. I had my bamboo rod in my hand—I'd picked it up below the bridge—and my creel lay down below, on the flat place. Its wicker top was flipped back. We stood looking down, my father and I, for a long time, and neither of us said anything.

Opal! Diamond! Sapphire! Jade! I smell Gary's lemonade! That had been his unpleasant little poem, and once he had recited it, he had thrown himself on his back, laughing like a child who has just discovered he has enough courage to say bathroom words like shit or piss. The flat place down there was as green and lush as any place in Maine that the sun can get to in early July. Except where the stranger had lain. There the grass was dead and yellow in the shape of a man.

I was holding our lumpy old family Bible straight out in front of me with both thumbs pressing so hard on the cover that they were white. It was the way Mama Sweet's husband, Norville, held a willow fork when he was trying to dowse somebody a well.

"Stay here," my father said at last, and skidded sideways down the bank, digging his shoes into the rich soft soil and holding his arms out for balance. I stood where I was, holding the Bible stiffly out at the ends of my arms, my heart thumping. I don't know if I had a sense of being watched that time or not; I was too scared to have a sense of anything, except for a sense of wanting to be far away from that place and those woods.

My dad bent down, sniffed at where the grass was dead, and grimaced. I knew what he was smelling: something like burnt matches. Then he grabbed my creel and came on back up the bank, hurrying. He snagged one fast look over his shoulder to make sure nothing was coming along behind. Nothing was. When he handed me the creel, the lid was still hanging back on its cunning little leather hinges. I looked inside and saw nothing but two handfuls of grass.

"Thought you said you caught a rainbow," my father said, "but maybe you dreamed that, too."

Something in his voice stung me. "No, sir," I said. "I caught one."

"Well, it sure as hell didn't flop out, not if it was gutted and cleaned. And you wouldn't put a catch into your fisherbox without doing that, would you, Gary? I taught you better than that."

"Yes, sir, you did, but—"

"So if you didn't dream catching it and if it was dead in the box, something must have come along and eaten it," my father said, and then he grabbed another quick glance over his shoulder, eyes wide, as if he had heard something move in the woods. I wasn't exactly surprised to see drops of sweat standing out on his forehead like big clear jewels. "Come on," he said. "Let's get the hell out of here."

I was for that, and we went back along the bank to the bridge, walking quick without speaking. When we got there, my dad dropped to one knee and examined the place where we'd found my rod. There was another patch of dead grass there, and the lady's slipper was all brown and curled in on itself, as if a blast of heat had charred it. I looked in my empty creel again. "He must have gone back and eaten my other fish, too," I said.

My father looked up at me. "Other fish!"

"Yes, sir. I didn't tell you, but I caught a brookie, too. A big one. He was awful hungry, that fella." I wanted to say more, and the words trembled just behind my lips, but in the end I didn't.

We climbed up to the bridge and helped each other over the railing. My father took my creel, looked into it, then went to the railing and threw it over. I came up beside him in time to see it splash down and float away like a boat, riding lower and lower in the stream as the water poured in between the wicker weavings.



"Who should I say is invading?"

"It smelled bad," my father said, but he didn't look at me when he said it, and his voice sounded oddly defensive. It was the only time I ever heard him speak just that way.

"Yes, sir."

"We'll tell your mother we couldn't find it. If she asks. If she doesn't ask, we won't tell her anything."

"No, sir, we won't."

And she didn't and we didn't, and that's the way it was.

THAT day in the woods is eighty years gone, and for many of the years in between I have never even thought of it—not awake, at least. Like any other man or woman who ever lived, I can't say about my dreams, not for sure. But now I'm old, and I dream awake, it seems. My infirmities have crept up like waves that will soon take a child's abandoned sand castle, and my memories have also crept up, making me think of some old rhyme that went, in part, "Just leave them alone / And they'll come home / Wagging their tails behind them." I remember meals I ate, games I played, girls I kissed in the school cloakroom when we played post office, boys I chummed with, the first drink I ever took, the first cigarette I ever smoked

(cornshuck behind Dicky Hamner's pig shed, and I threw up). Yet of all the memories the one of the man in the black suit is the strongest, and glows with its own spectral, haunted light. He was real, he was the Devil, and that day I was either his errand or his luck. I feel more and more strongly that escaping him was my luck—*just* luck, and not the intercession of the God I have worshipped and sung hymns to all my life.

As I lie here in my nursing-home room, and in the ruined sand castle that is my body, I tell myself that I need not fear the Devil—that I have lived a good, kindly life, and I need not fear the Devil. Sometimes I remind myself that it was I, not my father, who finally coaxed my mother back to church later on that summer. In the dark, however, these thoughts have no power to ease or comfort. In the dark comes a voice that whispers that the nine-year-old fisherboy I was had done nothing for which he might legitimately fear the Devil, either, and yet the Devil came—to him. And in the dark I sometimes hear that voice drop even lower, into ranges that are inhuman. *Big fish!* it whispers in tones of hushed greed, and all the truths of the moral world fall to ruin before its hunger. ♦

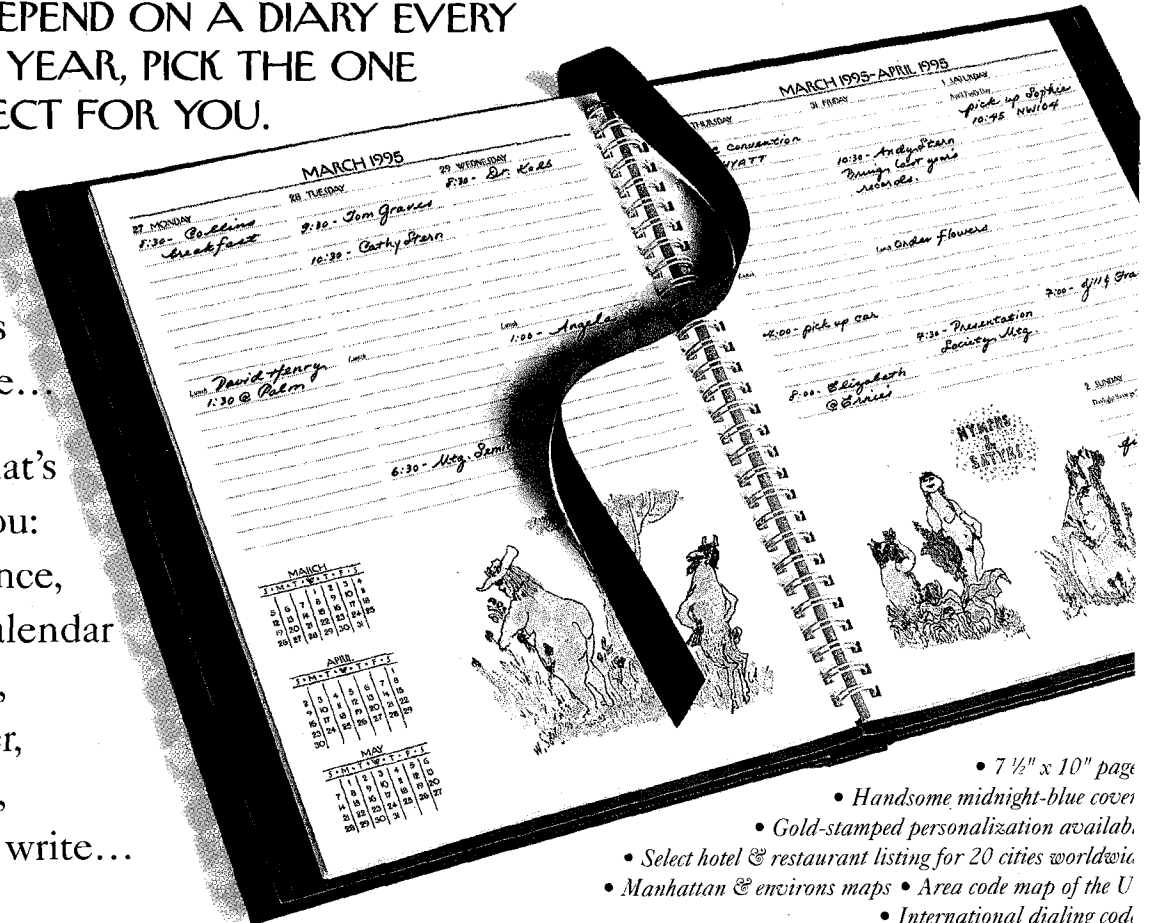
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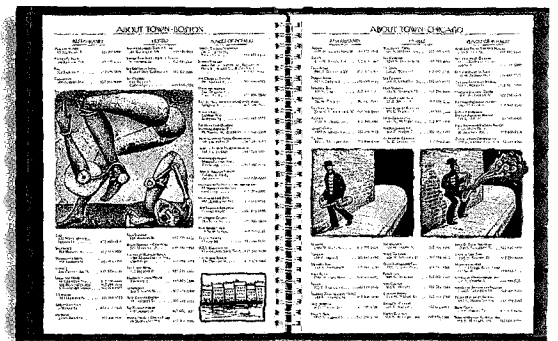
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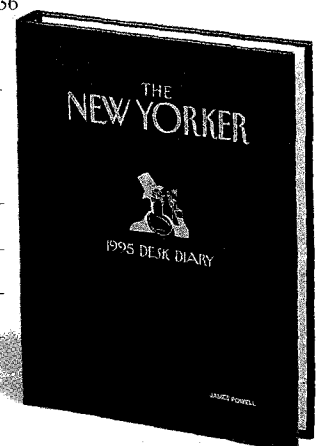
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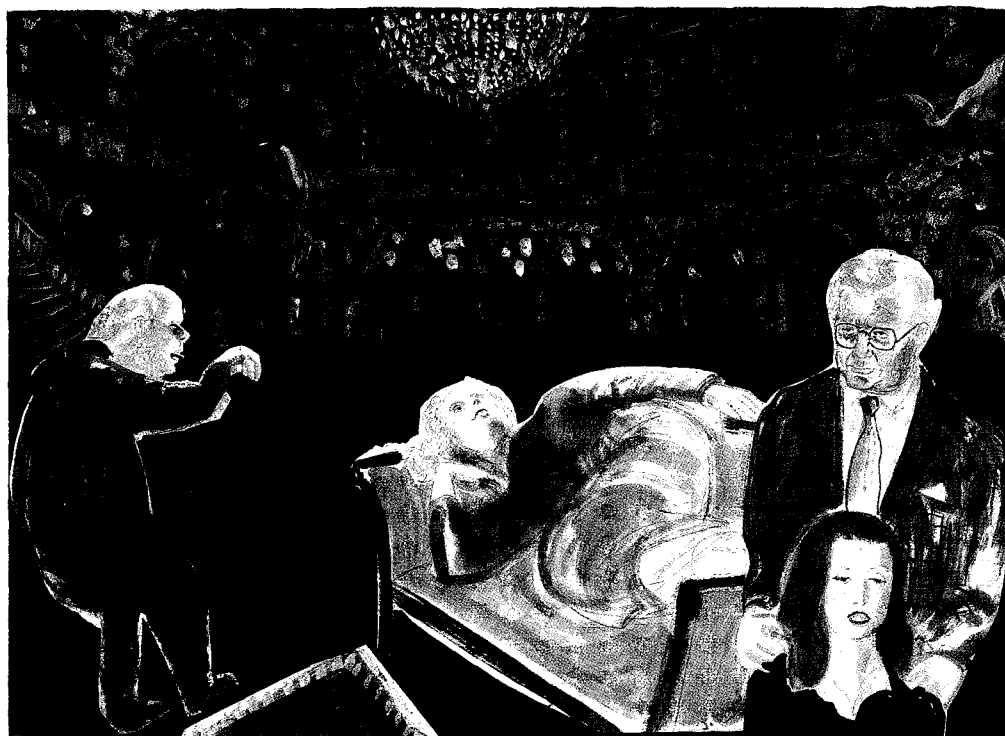
LOUIS MALLE'S astonishingly beautiful "Vanya on 42nd Street" documents a theatrical production, directed by André Gregory, of Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," and the opening scenes tell us, quickly and emphatically, that what we're about to see is a *performance*. The actors and the director make their way through the motley daytime crowds of Forty-second Street and then meet, along with a couple of invited guests, at the theatre where the company has been rehearsing, a decrepit former playhouse and movie palace called the New Amsterdam. The cast members—some of them bearing knishes and take-out coffee—chatter and hug and complain of fatigue as they prepare for what we understand will be a full run-through of the play. There isn't a stage in sight, just a cleared space in the middle of the rubble, where the actors sit in an apparently haphazard arrangement of old furniture. One of them, Wallace Shawn, who has arrived looking haggard and underslept, stretches out on a bench and closes his eyes, as if to steal a few winks before work begins. The camera, discreetly, shifts its gaze to Larry Pine and Phoebe Brand, who are making small talk at a nearby table, and after a few seconds we realize that this is the small talk of "Uncle Vanya," that Pine and Brand are now Astrov, the cynical

country doctor, and Marina, the elderly nurse. And when Shawn, his peaceful snooze disturbed by their conversation, wakes up, he wakes up as Vanya.

This fluid transition from the documentary framing device to the performance itself is the first in a series of uncommonly graceful shocks—of radical but almost imperceptible shifts in perspective, which, in the course of the movie's two hours, have the effect of opening up the play in the deepest sense. Initially, you fear that "Vanya on 42nd Street" is going to be one of those high-concept theatrical reinterpretations of a

classic, relying on self-conscious distancing techniques, like the rehearsal motif, and obvious metaphors, like the ornate seediness of the theatre (evoking the nostalgic, faded-splendor ambience that productions of Chekhov are thought to require) and the professed weariness of the actors (suggesting the standard "Chekhovian" ennui). By the end, it's clear that Malle and Gregory have set up the artificial structure for the sole purpose of dismantling it; the real shock of this movie is how simple and direct and heartfelt it turns out to be. Everything in "Vanya on 42nd Street" works, with a patient, seductive rhythm, to break down any possible resistance to the overwhelming emotional force of "Uncle Vanya."

It takes a little while, in fact, to get used to how *straight* the actors are playing their roles. There's not a trace of avant-garde stylization in their readings, and, what's even more surprising, none of them seem to have been affected by the haze of languor and regret that tends to settle over Chekhov productions. The characters may be disappointed by life, but the performers don't drift and drawl like the living dead. In this "Vanya," the actors are startlingly vital. Even poor old Vanya—a well-read bachelor who has wasted his life managing the estate of a pompous relative, Professor Serebryakov (George Gaynes)—isn't as pathetic as usual. Shawn's Vanya is bitter, sarcastic,



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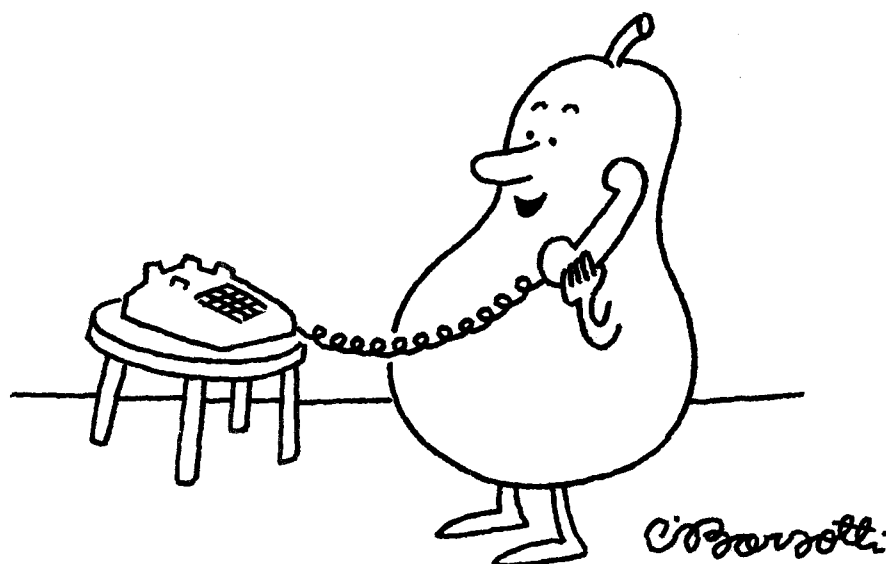
passionately resentful of his employer's undeserved success. What makes Shawn's performance so original, and so electrifying, is that he represents Vanya's pain as something vivid, immediate, and omnipresent—as the sort of chronic pain that turns not to dull apathy but to unremitting, futile anger. And the sharp edge of the hero's personality helps clarify the odd, ambiguous nature of his relationship with the professor's gorgeous young wife, Yelena (Julianne Moore). Vanya is hopelessly in love with her, and, although she's not at all attracted to him, she seems to enjoy his company tremendously. In most productions, Yelena's indulgence of this desperate suitor feels a little cruel—at best, thoughtless—and we suspect that she tolerates him only because his doggy devotion feeds the ego that her husband's vanity and self-absorption are constantly threatening to destroy. Here the bond between Vanya and Yelena is stronger than that: less sinister, and infinitely more complex. It's based on their shared dim view of Serebryakov's character, and on their equal inability to break free of his dominance. When they're alone together, he entertains her with outbursts of rage at the professor, and, as Shawn delivers them, these riffs are so hilariously vituperative that Yelena collapses in giggles. Vanya says what she won't allow herself to say, and what no one else seems to recognize; we feel, in Yelena's nearly hysterical appreciation of Vanya's derisive jokes, her enormous gratitude for the release he provides.

And Moore's extraordinary performance gives this difficult character a warmth and an emotional fullness that deepen the play's resonance. Yelena is the object of everyone's desire; Astrov, who is handsome, articulate, and suavely world-weary, falls for her, too (and she's tempted to reciprocate). Moore, with amazing delicacy, manages to convey both the thrill and the anxiety of being, at virtually every moment, men's prey. Much as Yelena may yearn to give in to Astrov, she can't, and the penetrating gaze that Moore trains on the adoring men tells us why: Yelena recognizes in Astrov a disastrous combination of Vanya's self-loathing and her husband's chilling arrogance. With Moore in the role, the usual interpretations of the character—as a heartless tease or as a crushed victim of a bad marriage—are impossible to sustain. This Yelena is so vibrant that

all the play's rich meanings seem to collect around her, as if drawn by a magnet.

If Moore's acting seems to embody the complex spirit of "Vanya on 42nd Street," it's perhaps because her performance most clearly duplicates the over-all method of the production—the slow, insinuating progress from brilliant isolated effects to a kind of concentrated intensity that makes Chekhov's intricately messy world appear pure, irreducible, transparent. As this "Vanya" goes along, Malle eliminates, one by one, every element that could distract us from the actors and the text. (The superb English adaptation is by David Mamet.) The cuts away from the performance to the director and the tiny audience decrease in frequency until they finally cease altogether; in the second half of the play, we're no longer aware of the presence of spectators, and neither the setting nor the actors' street clothes look at all strange. At some point, our sense of the theatrical reality gives way to the more intimate feeling of belief that movies create. One of Yelena's speeches in the third act is rendered as an interior monologue, in voice-over, and by then we're so thoroughly immersed in the life of the story that we accept unquestioningly the violation of the movie's clearly stated documentary premise. "Vanya on 42nd Street" is, among other things, a splendid demonstration of how great art seduces us, has its way with us. The movie is designed to give the audience the experience of total surrender to theatrical illusion, and Malle and Gregory and the actors earn their victory honestly. The style of the picture seems, finally, to merge with the play itself: nothing appears to be happening, yet everything is transformed.

IN Chekhov, the characters' sense of defeat is only part of the story. In Mike Figgis's "The Browning Version," which is the second movie adaptation of a 1948 play by Terence Rattigan, failure is pretty much the whole show. The main character, Andrew Crocker-Harris (Albert Finney), is a rigid, thoroughly unpopular classics master at an English public school. Poor health has forced him to resign his post after more than twenty years, and in his final week at the school he discovers just how little respect he commands from his students, his colleagues, and his wife, Laura (Greta Scacchi). He learns that the boys have been calling him "the Hitler of the Lower



"Fruit salad? Count me in!"

Fifth." He is told by the jovial, unctuous headmaster (Michael Gambon) that he won't be receiving a pension. And he is publicly mocked by his wife, who goes out of her way to spoil the only moment of joy in his dispiriting last days at the school: a kind student, Taplow (Ben Silverstone), has given him a going-away present—a first edition of the Robert Browning translation of Crocker-Harris's favorite play, the "Agamemnon"—and Laura, annoyed by her husband's pleasure in the gift, cruelly suggests that the boy had an ulterior motive. Laura despises Andrew, and is unfaithful to him, because he's spineless and impotent, and he endures this abuse, like a whipped dog, because he knows she's right. The rhetoric of the story is that Crocker-Harris, who was once a promising young scholar, has allowed himself to be beaten down by the disappointments of everyday life. He has been dying a slow death for years, and the events of his last days at the school snuff out the feeble spark that remains of his once bright hopes. In his farewell speech to the school, Crocker-Harris, his defenses utterly destroyed, acknowledges his inadequacies as a teacher and as a human being, asks for forgiveness, and gets it: the crowd cheers.

It would be easy to make fun of "The Browning Version," to ridicule both the movie's old-fashioned well-made-play construction—the hero's humiliations click into place with almost unseemly efficiency—and the nearly self-parodic

Englishness of the conception: only a British playwright, one feels, would try to bring down the house with a ringing speech about failure. Ronald Harwood's screenplay follows closely Rattigan's script for the earlier film, which came out in 1951. (Anthony Asquith directed, and Michael Redgrave played Crocker-Harris.) But, outdated as the piece may seem, the new movie is strong and affecting—perhaps because neither the director nor the star has worked with this sort of material before, so neither has the luxury of treating "The Browning Version" as business as usual. Figgis's customary product is moody, noirish thrillers ("Stormy Monday," "Internal Affairs," "Liebestraum"); the public-school atmosphere of sunlit playing fields and dusty, tradition-haunted classrooms is new to him, and so is Rattigan's careful, conventional dramaturgy. He's clearly energized by the challenge of giving fresh life to this desiccated-looking terrain; his direction is swift, sharp, and emotionally exact, and he gets terrific performances from the entire cast. (Even Scacchi, who has often seemed vacuous and inexpressive on the screen, creates a rounded, subtly detailed character here.) And Finney—in a role that appears to be better suited to a performer from the rueful-and-repressed school of understated British acting (Dirk Bogarde, Jeremy Irons, the Anthony Hopkins of "The Remains of the Day")—is marvellous. It's a great performance, and, coming from an actor whose usual style

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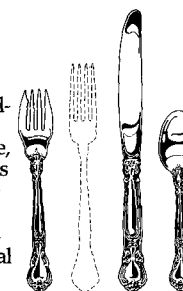
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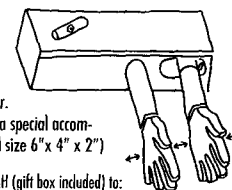
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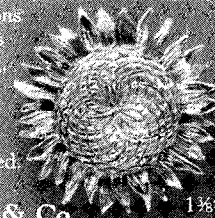
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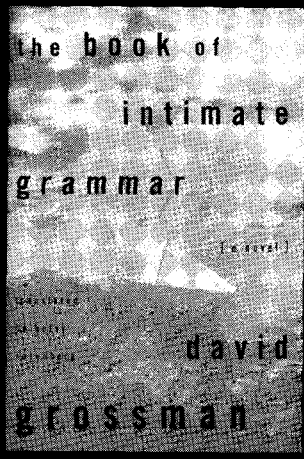
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is exuberant and expansive, a wholly unexpected one.

Finney's restraint in this role is peculiarly exhilarating. He's a stocky, virile-looking man—his physique is more suggestive of an ex-footballer than of a prim scholar—and he has a robust, gravelly voice, which we feel might be put to better use bellowing Falstaffian dirty jokes than pinching out dry little classical witticisms. What Finney brings to the character is an element of paradox: as we look at Crocker-Harris's sturdy but oddly slumped body and listen to his deep but quavery voice, we're aware of power that's being suppressed, of resources that aren't being used, and the tension sharpens our sorrow at the character's fate. When Finney reins himself in, you feel that the effort is costing him something—and you understand, too, how much it has cost Crocker-Harris to watch his vitality seep-

ing away, day after day, year after year. Finney's performance is all in his eyes: in the classroom, he maintains a fixed, frightening, inhuman stare; when he's trying to be sociable with his colleagues, his eyes dart from side to side, betraying a discomfort verging on panic; and when he's talking to Laura he averts his eyes completely, until she leaves the room or turns away, and then he raises his head and gazes after her, forlornly, helplessly. Figgis's camera catches every flickering change in his expression. The best thing about this performance is that Finney, by venturing outside his normal range as an artist, seems to transcend the rather narrow, fragile pathos of Rattigan's drama. This "Browning Version" isn't just an exercise in wistful resignation, a midlife elegy for dashed hopes. Finney's heroic acting proves that it's never too late to reinvent yourself. ♦

BOOKS

THE GOOD DAUGHTER

BY DAPHNE MERKIN

ANNE SEXTON, who killed herself in 1974, shortly before her forty-sixth birthday, cultivated a neon-lit poetic persona. Her impact, unlike that of many female writers, had nothing quiet or recessive about it. Of her obsession with suicide—which she attempted nine times over a period of eighteen years—Sexton crowed, "I'm the queen of this condition. / I'm an expert on making the trip / and now they say I'm an addict." Openly sexual in her use of metaphor, she was also openly seductive toward male mentors and poets. Unlike the *Redbook*-homemaker persona of her fellow-suicide Sylvia Plath, Sexton's image had an aura of glamour: tall and slim, green-eyed, dark-haired, and frequently tanned, she sported bright lipstick, cigarettes, and glittering rings. The drama of her art, it appeared, was matched by the drama of her looks, almost as if she were trying to envision herself, as played by Rita Hayworth, in a movie version of her life: tormented suburban wife and mother is released by psychiatrist into the world of poetry-

writing, where she ascends to the pinnacle, taking time off between mental hospitals and Pulitzer Prizes to flash her gams.

Even before the appearance, several years ago, of Diane Wood Middlebrook's biography of Sexton, with its controversial use of material from her psychiatric sessions and its queasy revelations about the poet's penchant for inappropriate cuddling and role-playing with her daughters, one might have guessed that being the child of this flamboyant and self-plundering artist was not a fate to be envied. Now Linda Gray Sexton's memoir, "Searching for Mercy Street: My Journey Back to My Mother, Anne Sexton" (Little, Brown; \$22.95), substantiates our feeling that Anne Sexton, although not quite a Mommie Dearest, cast a long maternal shadow.

The details of Sexton's life are familiar to many readers: born Anne Gray Harvey, she was raised in upper-crust Massachusetts, the third daughter of appearance-conscious, hard-drinking parents whom she remembered as col-

and unavailable. She eloped at nineteen with her boyfriend of only one month, Alfred Muller Sexton II (called Kayo), and they had two children, both girls, by the time Sexton was twenty-six. She played briefly at being the perfect, cake-baking fifties wife, but she seems to have been deeply unhappy from the outset, and in 1955 she started seeing a psychiatrist. It was after her first suicide attempt, which came on the eve of her twenty-eighth birthday, that she began her lifelong effort to write her way out of her anguish, at the suggestion of Dr. Martin Orne. She was quick to take herself seriously as a writer, and she enrolled in John Holmes's well-known poetry workshop at the Boston Center for Adult Education, where she met, among others, Maxine Kumin and George Starbuck. Soon thereafter, she won a coveted place in Robert Lowell's poetry-writing class at Harvard, and in 1960 her first collection, *To Bedlam and Part Way Back*, was published.

As a late starter, Sexton brought to the writing of poetry neither the erudition and technical skill of Lowell nor the sheer rhetorical force of Plath, who was briefly her classmate in Lowell's seminar. (The concluding lines of Plath's "The Applicant," for example, "My boy, it's your last resort. / Will you marry it, marry it, marry it," have infinitely more resonance than the final lines of a poem Sexton wrote about witnessing the sudden onset of Lowell's madness, which display a similar use of repetition: "Or the prince you ate yesterday / who was wise, wise, wise.") Yet Sexton succeeded for a while in spinning gold out of her deficits—her rawness and her ignorance of literary tradition. And she had extraordinary energy, producing ten volumes of poetry before she died. There would always be troubling self-indulgences in her work and, increasingly, toward the end, a lack of the tensile aspect that makes for effective poetry, but there was in her best poems a breathtaking immediacy. She had an inimitable way of starting a poem as though she

were gazing out beyond the page and talking aloud, and her ability to objectify emotion with a childlike, near-at-hand image is almost unrivalled: "I am drinking cocoa, that warm brown mama." Her early poems, written at a time when Adrienne Rich was still wearing a good cloth coat and pearls, retain their blistering directness, their startling air of autobiographical impropriety, even after more than three decades of reflexively "confessional" poetry. (Peter Davison points out in "The Fading Smile," his recently pub-

fied, highly attenuated art form—one that accommodated the dispassionate elegance of a Marianne Moore but not the lumpen realities of menstruation and menopause—with courage and wit. Her poetry asserted an unpretty and very personal vision with a take-it-or-leave-it swagger.

LINDA GRAY SEXTON is Sexton's elder daughter, whose budding adolescence was immortalized in her mother's poem "Little Girl, My Stringbean, My Lovely Woman." (Sexton always had a way with titles.) She is also the daughter who chose—or was chosen—to follow in her mother's artistic footsteps. As her mother's literary executor, Gray Sexton has edited a volume of Sexton's letters and three books of her poetry, and has played a crucial part in the shaping of the Sexton mystique. It is she who has made the judgments about which private documents to release into the public domain—whom to risk hurting or affronting. The hue and cry following her decision to give Middlebrook access to tapes of Dr. Orne's therapy sessions with Sexton resulted in a pre-publication front-page article in the *Times*, which took up the issue of patient confidentiality; after the biography was reviewed in the *Times Book Review*, two of the poet's nieces signed a letter to the *Book Review* which vehemently questioned Middlebrook's sources and her account of, among other things, Sexton's childhood and her relations with her parents and sisters.

Gray Sexton has also written four novels, two of which concern a daughter's relationship with a difficult mother. She explains in her new book, *The Urge to Write about My Life with Mother* had been there throughout all these drafts and pages, and in all these words." The switch from travelling under the cover of fiction to walking out into the open field of nonfiction—where no one will be fooled into thinking that the destructive mother figure in your book is not your own—can't have been an easy one. And, indeed, this memoir has an urgency about it, an impelled rather than voli-



Linda Gray Sexton and her mother, the poet Anne Sexton. Of her decision to write her memoir, the daughter says, "I needed an exorcism."

lished memoir of the poets who gathered in Boston in the late fifties, that the term "confessional," which is so often associated pejoratively with poetry by women, was first used in a review of Lowell's groundbreaking *Life Studies*.) Sexton's place in the hierarchical scheme of things may be debatable, but her genuine accomplishment is not; even the competitive Plath conceded in her journal that to have her poetry compared with Sexton's was "an honor, I suppose." Sexton managed to break down the walls of a calci-

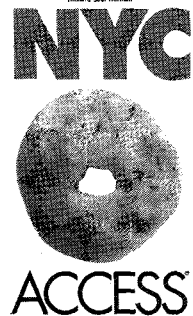
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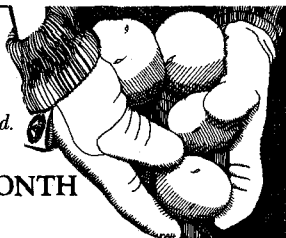


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tional quality, as though feelings that had been buttoned up for years were clamoring to be let out. "I needed an exorcism," Gray Sexton writes. "Although Mother had killed herself when I was twenty-one, my thirty-ninth birthday had come and gone and she still rose each morning from the tumble of my sheets. She still lay down to sleep by my ear at night." Two paragraphs later, she elaborates: "To write about Mother and me would enable me to take control of the demons inside and let them know who was boss. I would be my own witch doctor."

I suppose it's possible to view "Searching for Mercy Street" as an act of unconscious one-upmanship, a kind of grand-slamming "Take that!" from someone who until now has been watching from the sidelines—providing others with tips but keeping quiet about intimate information that she alone possesses. And yet the really interesting thing about this book is not what awful domestic truths it reveals—given the exhibitionism of Sexton herself and the exposure that her life has received, it seems unlikely that there were any more skeletons in the closet—but the halting, even provisional manner in which the person who wrote it has come to terms with those truths. The need to forgive one's parents and let go of the past has been endlessly aired in our twelve-step culture, but few of us have any real sense of how childhood damage is redressed. As a narrative that describes the gruntwork of psychic repair, this memoir is absorbing to read. "I loved my mother when she was alive," Gray Sexton writes toward the end of the book. "I love her still—despite anger, despite her mental illness and the things it allowed her to do. I never wanted her to seem like 'a monster' to anyone. She was loving and kind, but she was also sick and destructive. She tried to be 'a good mother,' but in truth, she was not."

We watch as a very young Linda becomes infatuated with the unpredictable but vivid mother who leaves her child with relatives for months at a time because she's overwhelmed (albeit not too overwhelmed to lunch with friends or have her hair done), spans her with a sneaker, and tunes her out for hours on end while she works at the typewriter. This same mother plays Monopoly, makes hot cocoa, and bakes ginger

snaps—in her daughter's words, "Not the richness of chocolate chip. Ginger snaps: an exotic mix of sugar and bite, just like Mother." And Sexton's messages were no less mixed when it came to matters of class and tradition. She may have disdained housewifely virtues, sleeping away the morning as it suited her, but she also embraced some of the more snuffy values of her Yankee upbringing: "Mother carefully taught us finger-bowl etiquette and the use of the correct fork, and how to scoop soup from the back of the bowl to the front." With the help of a female psychiatrist, who encouraged Linda to resist her mercurial parent's invasions on every front, a tentative adolescent distance was forged: "Gradually I stopped confiding in her and stopped listening to her secrets in exchange." This was replaced by genuine enmity when Linda went off to Harvard: "And so, I began to hate her. I hated her selfishness and her sickness, and I could no longer tell where one stopped and the other began."

The summer before her senior year, Linda got a job working in the production department of Houghton Mifflin, Sexton's publisher, while her mother, newly divorced, was sinking further and further into the mire: "All the boundaries of decency had been permanently erased: my mother slept around; my mother drank as much as she wanted whenever she wanted; my mother did as she pleased regardless." That fall, as Linda lay reading "To the Lighthouse" in her dorm room, she received a call from Loring Conant, her doctor at Harvard Health Services and a friend of her parents, inviting her to his office, where he informed her that her mother had committed suicide. "I wished for my mother to die," she confesses. "As much as I dreaded her suicide, I also craved it. I longed for freedom from the tyranny of her many neuroses that seemed, in that last year, to have overtaken her personality."

If the book had ended on this note, it would have read more cleanly—and even, perhaps, more satisfyingly—than it does, enabling the sympathetic reader to shout "Down with Anne Sexton and Her Kind!" But then, too, it would have been easier for Linda to make a clean break with her mother if there hadn't been moments of maternal sweetness and nur-

turing as well as exploitation and cruelty right up to the end. ("As August waned toward September and I planned my return to school, Mother and I had one final talk. It was, I believe, the last time we ever spoke intimately. She was sitting in her study, drink in hand, talking to me as I stood ironing the clothes I would take back to Cambridge.") It is to Gray Sexton's credit as an honest and largely unself-serving narrator that throughout this memoir she has chosen to forgo the primitive gratification of scrawling over the picture of her childish mother-worship with a fat black crayon; instead, she continues to add strokes of color and lightness to an ever-darkening portrait. By the book's end, she has made her way valiantly back to her mother, passing through the portals of rage and despair before she glimpses the possibility of separating out Anne Sexton's perverse influence from her legacy of delight in words and experience.

As I read "Searching for Mercy Street," I found myself feeling oddly protective of Anne Sexton's daughter—almost as though I were putting myself in the role her mother had so dismally failed to fill, and trying to reverse the ethic of violation that she was raised on. "She deemed nothing too minor nor too inconsequential nor too private—neither her own passions, adulteries, womanly crises, nor her daughter's nightmares, shy questions, changing body," her daughter writes. "Reach out and grab what you see and hear, said her example." Of course, Sexton set an unmatched standard when it came to grabbing. At one of the family's Sunday dinners, she announced that she couldn't stand to eat any of the roast, and then insisted on having the "prized beef juice" that her mother-in-law, Linda and her sister Joy's beloved Nana, had put aside for them. Linda recalls the scene, with herself forced into the role of mediator:

"Anne, you know I save the juice for the children," Nana says quietly.

"It's all right," I interrupt anxiously. "We don't mind."

"Well, I mind. You children are the ones who need the nutrition here. You're the ones who are growing."

"I need it too," Mother insists. "They're already healthy. . . . I can't eat any meat, and it should be mine."

Gray Sexton's tone, in the face of so

much incriminating evidence, is artless and unassuming; she presents the case with so little adult posturing that she encourages blind acceptance of her story, flaws and all. But critics and readers are not meant to be therapists or good mommies, and it must be said that, for a woman who learned how to string metaphors practically at her mother's knee ("I had been weaned on the power of the word"), she gives us too much slack writing. Within three pages Sexton's death is called "an old wound that ached on rainy days" and Gray Sexton describes herself as revising the pages of a novel "as if I were a dog worrying an old wound." We are told twice that the author's second son was born "ten years to the day" after her mother's suicide—a detail that I noticed because it had stood out so compellingly the first time. And we could certainly do with less of the dutiful jargon of the overtherapized: "We both understood, intellectually at least, how those who are wounded seek unconsciously to recreate the original trauma," and "As a child I had learned to split off what I was feeling: when emotions overwhelmed, they had to be gotten rid of." One has come to expect such psychobabble from the guests on "Oprah" or "Sally Jessy Raphael" but not from serious writers.

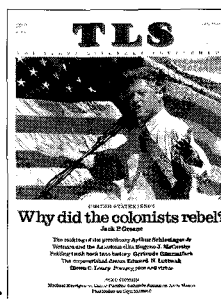
There are also problems of a more substantive nature. A faint but discernible whiff of what has come to be known as false-memory syndrome hovers over this book, as though the subject of Anne Sexton's incestuous behavior had filled so many of her daughter's psychiatric sessions that it no longer seemed important for her to sort out fantasy from reality. "You don't have to be raped by your father to call it incest," Linda's analyst reassures her, in a sweeping generalization, when she questions him about how much to trust her own recollections of her mother's behavior. In this regard, there is something inauthentic about the reconstructed scene of Sexton masturbating in the presence of a young Linda, who had been watching TV in her mother's bedroom: "Naked from the waist down, she is making noises and her fingers curl through her crisp black hair. She pushes her long clitoris back and forth against the thick lips of her vagina." Would an adult woman really remember herself, as a child, dissecting the process of masturbation in such techni-

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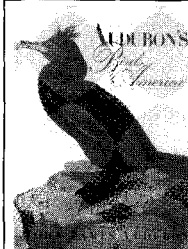
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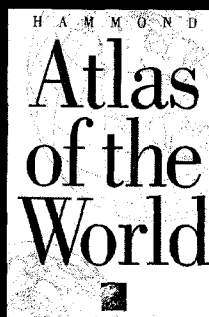
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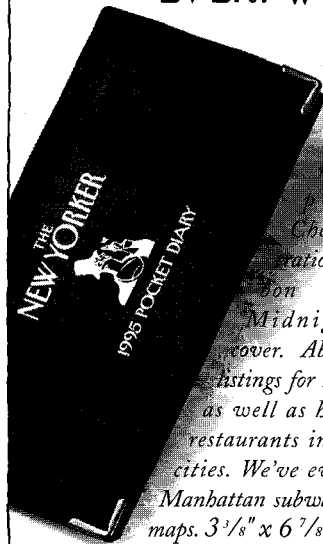
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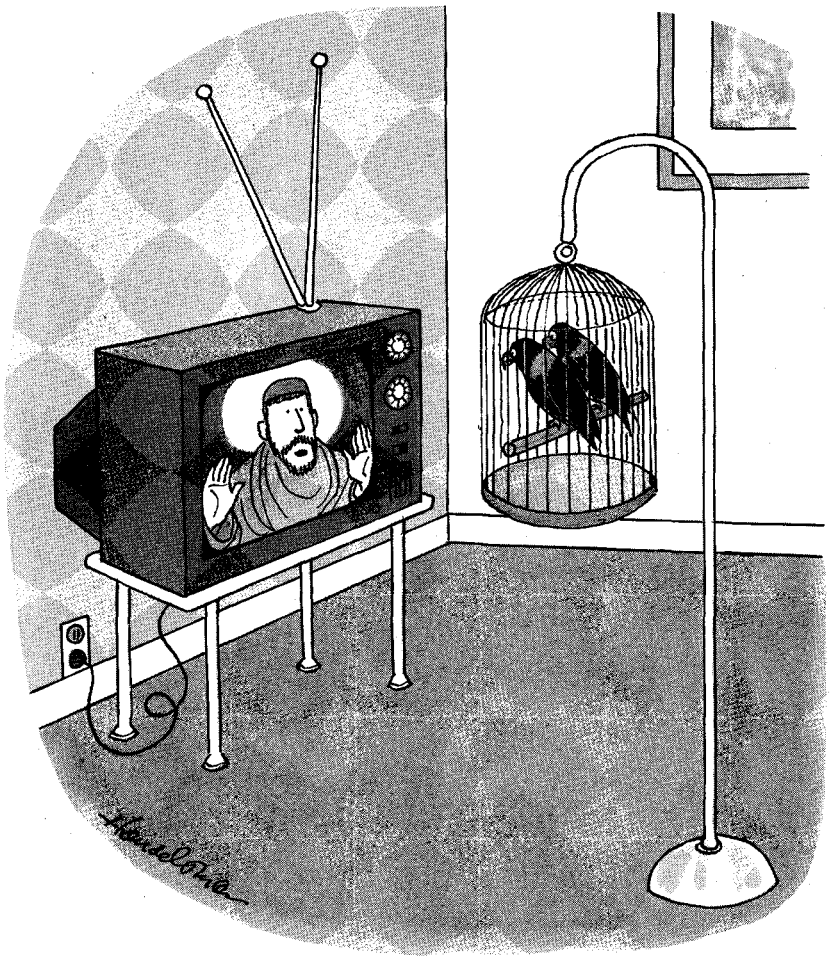
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cal detail? (And what is a "long" clitoris, anyway?)

Then, too, "Searching for Mercy Street" has strange omissions, which, given its general note of openness, make for an unsettling, and slightly unbalanced, account. Linda's father, Kayo, is a ghostly presence, despite the fact that he seems to have been good to her. Referred to generically as "handsome and charming," he is Mr. Anne Sexton: the put-upon Mrs. Tolstoy of this inverted tale, clearing the path for his wife's genius by taking over many of the domestic tasks. (Not that he had much choice in the matter; once Sexton spotted the glimmer of fame on the horizon, there was no stopping her. Much though she benefitted from the role reversal of their marriage, she apparently felt a fair amount of contempt for this feminist partner of hers, calling him "a little old maid" during one of their many marital fisticuffs.) I could not find much trace, either, of what Linda describes as "a tight emotional bond" with her younger

sister; she seems to have dealt with "Joy, the interloper in the bassinet" by mostly ignoring her presence. From the information that's given, one can deduce that this second daughter got less of their mother's sting but also less of her honey; if Anne is "the star," as Linda calls her, of the family show, Linda is assuredly the starlet, while poor Joy appears to have been relegated to the role of understudy. Although Linda describes herself as her mother's "watchdog," her sister, who went on to become a nurse in adult life, seems to have literally internalized their mother's incessant demand to be cared for.

A number of details are dropped in out of the blue. We discover in casual asides that Linda, in her twenties and married, has been trying unsuccessfully to get pregnant, using fertility drugs, and later on, after her children are born, that she and her family have moved from a suburb of Manhattan to the West Coast. The suicide of Linda's Aunt Jane, Anne Sexton's oldest sister, which comes



The St. Francis of Assisi Show

within a decade of Sexton's, is also mentioned in passing and pleads for amplification. What did this event—and, in particular, its timing, for it occurred soon after Linda had written letters of introduction on behalf of Diane Middlebrook and her projected biography of Sexton—mean to Linda? Did she see it merely as a corroboration of her mother's dramatic view of her own upbringing, "her vivid depictions of a miserable childhood punctuated by rejection and physical discipline"? Or did she feel some guilt at having roused sleeping dogs and stirred up in her aunt a deep apprehension about what might be revealed if she were interviewed?

The really signal issue that isn't dealt with, however, is the anxiety of influence. As the designated inheritor of an artistic legacy, Gray Sexton has no choice but to be a living exemplar of this phenomenon. "A facility with words and language was the only gift I ever believed I possessed," she writes. But what does it *feel* like to be the less attention-grabbing (and less talented) daughter of an overweening literary parent and precursor? She doesn't tell us, but she reveals that, time and time again, Sexton was willing to sell her life ruthlessly down the river in order to secure the perfection of her art. "I strongly resent the fact that you feel I am using Linda," she wrote to one of the doctors in what her daughter calls "the parade of her psychiatrists, pompous as kings." Sexton went on, "You so winningly said, 'People come first' meaning before the writing. You forced me to say the truth. The writing comes first." And in a letter she wrote to Linda on Linda's twenty-first birthday (accompanied by a thousand-dollar check) she comes to the defense of this position:

You and Joy always said, while growing up, "Well, if I had a normal mother . . .," meaning the apron and the cookies and none of this typewriting stuff that was shocking the hell out of friends' mothers. . . . But I say to myself, better I was mucking around looking for truth.

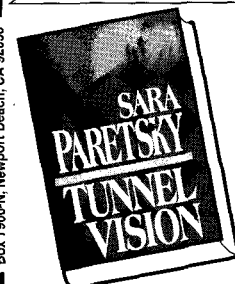
Gray Sexton's way of dealing with this flammable—and potentially illuminating—issue is to tamp it down by presenting herself as a ready and able acolyte in what Sexton called "the black art" of writing: "Without knowing it . . . Mother passes on to me her powers of observation; she shows me

how to watch, how to see, how to record what transpires in the world around me. This is how I inherit her greatest gift." The truth of the matter is that, alas, creativity can't be acquired so conveniently; it's not a habit to be passed on from mother to daughter, like taking care of your complexion or packing your suitcase a certain way. Perhaps it's too much to ask of an emotionally hungry child that she question the one form of sustenance she did get—and, if Anne Sexton was consistently generous about anything, she seems to have unstintingly encouraged Linda to join her in "this business of words." But Gray Sexton's disinclination to examine her own role in the mother-daughter act of being writers together begs more questions than it answers. She declares, "Writing was the balancing bar both Mother and I carried across the tightrope of our daily lives, a weight that kept us upright." There is something touching about this; but does the author mean us to equate her with her mother in terms of native ability? Or just in terms of vocation? Perhaps what this finally amounts to is a form of wishful thinking—a willed alignment with the best part of her mother.

LINDA GRAY SEXTON's eagerness to put the worst behind her has enabled her, paradoxically, to fashion a likable book about an unlikable parent. Anne Sexton, who flaunted her honesty both on and off the page, was by all accounts none too sympathetic, her abundant charisma notwithstanding. "Searching for Mercy Street" is suffused with a complicated kind of love; even as the author tries to shake off the grip of the past, it tugs enticingly. Along the way, the book reminds us that poetry once mattered a great deal more than it does now: Sexton not only behaved like a celebrity but was treated like one, drawing an audience of three thousand for a reading. Most of all, though, one comes away with the sense that there are different types of honesty, some more destructive than others. Despite the apparent and soul-wrenching candor of this memoir, the family romance, as Freud called it, dies hard. I was left with the feeling that Linda Gray Sexton has shielded her mother from being judged too harshly. She has written the opposite of a tell-all: in the end, there's as much discretion as there is revelation. ♦

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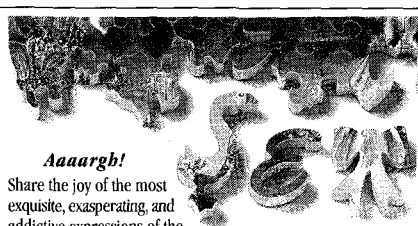
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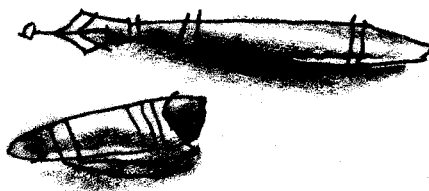
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BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

MUSIC

**Last Train to Memphis:
The Rise of Elvis Presley**
by Peter Guralnick
(Little, Brown; \$24.95)

GURALNICK is the paramount historian of American vernacular music; he writes about blues, country, R. & B., soul, and rockabilly with the curiosity and delight of a teenager tearing the shrink-wrap off a new record. The present volume—a five-hundred-page biography of Elvis Presley which ends in 1958, when the singer ships out to Germany at the height of his fame—is the product of more than a decade's research, and it nearly maxes out on detail. It's impossible, however, to imagine a finer book on the subject, as the familiar course from Tupelo to Graceland is plotted with observant social and cultural history, keen musicology, and good humor. Guralnick's portrayal of the teeming life of the Memphis public-housing district where Elvis spent his teen years is a meditation not only on adolescence but on postwar poverty and aspiration as well. Elvis emerges from this world a walking contradiction: a mama's boy described as "beyond shy" yet given to loud clothes and truck-drivers' sideburns; a singer weaned on gospel who strives to emulate Dean Martin; a chaste romantic and a prolific swinger; an all-night partyer who neither smokes nor drinks. When Elvis cuts his first record for Sun, in 1954—a glorious accident that lives up to the myth—the story reaches a premature peak. After he moves to RCA and on to Hollywood, his power ebbs even as he's stretching his empire to unforeseen horizons. By 1958, peacocks swim in the pool, midnight roller derbies take the place of sleep, and Elvis confides to a minister, "I am the most miserable young man you have ever seen."

Knowing When to Stop: A Memoir
by Ned Rorem
(Simon & Schuster; \$30)

IN this self-portrait of the artist as a young man, the composer recounts his life and works up to the end of 1951, by which time he is ensconced in Paris. Rorem was born in 1923 and grew up in Chicago, where his father taught economics at the university. His recollections of his boyhood demonstrate the difference between future music lovers and future music makers: he started composing before he knew how to notate, and his passion for hearing and playing music was as keen as his sweet tooth. As Rorem describes his journeys into the wider world—Curtis, in Philadelphia; Juilliard, in New York; Tanglewood, Paris, and Morocco—the book begins to read like a celebrity party. Like Virgil Thomson, for whom he worked as a copyist, Rorem is a stylish writer whose prose is both inventive and accessible. His candor about his homosexuality, promiscuity, and alcoholism may please some readers, just because it is candid, but others may find that his exploits become indistinguishable. What remains invaluable and entertaining is the record of twentieth-century music—told with all the vivid bias of an interested party.

Shostakovich: A Life Remembered
by Elizabeth Wilson
(Princeton; \$35)

THE author, an English cellist who studied with Rostropovich in Moscow, has gathered numerous recollections of Shostakovich and organized them into an enormous biography that follows every step of his life, beginning with his aunt's account of his birth, in St. Petersburg in 1906. Together, these diverse sources provide a mosaic portrait of a shy, fidgety, punctilious musician. Shostakovich was precocious (his First Symphony had its première in 1926) and almost compulsively productive (he completed his last work, a viola sonata, a month before his death, in 1975). But, even while his early work was attracting conductors of the stature of Klemperer, Toscanini, and Walter, it could not escape the attention of the Soviet cultural bureaucracy, and he was repeatedly denounced and restored to favor, as changes in the Party line demanded. The book's final excerpt, from the diary of the violinist Mark Lubotsky, describes

with bitter exactness, the elaborate funeral staged by the state that had tormented the composer's existence and warped his career.

Measure for Measure: A Musical History of Science
by Thomas Levenson
(Simon & Schuster; \$25)

THIS original book is based on two familiar ideas: that Western science and Western music have been linked since their beginnings, and that a period style appears in all the endeavors of an epoch. Levenson is particularly interested in the parallel evolution of scientific and musical instruments. He starts with the organ, which was invented in Hellenistic Alexandria in the third century B.C. and was used to demonstrate physical and metaphysical theories. As we proceed down the millennia, he shows us science asking new questions and music extending its expressive range. He also points out kinships, some obvious (the Jacquard loom, the player piano, and the computer) and others subtler (Bach, Newton, and Stradivarius). Levenson's lucid, unemphatic prose reflects both intellectual refinement and a winning desire to share his enthusiasms.

k.d. lang: All You Get Is Me
by Victoria Starr
(St. Martin's; \$22.95)

KATHY DAWN LANG, the guitar-strumming tomboy from Consort, Canada, who grew up to be k.d. lang, feminist, "out" lesbian, and possessor of one of the great country-and-Western singing voices in recent years, has a frightening fan in Victoria Starr. The title of Starr's biography could refer to the author's sense of herself in relation to lang; without benefit of interviews with her subject, she has claimed the alternative diva as her own. She explains that "most of Kathy's closest friends were guys, but her relationships with them were platonic," and it is in this voice of best girlfriend/wise child that Starr tracks the thirty-two-year-old singer's rise from local performance artist to world-famous role model and heir to the mantle of the great Patsy Cline (long one of lang's musical obsessions). Despite the author's creepy intrusiveness, it is amusing to read of ang's early performances and her struggle to protect her fearless honesty in the face of managers and publicists. ♦

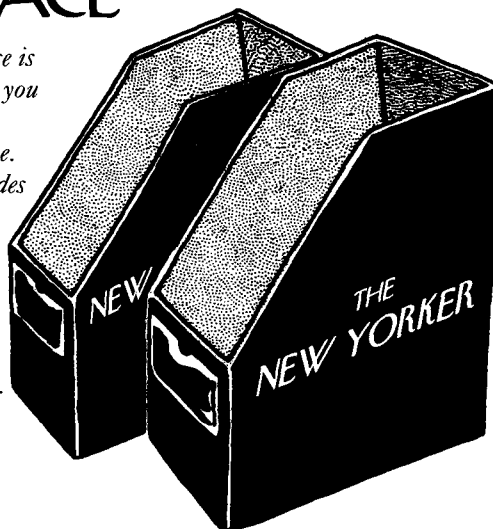
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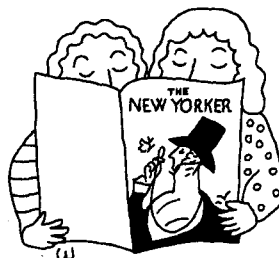
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OPRAH

BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

OPRAH: We have a very special guest today, Pope John Paul II. He is the spiritual leader to nine hundred and forty-five million Catholics around the world, but you don't have to be a Catholic to admire Karol Wojtyla—Am I pronouncing that all right? You'd think, living in Chicago all these years, I could pronounce a Polish name. This is a man who has lived life to its fullest. He grew up in Communist Poland, was mentored by Stefan Cardinal Wys-zynski—I'll get it right eventually—made Pope when he was fifty-eight, survived an assassination attempt. He has visited more than sixty countries. This is one pope who loves to travel. And somehow finds time to run the Vatican. And now he's written a book. The name of the book: "Crossing the Threshold of Hope." We're honored to have him with us today. Welcome, Your Holiness.

POPE: Thank you.

OPRAH: I want to get to the book in a moment, because I'm sure it's fascinating, but I want to ask you something first. You've lost weight, haven't you? [Applause]

POPE: Yes.

OPRAH: You look fantastic. [Applause] How did you do it?

POPE: I was in the hospital for some operations, and so . . .

OPRAH: I think after seeing how good you look a lot of people are going to want to go to the hospital and have some operations. [Applause] I wonder if you could cast some light—and if you can't, who can?—on the rumor that you wrote this book because Carl Bernstein, the famous Watergate reporter, is writing a book about you.

POPE: Yes. I have heard of this other book. I respect this

man. But, in the spirit of candor, will his book come from the *os equi*?

OPRAH: You're losing me.

POPE: The mouth of the horse. Though I have confidence that he is an honest reporter, I wonder, is he— Well, I don't want to say.

OPRAH: Go on. You're among friends. [Applause]

POPE: Infallible?

OPRAH: *All* men think they're infallible. [Applause]

POPE: As the world approaches the end of the second millennium following the birth of Our Lord Jesus Christ, mankind struggles under the oppressiveness of spiritual hunger, which is the inevitable fruit of solipsism and materialism.

OPRAH: You've got a point there. Even Madonna's talking about getting married and having a baby. Do you think if she does she'll name it Jesus?

POPE: Well, there is the Madonna, and there is Madonna.

OPRAH: Is it lonely being Pope?

POPE: No, it's good to be the Pope.

OPRAH: O.K., let's take some questions.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: I'd like to ask His Holiness what advice he has for a young Catholic girl who would like to be a priest.

OPRAH: Oh-oh. I bet you don't get these questions in the Sistine Chapel.

POPE: Very beautiful city, Chicago.

OPRAH: Let's take another one.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: I'm so nervous.

OPRAH: Relax, honey. He's not going to cast you into a herd of swine.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: O.K. Do you and the College of Cardinals ever play bingo?

POPE: Yes, often. And I will tell you something that is not in my book. Cardinal Deskur *cheats*. [Laughter]

OPRAH: There go his chances of making Pope. Speaking of which, there's been a lot of speculation lately . . .

POPE: Many Polish people in Chicago.

OPRAH: About who might be the next Pope. You want to handicap some of the front-runners for us?

POPE: Winnetka is a nice suburb of Chicago. I am signing books at The Book Stall in Winnetka.

OPRAH: We're not going to let you off that easy. What about this Cardinal Martini we read about? Do you think that a man named after a cocktail could ever be Pope?

POPE: How is Rostenkowski doing?

OPRAH: O.K., we can take a hint. Any more questions for His Holiness?

AUDIENCE MEMBER: What did you want to be growing up?

POPE: My mother wanted me to be a priest. So here I am, you see, just a priest. But with a big church.

OPRAH [Wiping away tears] Thank you for sharing that. [Applause] One final question. It's been reported that you got nine million dollars for the book. What are you going to do with all that money?

POPE: Maybe you should ask Cardinal Deskur what he plan to do with it. ♦



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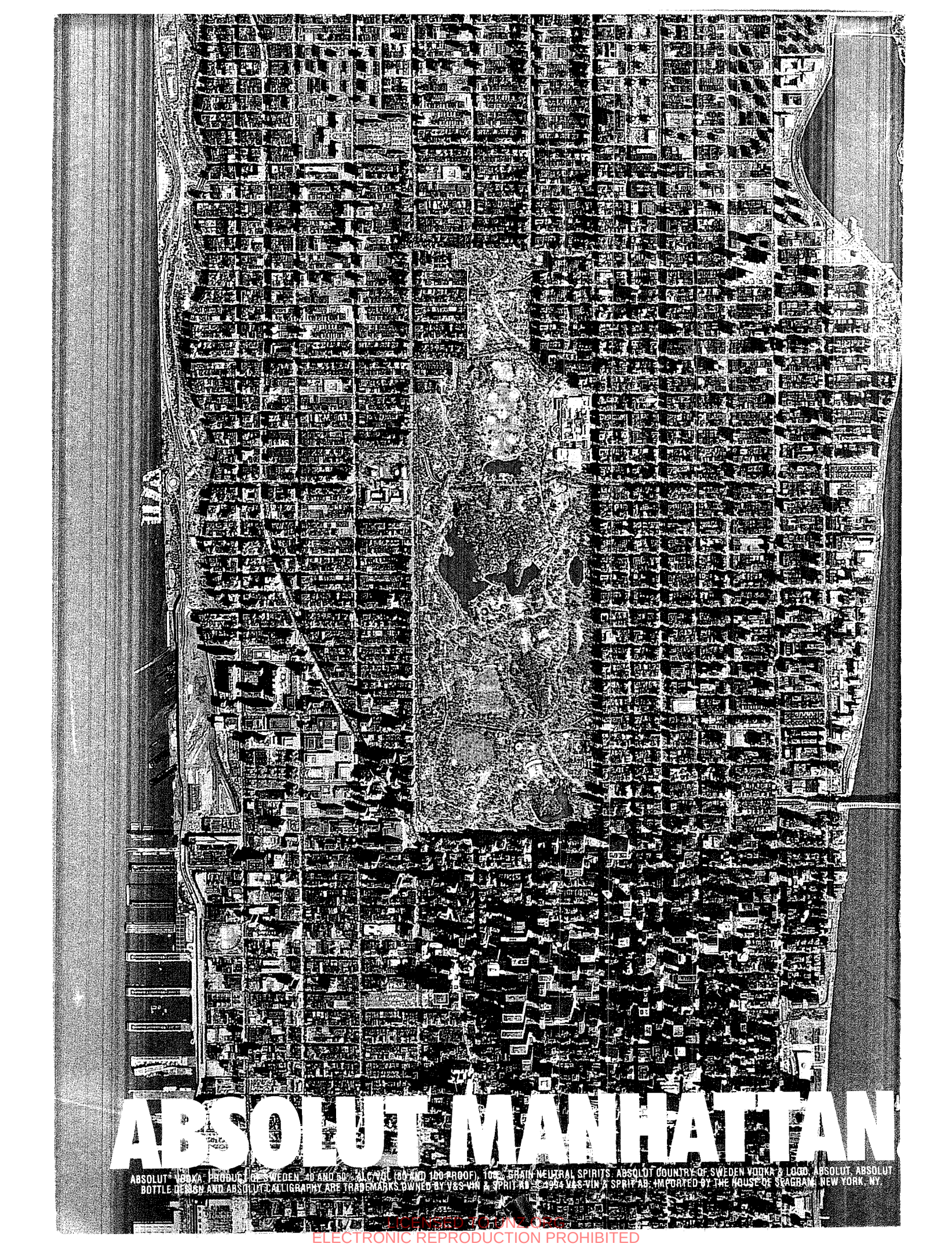
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